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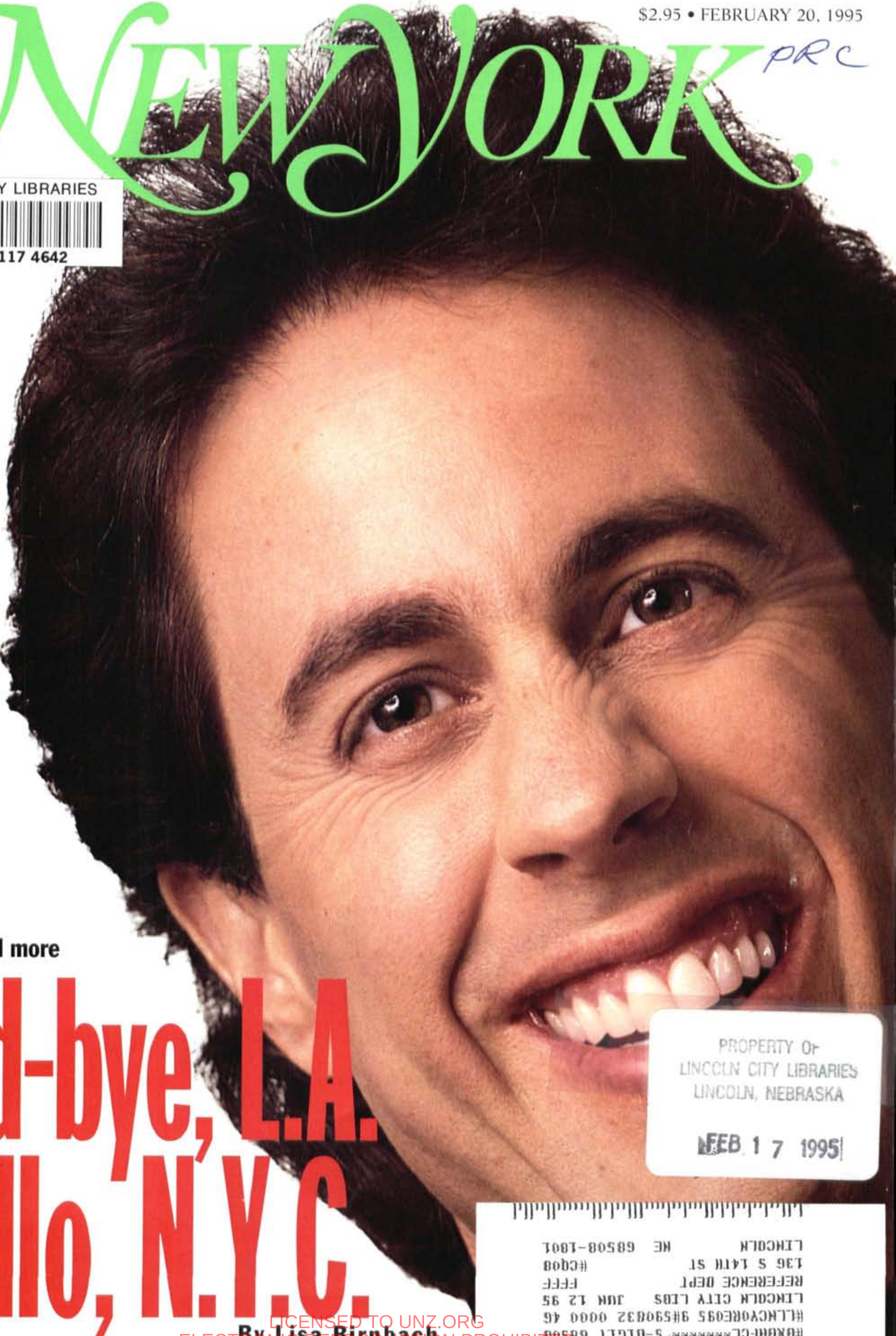

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By Lisa Birnbach

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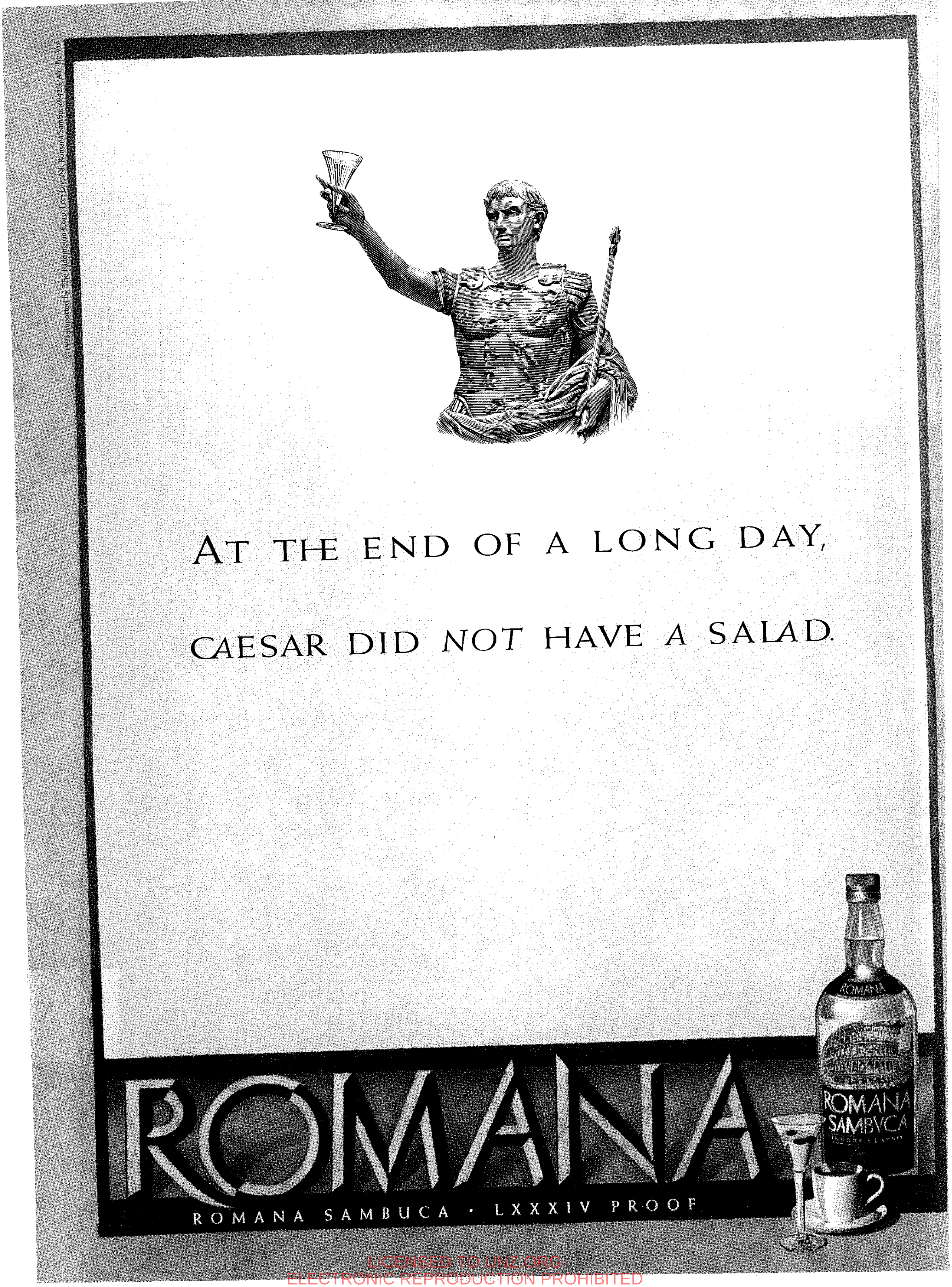

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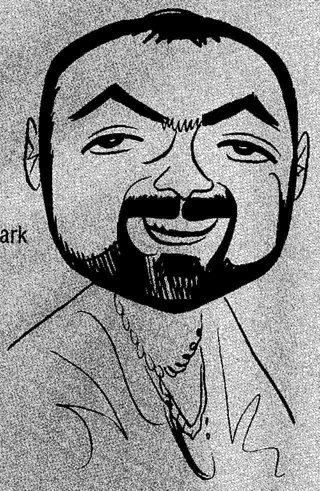

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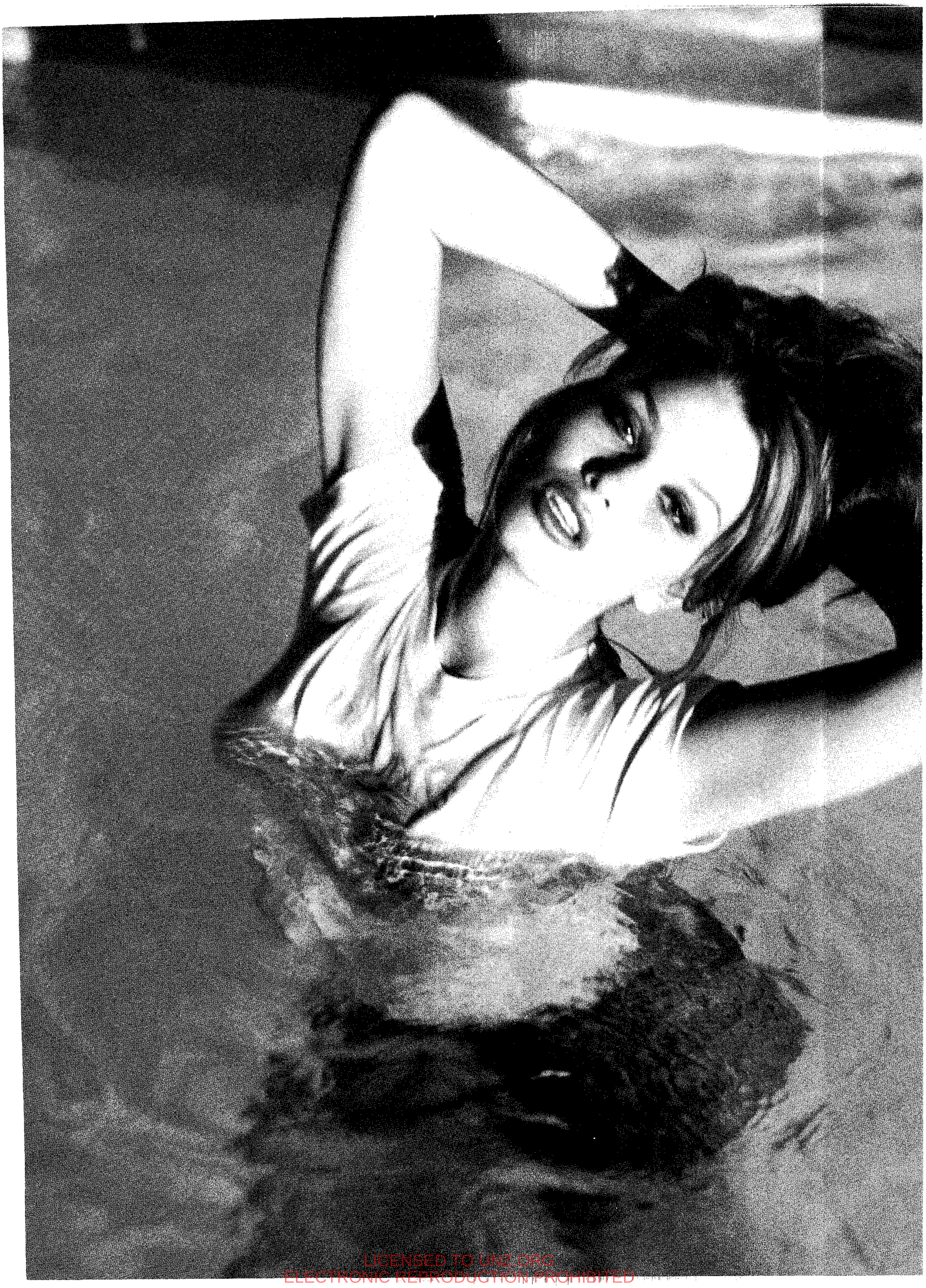

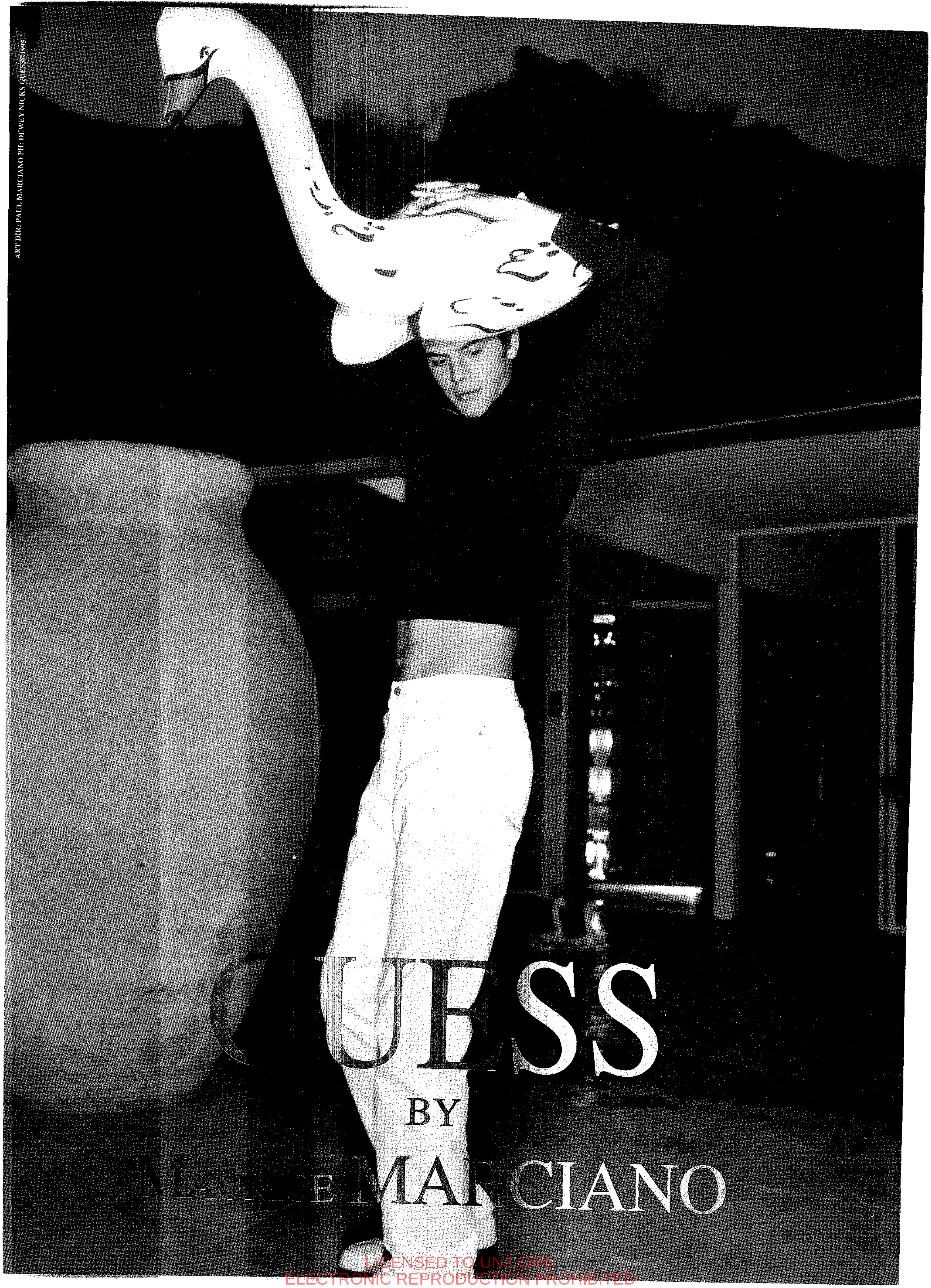
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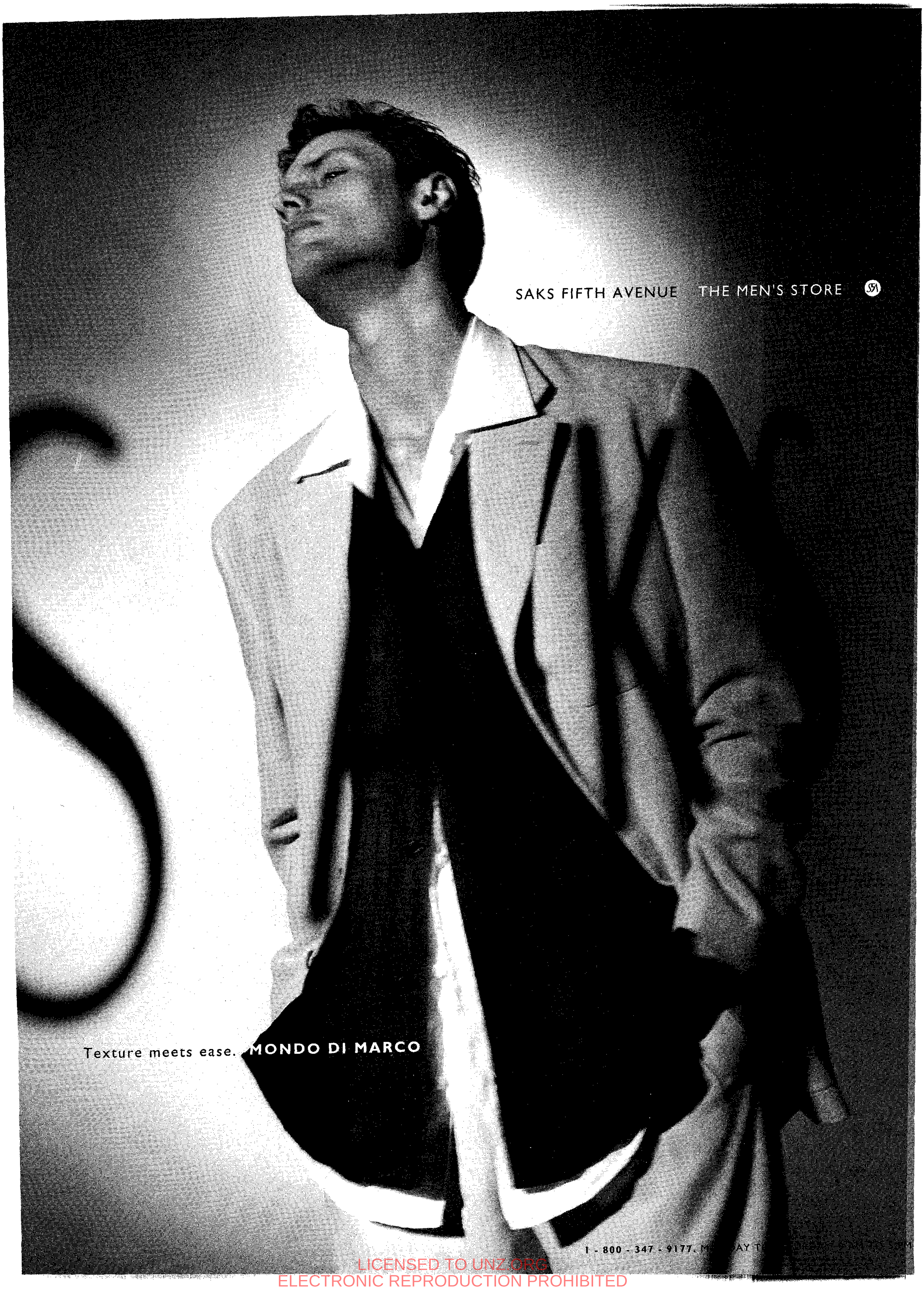
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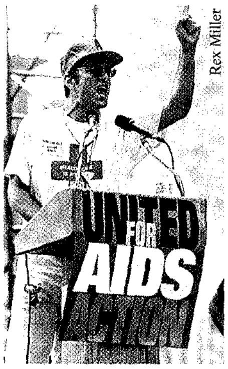
Contents Feb. 20, 1995

> *"I've been negative all these years, but there's a voice in me saying, 'Who cares?' What am I going to do, create a whole new life based on 20-year-olds?"*
>
> AIDS ACTIVIST MARTIN DELANEY, PAGE 34

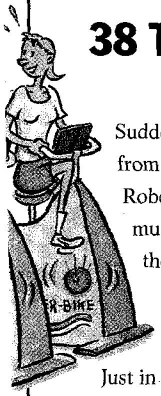


Rex Miller

30 The Politics of the Plague

By Craig Horowitz

Fourteen years, billions of research dollars, and more than a million and a half victims later, the news is awful: We are no closer to a cure for AIDS than we ever were. And as the passion that once animated a crusade has been smothered by infighting and hopelessness, everyone concerned has begun to wonder how much point there is to continuing.



38 The Celebrities Are Coming! The Celebrities Are Coming!

By Lisa Birnbach

Suddenly, lunch at certain Manhattan bistros looks like a scene from a Robert Altman film: Spielberg, Sagansky, and Julia Roberts. The new Hollywood émigrés increasingly prefer to commute to that other place while living in and around a city where the earth doesn't move, or slide, or burn. Cool.

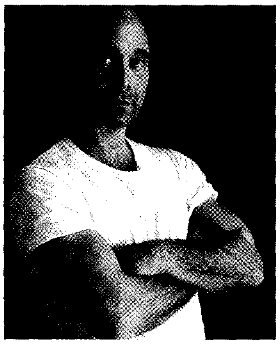
46 Where to Look for Love

By Beth Landman

Just in time for Valentine's Day, *New York* scouts the best locations to hook up with bookworms (Barnes & Noble), chip-heads (an Internet hangout), muscle types (the Equinox gym), and more. There's even a Laundromat where you can tumble-dry beside prospective mates.

50 Andy Without the Irony

By Jonathan Napack



Why is everyone so *mean* about painter Ross Bleckner? Because he throws a party in Truman Capote's old Hamptons retreat and his good friends Bianca and Barry show up? Because he networks like a maniac? Because he's a member of the gay power elite? Who knows—but Warhol would identify. A portrait of the artist on the verge of a Guggenheim retrospective.

56 Winter Wonderland

By Jade Hobson Charnin

While New York hibernates, you'd rather kayak the East River, right? If only you had something to wear. No more excuses. We point you to polar-fleece turtlenecks and Polartec jackets, Supplex leggings and neoprene gloves.

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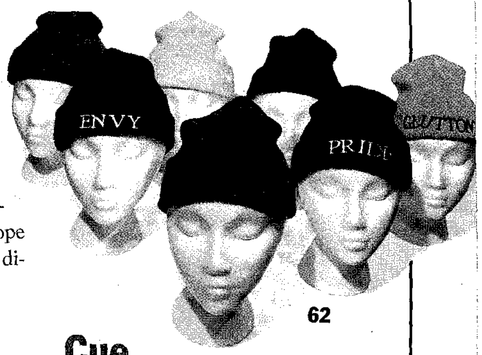

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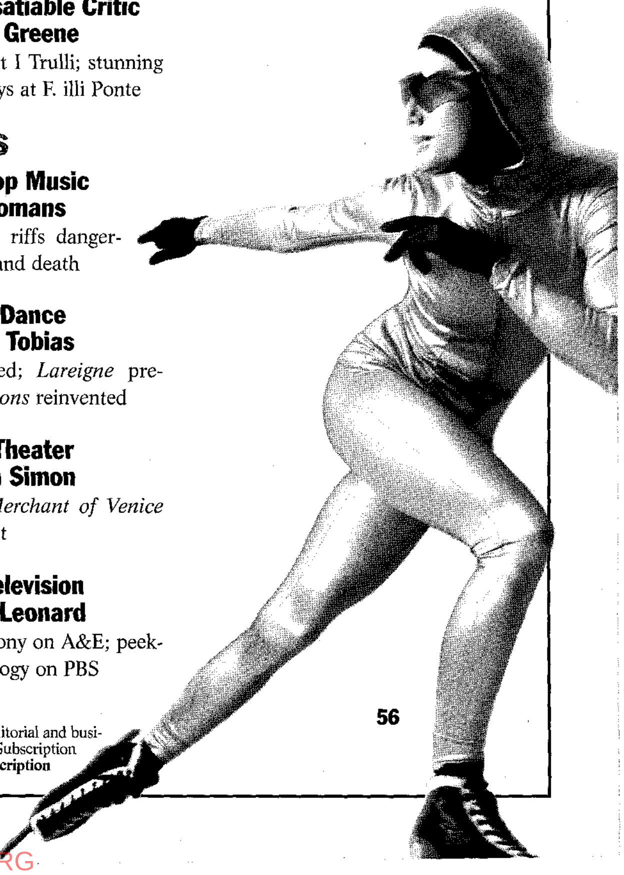
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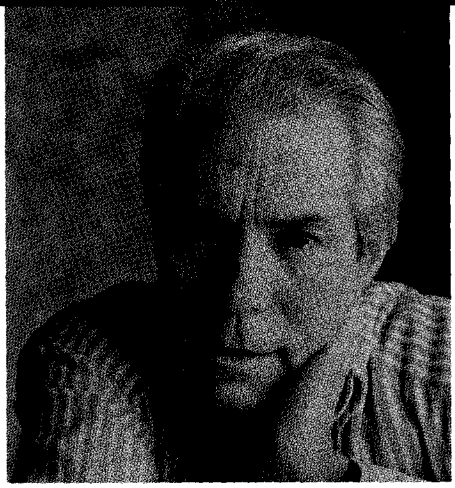

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LETTERS FEBRUARY 20, 1995

Why Nobody Likes Us

The South still has its charm, but New York's natives are restless; and when it comes to stereotypes, no puns, please, even when intended.

WHAT A SHOCK IT WAS TO OPEN MY *New York* Magazine and see the locals staring back at me in Tad Friend's article "Why America Hates New York" [January 23]. I moved to "Newt country" twenty years ago from Chicago. It is a lovely place in which to raise a family, but the bucolic appearance of it all can be deceiving, and living in the suburbs can be especially so. Our crimes are just as gruesome as those in New York or Chicago. Sadly, my suburban-bred children never knew the pleasure of the great urban neighborhoods, with all their diverse cultures and traditions. They never witnessed the vitality these cultures can bring to a city. I just wish we could stop pointing our fingers at other cities and people as the cause of society's ills. That energy would be better spent improving our own neck of the woods.

Deborah Meyer
MABLETON, GA.

I DON'T BELIEVE IN GOD OR CONDONE homophobia or uptight conservative family values. I don't have the faith or the stomach. I do, however, believe rather firmly in the people who believe in those things. They're secure, loyal, and honest, even when it's safer to be otherwise. And I'll tell you this: They're a hell of a lot more dependable than the free-spirited folk who think New York's problems can be solved with a group hug. Perhaps we should stop complaining and lend a listen.

Timothy J. Toterhi
SCARSDALE, N.Y.

THE REAL REASON AMERICA HATES NEW York is a four-letter scourge known as Jews—who have transformed America's center of culture and commerce into a dump of neurotic nudniks.

William Holdsworth
PROVIDENCE, R.I.

WHY ARE YOU SURPRISED THAT THE REST OF the country hates us? Our collective values stink. The city is a haven for advocates of every loony cause from flag burning to condoms in the classroom. Then we harass decent people for smoking, owning guns, or not wearing seat belts. To the rest of the country, we are not Americans; we are neo-socialist ideologues who are anti-God and anti-family. Of course the rest of the country doesn't like us. We aren't very likable.

Patrick Grant
QUEENS

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. Please include a daytime phone number.*

The Royal Treatment

YOUR FEBRUARY 6 COVER WITH THE ATTENTION-grabbing headline "Newish American Princess" [by Rebecca Mead] is disturbing. Some may find the play on words cute; others will consider it just poor taste. But I find the phrasing offensive and insensitive. The princess can respond for herself.

Herbert N. Fishman
MANHATTAN

I WONDER IF YOU EVEN REALIZE THE EXTENT of the affront to the Jewish community that your February 6 cover represents. It was insensitive and unfeeling, to say the least.

Harvey Goldstein
MANHATTAN

ALTHOUGH YOU OBVIOUSLY THOUGHT YOUR magazine cover on Princess Diana with its headline, NEWISH AMERICAN PRINCESS, was very clever, I found it very offensive. It is disgraceful to perpetuate the stereotype of the "Jewish American princess."

Phyllis Post Goodman
THE BRONX

Face Value

I WAS BOTH INTRIGUED AND IMPRESSED BY *New York* Magazine's "The 100 Smartest New Yorkers," by Ariel Kaminer, Larissa MacFarquhar, and Liesl Schillinger [January 30]. While I may not agree with all the selections, the list is certainly diverse—demographically and professionally. I must point out, however, one error and one clarification—both of which pertain to Aaron Soloveitchik: The accompanying photo is of the late Rabbi Joseph B. Soloveitchik, Aaron's brother. In the copy, it says that ". . . the Talmud, the oral law, says that any Sanhedrin (a Jewish high court) that enacts the death penalty once in seven years is a bloody Sanhedrin." Another version of the text says ". . . once in 70 years."

Bruce Bobbins
Yeshiva University
MANHATTAN

In the News

THE ASSERTION IN "INTELLIGENCER" ["NO Eulogies for This CBS Veep," February 6] that Joe Peyronnin's departure is cheered by his fellow CBS News employees is dead wrong. Joe is well known at CBS News for his sound judgment and fundamental humanity. To the extent that Joe has participated in news management's unavoidable role in cost-cutting, we can tell you that no one has ever wielded that scalpel with greater concern for the fate of individuals involved than Joe Peyronnin did. The suggestion that Joe bears some responsibility for a co-worker's suicide is just as wrong.

Richard Altabef
Jonathan Sternberg
MANHATTAN

YOUR "INTELLIGENCER" ARTICLE IMPLYING that Joe Peyronnin is responsible for the death of Maureen Schoos, an employee he fired, is unfair. Blaming a corporate suit for the suicide of an employee who has been fired makes no more sense than giving the bureaucrat credit when the employee subsequently obtains a better job. And Joe—presuming he was the hit man—was not the officer who ordered the hit. That decision was probably made by the producer of the program on which Maureen was working. Joe was just the messenger. It was a dirty job and Joe was the someone who had to do it.

Steve Glauber
CBS News
MANHATTAN

Corrections A photo caption accompanying Alex Williams's piece "Stars and Bars" ["Gotham," February 6] misidentified New York's newest Club Kid, Mylar. He is the one on the left, wearing the blue fur collar and a ring through his nose.

An article in our "Fall Preview" issue ["Restaurants," by Gillian Duffy, September 12] erroneously stated that the Florentine restaurant Cibréo planned to open a New York outpost. Cibréo had no affiliation with the venture.

Due to an editing error in the January 30 issue ["The 100 Smartest New Yorkers"], Topeka was mistakenly listed as having a higher crime rate than New York. It does not.

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BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

INTELLIGENCER

BARBRA AND JESSE SPLIT AN EGG ROLL

If **Barbra Streisand** can lecture at Harvard, why shouldn't the Reverend **Jesse Jackson** sing on the Upper East Side? At a small, informal gathering last week of the people the national Republican vanguard hates most, Jackson decided to test his lungs on "The Way We Were," serenading an amused Streisand; the song's composers, **Alan** and **Marilyn Bergman;** and pretty much every other prominent liberal within a five-mile radius. The private party saluted **Marge Tabankin,** who recently was chosen to head Steven Spielberg's Righteous Person's Foundation; Tabankin also runs the Streisand Foundation. Hosting the top-secret soiree was political consultant and Streisand publicist **Ken Sunshine,** who sources say may be headed for a top post at Warner Music–U.S. Also present were the usual New York suspects, such as the Reverend **Al Sharpton, Ruth Messinger, Charles Schumer, Mark Green, Basil** and **David Paterson, David Dinkins,** New York Urban League president **Dennis Walcott,** and Warner Records chairman **Danny Goldberg.** The discussion focused on Streisand's recent speech at the Kennedy School of Government and how liberals could take the political spotlight back from the conservatives. The food was takeout Chinese.

ONE MORE O.J. BOOK ON THE WAY

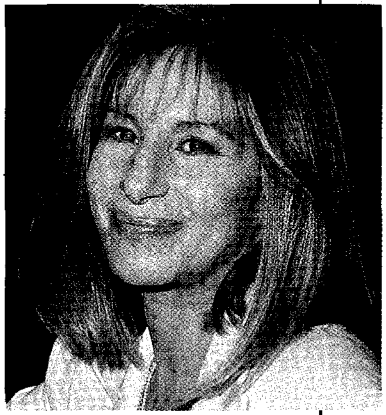
Now that Nicole Brown's family and O. J. Simpson have told their stories in hardcover, it seems only natural that O.J.'s family would offer its side. This week, publishers will receive a book proposal from O.J.'s sister **Shirley Simpson Baker** called *The View From Apollo Street: The Simpson Family's American Odyssey.* The book, co-authored by *Life* magazine writer **Linda Gomez,** is being billed as the only authorized biography of the Simpson family. *Apollo Street* will address the family's struggles and O.J.'s relationship with his father, who died of AIDS in 1986, as well as his and his family's relationship with Nicole. "Shirley considered her a family person," reports Gomez, "and a good mother." In the nine-page proposal, Baker describes her visits to see her brother in jail: "When we get out of there, we usually go to a restaurant, and then [my husband] walks off and gets kind of lost in a crowd and I go into the bathroom and sit on the floor and cry my heart out. But I never do it publicly. Ever." Baker stresses her and her mother Eunice's complete support of O.J. "Their belief in him is as strong as their belief in God," says Gomez.

OVITZ A MASTER OF THE CAPITALIST TOOL

Forbes magazine has proved its own point about supermogul **Michael Ovitz.** In an article written by Los Angeles–based writer Nina Munk, the Creative Artists Agency head is described as a masterful manipulator of the press. The feature, still being reported as recently as the week before last, was approved by the editorial chain of command, until it reached proprietor and editor-in-chief **Steve Forbes Jr.** There, the article was killed. The problem, Forbes says, was not the content of the piece but the fact that the magazine was writing about CAA at all. "*Forbes* and CAA have been in discussions about a possible joint business venture," says a *Forbes* spokeswoman, who wouldn't reveal the nature of the joint venture. "And it would look strange to run a negative article on a company that you're involved in a joint venture with." Forbes claims that had he known about it, he would have quashed the idea of the article before it was assigned. But certainly Ovitz was aware of the piece—it was being reported for more than a month. And indeed, sources at *Forbes* say that Ovitz—knowing the feature was critical of him—asked Steve Forbes to kill it. Thus, the other premise of the now-derailed article is evidently incorrect: that Ovitz isn't as powerful as he used to be.

THE REPUBLICAN RESPONSE . . .

Georgette Mosbacher says she is unconcerned about the noise Hollywood is making on behalf of the Clintons these days. "It depends on whether you consider **Barbra Streisand** an asset or a liability," she snorts. "Let's face it, a lot of those celebrities never showed up before the Clintons arrived at the White House." Mosbacher, cosmetics mogul and wife of a Republican former Commerce secretary, will be hosting a $1,000-a-plate fund-raiser for the Republican National Committee that she says will not include any entertainment personalities among its 4,000 guests. "We have celebrities," Mosbacher says. "We have Bob and Newt."



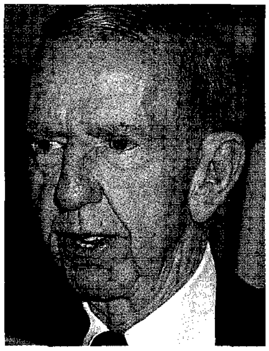
Barbra Streisand, Friend of Bill

Georgette Mosbacher, Friend of Newt

WRITERS! EARN BIG BUCKS AT HOME!

Jeffrey Toobin is supposed to be covering the Simpson trial for *The New Yorker* and writing a book for Crown. But he took last week off and returned home to New York. Consecutive absences usually mean a

Photographs: top, Jeff Slocomb/Outline; center left, Ted Soqui/Sygma; center right, Larry Ford/Outline; bottom, Steve Granitz/Retna.


Vincent Canby, frankly confused

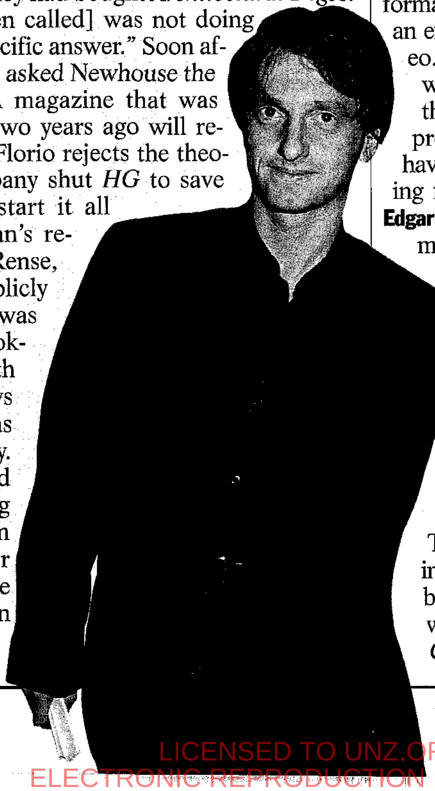
ON-THE-JOB TRAINING AT THE *TIMES*

Two out of three theater critics at the New York *Times* have never reviewed theater before and, in fact, have rarely written about the subject at all. Does it matter? Only if you care about getting the names right. New 70-year-old lead critic **Vincent Canby,** who for many years was the newspaper's lead film critic, insisted on referring to **Andrew Lloyd Webber** as "Frank Lloyd Webber" in his first columns, according to an inside source. "He made the mistake several times, and the editors kept catching it," the source says. "But it definitely made everyone nervous." Broadway producers have also been agitated ever since former first-string critic **David Richards** quit last December. "[Richards] didn't have the panache of Frank [Rich], but he also didn't have the killer instinct," one source says. "Even if he hated a play, he was still able to say if there was anything in it he liked." Richards didn't quit because he hated New York, as some suspected. Sources say Richards wasn't interested in doing criticism anymore and had been trying to leave the *Times* for more than a month; he just couldn't convince top editors that his intentions were sincere. He still works in New York as the national-cultural-affairs writer for the Washington *Post*.

forfeiture of one's court seat, but Toobin is safe because he shares his seat with **Joseph Bosco,** who is writing a book about the trial for William Morrow. (Authors **Joe McGinnis** and **Dominick Dunne** have their own seats.) Says Toobin: "O. J. Simpson is not important enough for me not to see my children." The saga is apparently not important enough to warrant a book by **A. C. Cowlings,** either. Several publishers, including Hyperion, Villard, Bantam, and Warner Books, say they have no interest in his proposal. Perhaps they'll prefer manuscripts from **Robert Shapiro, Johnnie Cochran,** and **Robert Kardashian,** who are all sending out feelers. Warns Warner's **Laurence Kirshbaum:** "This is the type of publishing that when it hits the wall will hit it hard."

WHY IS NEWHOUSE REVIVING THE DEAD?

Condé Nast president **Steven Florio** says he had the idea to bring back *House & Garden* last summer. So he asked **Si Newhouse** why he had closed it in the first place. "He rolled his eyes," reports Florio, "and told me they had bought *Architectural Digest* and that *HG* [as it was then called] was not doing well. He gave me a fairly specific answer." Soon after, Florio says, **James Truman** asked Newhouse the same thing. The result? A magazine that was closed with much fanfare two years ago will reappear in the fall of 1996. Florio rejects the theory that either (a) the company shut *HG* to save money and planned to restart it all along or (b) this is Truman's revenge on *AD* editor Paige Rense, with whom he has been publicly fighting. Last fall, Truman was quoted as saying he was looking forward to working with "the next editor of *AD*." Says Florio: "I told James that was a very Italian thing to say. Not British at all. Paige and James are a happy, loving couple. She sends him chocolates. He sends her flowers. I'm just being cute here. All we're interested in here is performance."



OFF BROADWAY LOSES ITS HALO

Naked Angels' annual Winter Gala Benefit (chaired by **John F. Kennedy Jr.**), at Roseland February 14, will have a more desperate air this year. The ultra-hip theater troupe is losing its West 17th Street performance space on May 31 to an expanded B&H Photo-Video. The timing couldn't be worse, as Off Broadway theaters are suddenly hot property. "Most theaters have long lines of plays waiting for space," says producer **Edgar Lansbury.** "I think Neil Simon's decision [to produce his new play at the Union Square Theater] has really legitimized going Off Broadway." Theater owner/producer **Stewart F. Lane** agrees: "I haven't seen this level of activity since the late sixties." Lane just leased the Minetta Lane Theater for an April opening of *Fortune's Fools.* Lansbury has not been as lucky with his play *Grace and Glorie.* "I'm looking for a theater," he says. "But owners don't want to commit for so late in the spring." Even **Michael** and **Barbara Ross's** hit show *Jelly Roll!* will be without a home as of April 1, when the Puerto Rican Traveling Theater reoccupies the 47th Street Theater.

BRATTON IS P.C.; LANDE HITS JACKPOT

COMMISH DISH: **Rudy Giuliani** seems to think Police Commissioner William Bratton is throwing that big October 6 police parade as some kind of birthday celebration for himself. But police sources say it's a bum rap. Bratton rescheduled the parade to avoid a conflict with Yom Kippur (October 3 and 4).

HITTING A HOMER: After eight mildly successful books, author and Time Inc. institution **Nathaniel Lande** may have struck pay dirt with his most recent manuscript, *A World of His Own: The Life and Times of Homer Sincere.* Although the fictional work has not yet been auctioned to publishers, interest has been expressed by directors **Clint Eastwood** and **Arthur Hiller** and producer **Ray Stark.** The book chronicles the lives of a *Time* writer and a *Life* photographer.

GOING SOUTH: The splendid writer **Francis X. Clines** is heading to the Washington bureau of the New York *Times* to take **Maureen Dowd's** place as resident stylish reporter. Accompanying him will be *Times* metro reporter and significant other **Alison Mitchell,** who covered Congress for *Newsday.*

KEEPING UP THE PACE: **Anthony Grant,** who heads Sotheby's contemporary-art department in New York, is headed for Pace Gallery, where he will supervise operations in New York, London, and Los Angeles. Grant is Sotheby's second defection: **Lucy Mitchell-Innes,** Grant's ex-boss, left last fall.

Photographs: top, M. Dominguez/LGI; center, Michael O'Neil
bottom, Gerardo Somoza/Outline

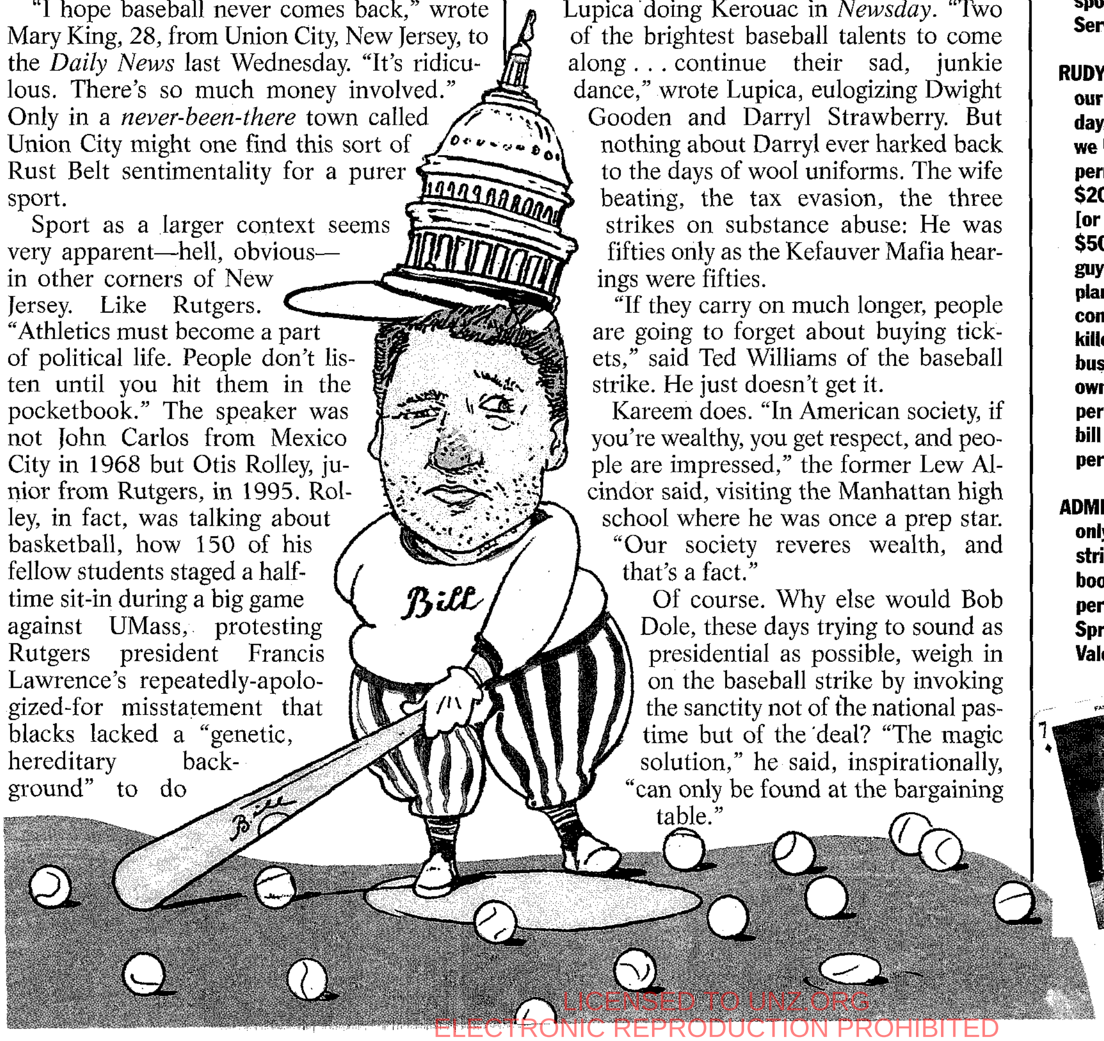
GOTHAM

city of [illegible] it a [illegible] s and [illegible] dan [illegible] ed people [illegible]ete Hamill

THE FRONT PAGE

Bad Sports

“It’s not a matter of national survival,” screwballed Newt Gingrich last week, talking baseball like any potbellied white guy might. “It’s nice that the president’s trying to be helpful. But I think this is a straight-out labor-management dispute.”



Odd that Bill Clinton’s dalliance with baseball ran so afoul of guys like Gingrich, whose name better suits a heat-throwing reliever than a fire-spitting politician, and Bob Dole, whose Kansas heart would presumably swell at the thought of big leaguers once more jogging the outfield tracks of a Florida spring. But baseball, it seems, is no longer sacred.

“I hope baseball never comes back,” wrote Mary King, 28, from Union City, New Jersey, to the *Daily News* last Wednesday. “It’s ridiculous. There’s so much money involved.” Only in a *never-been-there* town called Union City might one find this sort of Rust Belt sentimentality for a purer sport.

Sport as a larger context seems very apparent—hell, obvious—in other corners of New Jersey. Like Rutgers. “Athletics must become a part of political life. People don’t listen until you hit them in the pocketbook.” The speaker was not John Carlos from Mexico City in 1968 but Otis Rolley, junior from Rutgers, in 1995. Rolley, in fact, was talking about basketball, how 150 of his fellow students staged a halftime sit-in during a big game against UMass, protesting Rutgers president Francis Lawrence’s repeatedly-apologized-for misstatement that blacks lacked a “genetic, hereditary background” to do well on standardized tests.

“I was disappointed,” shot back Lawrence, “when I learned that a group of people interfered with the rights of a much larger group of people and an event they cared for.”

Now, *that’s* nostalgia. Students and that big game they care so much about. That’s positively *late-fifties,* like Kerouac, or rather like Mike Lupica doing Kerouac in *Newsday*. “Two of the brightest baseball talents to come along . . . continue their sad, junkie dance,” wrote Lupica, eulogizing Dwight Gooden and Darryl Strawberry. But nothing about Darryl ever harked back to the days of wool uniforms. The wife beating, the tax evasion, the three strikes on substance abuse: He was fifties only as the Kefauver Mafia hearings were fifties.

“If they carry on much longer, people are going to forget about buying tickets,” said Ted Williams of the baseball strike. He just doesn’t get it.

Kareem does. “In American society, if you’re wealthy, you get respect, and people are impressed,” the former Lew Alcindor said, visiting the Manhattan high school where he was once a prep star. “Our society reveres wealth, and that’s a fact.”

Of course. Why else would Bob Dole, these days trying to sound as presidential as possible, weigh in on the baseball strike by invoking the sanctity not of the national pastime but of the deal? “The magic solution,” he said, inspirationally, “can only be found at the bargaining table.”

DUTCH TREAT **“Vincent van Gogh was supported by his brother Theo for much of his life. Had Theo been subject to the U.S. Internal Revenue Code, he could have arranged to use the same funds not only for Vincent’s support but also for a contribution to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, enjoying some tax benefits as well.”—the Met’s January-February *Calendar***

“There is an outside chance [Vincent] could be claimed as a deductible, but I don’t know of any way that [support by a sibling] would be considered an art grant.”—Bob Kobel, spokesman, Internal Revenue Service

Keep The Vendors Alive

RUDY’S *REPUBLICAN*? “We lease our carts for as little as $7 a day. Now the mayor is saying we lease out our permits for $20,000 a year [or more than $50 a day]. The guy is on another planet. . . . It’s a conspiracy. They killed my business.”—Dan Rossi, who owns 499 vending-pushcart permits, on the mayor’s recent bill restricting vendors to one permit each

ADMIRABLE RESTRAINT “We’ll only go down to pasties and G-strings. It *is* a family bookstore.”—porn star turned performance artist Annie Sprinkle, regarding the Valentine’s Day strip-poker game at Tower Books promoting her new crypto-feminist Pleasure Activist Playing Cards

FANNY FATALE
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The Mother Theresa of Female Ejaculation

Wrongful Death Suit
DIRECT OF CO-DEFENDANT
BY PLAINTIFF'S ATTORNEY
COURT

Law

LIBBY ZION'S TRAGEDIST

EVEN FROM THE BACK ROW, THOMAS Moore's eyes looked bloodshot.

"You know what New York Hospital did above all?" he said in an insinuating whisper, working his way into a quivering, almost delirious wail. "It abandoned Libby Zion to the most uncaring, the most cruel personae of all! *New York Hospital abandoned Libby Zion to death!*"

Moore let the shrill ring of his voice hang in the packed courtroom on Centre Street. This was the attorney's final summation in *Zion* v. *New York Hospital,* and he was playing it big. A veteran court reporter would later rank it among the three best summations he'd ever witnessed. A juror would call it "a bit over the top." But that was still in the future. Right now, Moore was clenching his fists and rattling his arms and grimacing like a man who'd just swallowed glass.

"Cocaine killed Libby Zion?!" he bellowed over the heads of the jury. "That is the greatest of the great lies!"

During the twelve weeks of a trial ostensibly about misdiagnosis and improper medication, Thomas Moore declaimed monstrous accusations in quaking tones. He sighed woefully and dropped his face into his hands. He wheeled around and muttered to his wife, Judy Livingston, who also happened to be his co-counsel. ("No muttering, Mr. Moore," the judge admonished him.) It was high drama with a slightly hysterical edge. Indeed, there were many moments when Moore resembled not so much an incredibly successful malpractice attorney with an apartment on Fifth Avenue as a guy in Central Park dressed in a tattered raincoat talking to a pigeon.

When it all ended last week, Moore—who, at 52, has won 47 verdicts of $1 million or more—came up short. "I set out to get punitive damages," he says, "and anything less was not acceptable."

Moore got less. In a split decision, the jury found Libby Zion's cocaine use to have been a contributing factor in her death. For Moore, it was, in his own words, a "devastating" result. "You can't try a case like I do and not feel a personal rejection," Moore reflected quietly, in a faint brogue left over from his Irish upbringing. "I live it. I live it."

Moore's furious passion play, which aired during O.J.-free hours on Court TV, made him a moderately famous and peculiarly reviled man—New York's anti-Cochran. On the network's comment line, reviews ranged from glowing to churlish.

"Only people who have no self-respect at all would be impressed by the stupid shenanigans of Tom Moore. He is a twit."—A male, January 20

"If I ever need an attorney I hope to find one like Tom Moore. He is what every one should be like."—A female, January 12

"I think we lost as many viewers as we gained from Tom Moore," says Steven Brill, editor-in-chief of Court TV. "My own wife wouldn't watch when he was on."

Among malpractice attorneys, sympathy and second-guessing flowed in equal measure as word of the Zion verdict quickly spread. "I felt a personal loss myself," says Ivan Schneider, who wrote Moore a consoling note. Peter DeBlasio called Moore on the phone. "I told him no one knows better than I do how he feels."

Things were less sporting off the record. "There's been talk that he's No. 1 in New York," says one rival attorney. "With this result, people are gonna have to reconsider."

Meanwhile, Moore returned home and went on a five-mile jog around the Central Park reservoir. "I think I was in a daze. Even running didn't alert me as it usually would. It was all kind of a blur to me." He'd been planning to launch right into his next case, but now, on second thought, he's taking a short trip to Florida with his family to regroup. In an uncharacteristically brief summation, he adds, "I'll be back."

JIM RASENBERGER

Business

THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL CAFTAN

IBM'S DECISION LAST WEEK TO ALLOW ITS "wing-tip warriors" to abandon their legendary blue suits and white shirts in favor of a more casual look has found few followers, a very informal *New York* survey reveals.

"I wouldn't say there has been any relaxation. A lot of firms have Fridays in summer where people come in casualwear, like ITT. We have not done anything like that. I think it's just tradition. I don't think anyone has even thought about why."—Kris Heinzelman, managing partner, Cravath, Swaine & Moore

"It's implicit that men wear suits and women wear skirts. I don't think it's written anywhere. As far as I know, [a relaxation] hasn't been considered."—Mary Stotts, spokeswoman, Morgan Stanley

"*Vogue* had a dress code in the sixties that involved hats and gloves, but men don't have to wear ties now, and no dress code is expected."—Laurie Jones, managing editor, *Vogue*

"IBM is a different business. People work better in our type of work if they wear a uniform. We have a lot of young people working for us. They come in in their street clothes and put on a tie. It can change attitudes altogether."—Keven Murray, manager, McDonald's, First Avenue near 6th Street

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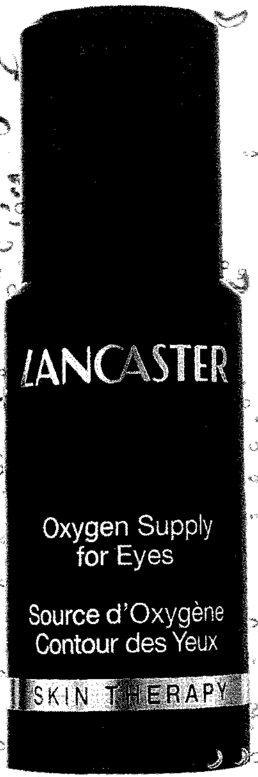

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At the *Rolling Stone* party, from top left: A very tan Jann Wenner grins over the good times as *RS* managing editor Sid Holt, right, grins with him; Monkee scion/Nancy Boy guitarist Jason Nesmith, with publicist Nancy Kane; the absent Mick and Keith, above East German rocker J. and friend.

Rolling Stoneless

By Alex Williams
Photographed by Patrick McMullan

'YOU DON'T CHANGE," SAYS *Rolling Stone* FOUNDER-EDITOR-publisher Jann Wenner, leaning on Metronome's VIP bar. "You just make little *adjustments*."

Downstairs at the *RS* party tied to the men's fashion shows last week, young stars-in-spirit pay cocktail homage to those things that don't change, only adjust, after 27 years. In the center of the room is the shrine: a huge, illuminated cover image of Mick Jagger and Keith Richards.

So where's Mick?

There's Dolph Lundgren. And Jason Nesmith, guitarist for the rock-offspring band Nancy Boy, fronted by Son-of-Donovan Leitch. "It's ironic," the son of a Monkee says. "We're getting the same kind of flak my father got."

There's Mary J. Blige, the ghost of Aretha present. And Flavor Flav. "Don't call yourself a *fan*," last year's Flav says to a reporter. "You're a *friend*."

Could it be that the rest of the world spins on some different axis these days?

"I'm having a great time," Wenner says. "Last year was our biggest year ever."

So where's Mick?

Middle right: Hat designers Rosanna Lewis and Ray Hands show off their latest work at the *Paper* party at Bowery Bar, while Russell Simmons, inset, squeezes Gail O'Neal. Meanwhile, at the *GQ* party at the Messmore & Damon studio, Nicole Miller sidles up to Mayor Giuliani and his non–Nicole Miller necktie. Bottom left: Designer April Walker of Walker Wear with Flavor Flav, the hit of the *Rolling Stone* bash.

Culture

REST IN PEACE, MAN

"MICHAEL HAD THE LAST LAUGH ON Jersey—they never did extradite him." It's a week after the death of 52-year-old Michael Cesar—the Pope of Pot and founder of the Church of Realized Fantasies—from liver cancer, and his friends have gathered in a storefront gallery on the Lower East Side to pay their respects. There's Jack Brown, the guy who fixed the Pope's bicycles back in the early eighties when Dial-a-Weed was on 11th and Avenue B; there's the newly homeless guy who was just burned out of his Avenue D squat ("Everybody has a theory, man"); there's the man in a Kangol hat ("When the Pope got out of prison, we hired this male stripper who was dressed like a cop. We had to warn everybody so they wouldn't freak and split"); there's Aron Kay booming, "Remember the Yippie Pie Man in the seventies . . . yeah, I hit Buckley, I hit Beame, I even hit the Pope with a cucumber-and-whipped-cream pie." Yippie Pie Man's preadolescent daughter pulls on his arm: "Daddy, I want to go home and play video games."

On the walls are photos of Cesar: in his ten-gallon baseball cap with the five-pointed leaf; getting arrested, looking more a sheepish history teacher than like the mastermind behind the $30,000-a-day 1-800-WANT-POT marijuana-delivery service he ran in the eighties. As the crowd gets larger, a tired, shy middle-aged man greets each new person who walks in: "Hi, I'm Michael's brother. Come in; have some coffee."

It's a full hour into the service before they finally begin to light up, first the homeless guys in the corner, then quickly the rest of the room, until it seems that everybody in the crammed, twelve-by-twelve room is holding a fat joint and has a confused, this-never-happens look—there's nobody to pass to.

"It was more like *$2,000* on a *good* day," says one scraggly guy, recalling the Pope's unbusinesslike generosity. "That guy was a soft touch. People could burn him anytime." NORMAN VANAMEE

In memory of the Pope of Pot.

Film

EXIT, PURSUED BY BEAT

"WHAT DID YOU READ?"

"Uh, *On the Road.*"

Francis Ford Coppola nods, and the next unshaven guy in line steps up. "What did you read?" he asks him.

Outside on Columbus Avenue, where eleven inches of new-fallen snow has skipped glistening and gone straight to slushy, 4,800 head of actors who began lining up at six Friday night—eighteen hours and one snowstorm ago—are waiting to audition for what may one day become *Francis Ford Coppola's Jack Kerouac's On the Road.*

Invited by 2,000 handbills pasted everywhere and an ad in *Backstage,* the huddled masses of wanna-beats are even wearing period garb as requested. What they weren't told is that the audition would consist of dropping résumés, head shots, and audiotapes into a cardboard box.

There is grumbling in the herd.

"You know that movie *Alive,* where they cannibalize each other, like five miles away from a resort they didn't know was there? It was getting that bad out there," says Astra Dimitri, a woman who gives her age as "I play 35 to 50. Thirty to 50, put that. Twenty-eight, actually."

"I mean, he's Francis Ford Coppola, how much publicity does he need?" mutters Catherine Grasso, 27, who thinks her chances aren't good anyway, because "it's basically a guy-on-the-road kind of movie."

Gregory Dohanic, 25, isn't optimistic, either. "The way I look at it, there's about 300, 400 people here who look exactly like me. Look at this guy; he looks exactly like me."

Still a block and a half from the door after three hours in line, Kurt Williams, 31, is insisting Kerouac would have approved of the ordeal. "We're bringing back the strugglingness of it," he says. "This is happening. This is, like, a happening. We can exchange. This is, you know, an adventure. There's some exchanging going out there. It's a happening in itself."

Matthew Phelan, who came all the way from Philadelphia, scowls.

"I don't think the Kerouac characters would ever do this. Sal Paradise and Dean Moriarty would never have been caught doing this. This is not fun."

Meanwhile, even though Coppola has owned the film rights to *Road* for almost twenty years and, even now, has no definite plans to make the movie, video crews from *Entertainment Tonight* and VH-1 circle reverently. The next Al Pacino could be here. Or at least the next C. Thomas Howell.

Dean Moriarty, maybe.

But Coppola didn't find Pacino, or even Howell. Asked to name stars he has picked out of a cattle drive, he answers, "Abe Vigoda." KYLE SMITH

Art

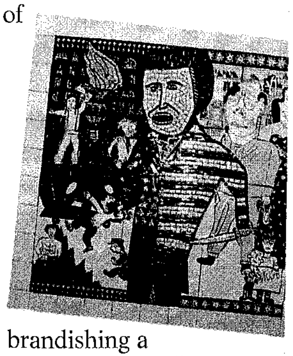
MY KID *DID* DRAW THAT

JOSEPH, WHIP-THIN AT AGE 11, LOCATED the small door on the west side of the Washington Square Arch. A big rusty lock was on it. Joseph imagined the evening in 1916 when a party of bohemians, led by Gertrude Drick, opened that door—unlocked then—and ascended the spiral staircase within to the top of the arch, where they declared Greenwich Village to be a Free Republic and celebrated all night. On the morning after, residents awoke to see red balloons floating over the arch. Kneeling on the floor of the cafeteria at P.S. 41, his school, on West 11th Street in the heart of the Village, Joseph drew that scene. Now, scaled small and transferred to tile, it's easy to miss in the corner of one of the dozen tumultuously detailed panels of local history newly installed in the Christopher Street subway station. They were drawn by nine selected fifth- and sixth-grade students at P.S. 41 under the eye of supervising artist Lee Brozgold, working with $44,000 from MTA Arts for Transit.

Subway grunge on the West Side IRT is being pierced, ever so haltingly, by the first incursions of new ceramic station art since the original mosaics of more than 90 years ago. First, in 1987,

Photographs: top right, John Mantel/Sipa; bottom, Christopher Brown/Saba.

came slices of Upper West Side street life at the 86th Street station. Next, *Alice in Wonderland* characters in silhouette at 50th Street. Then Houston Street's fantasy mosaics of sea creatures cavorting among passengers. Now these Christopher Street murals, seething with local historical references, their style a melding of *Beavis & Butt-head* and *Guernica.*



"Hideous," muttered Alexander Parish, waiting for the northbound train and staring at the figure of a man brandishing a broken-off parking meter amid flames. But this violence isn't gratuitous. It's an authentic detail of the 1969 Stonewall Riot, when gays rose against cops a few steps from here.

Brozgold visualized the project as four triptychs: founders, providers, bohemians, rebels. Then he wrote a 65-page study guide for the student artists to consult. P.S. 41 art teacher Deborah Lewis picked the nine. Brozgold let the kids draw, but "it was part of my job to wed the figures into a coherent setting." Tom Paine, for example, is flanked by jazz impresario Barney Josephson, founder of the Cookery, and Billie Holliday, whom he booked at his first place, Café Society, at Two Sheridan Square.

Craftsmen in Framingham, Massachusetts, laid out the drawings on wet clay panels, punched dots conforming to the lines, removed the paper, and connected the dots.

"This is a hostile environment," says Brozgold. "You get water leaks, vibration, steel dust in the air." Master mosaicist Stephen Miotto finished installing the murals a couple of weeks ago. The "kiddie-poos," as Brozgold calls them, took an hour off from school to check out their work. Their small fingers skimmed across the tiles. "Really great," said Jamaal.

"Except," added Joseph, peering closely, "they messed up some of the transfers."

PETER HELLMAN

FASHION

Something About a Man in Antlers

Men's wear has always been the *other* fashion. But with the women's shows now orbiting in the upper fabusphere, some glamour fallout—celebrities and groupies—was to be expected at the men's shows last week.

SUNDAY: From the outside of the Sony Music Studio on Tenth Avenue, it looks like typical fashion frenzy—TV vans, fashion groupies—but oddly, there aren't many seriously nutty outfits, the kind that provide more entertainment than the runways. Most of the men wear normal suits.

The celebrity count is low today. Richard Tyler, who pulls in the likes of Julia Roberts and Susan Sarandon to his women's shows, is all business. Ditto German designer Joop. But there is celebrity sighting at Boing: The ubiquitous Donovan Leitch, sitting ringside, pulls out the March *Playboy* and unfurls the centerfold.

MONDAY: Celebrity ante upped. Harry Connick Jr. shows up at Nigel's, and again later with his wife, the model Jill Goodacre, for wonderboy John Bartlett. Armand Assante is at Robert Comstock, as is Stacy Sanches, Miss March (sorry, Donovan). Tommy Tune is the sole star at Tommy Hilfiger, but what a star he is—tapping his feet, snapping his fingers, and shaking his head to the music.

Robert Comstock begins his show with his traditional "Mother Earth" message—this time a video of a trek to Greenland with Comstock's voice-over urging a communion with nature. "Yeah, he talks about save the planet, then turns around and kills the caribou," cracks one fashion editor, referring to Comstock's parade of leather coats. Midway through the show, the sign bearing Comstock's name falls off the back wall; a girl stands there trying to hold it for five minutes, then finally drags the eight-foot banner off the stage.

Another caribou moment: John Bartlett's models come down the runway wearing antlers. "In nature, the males of the species have plumage, like antlers, that they wear proudly and unself-consciously," Bartlett explains perfectly well afterward. "I think men are very confused about what is masculine now, and they shouldn't be self-conscious."

TUESDAY: Those fashion victims known and loved from the women's shows start to pop up. There are a lot of vinyl and leather pants peppered throughout the audiences, and the hot accessory is a big, furry Elmer Fudd–style hat. And lap dogs. *Vanity Fair*'s Elizabeth Saltzman's toy poodle sips *darlingly* from the cap of her Evian bottle during Joseph Abboud's show.

Down at Industria, current top hunk Marcus Schenkenberg smirks down the runway. "Have you seen what he's wearing?" asked one photographer. "Lace-up leather pants, cowboy boots, and a cowboy hat. He thinks he's the lead in *Prêt-à-Porter* or something."

WEDNESDAY: Donna Karan and Calvin Klein. Everyone is here; best outfits. More vinyl pants. More dogs. *USA Today*'s Elizabeth Snead introduces her poodle to the toy Yorkshire belonging to DNR's Kim Cihlar.

"You have to go to the Pet Department Store," Snead insists. "They have the best clothes—all the trends."

Before her show, Donna Karan walks the runway to check the lighting. She wants *softer.* "I don't want to see my own lint," she barks at the lighting designer. The crowd, including Jon Bon Jovi, goes wild over the glittery *Midnight Cowboy* looks on the runway.

Later, it's an awfully-bad-hair night in the audience at Calvin Klein—from Ethan Hawke's greasy mess to Ben Stiller's ridiculous new dreadlocks. John Kennedy Jr.'s hair looks great, though—but almost no one sees it. He's hiding up in the rafters by an emergency exit.

ELIZABETH BARR

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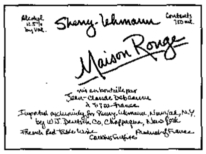

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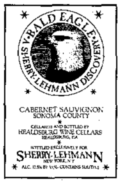

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CITYSIDE JEFFREY GOLDBERG

Staten Island Gothic

A complex tale of corrupt cops, car theft, mobsters, a love triangle, and exploded testicles. All that, plus one unsolved murder.

ON THE NIGHT OF TUESDAY, JANUARY 24, Keith Merolle, a young man destined to spend significant time in a New York State penitentiary, drove his mother's Buick to a pool hall on Staten Island. He was shot repeatedly in the face and neck before he could step out of the car.

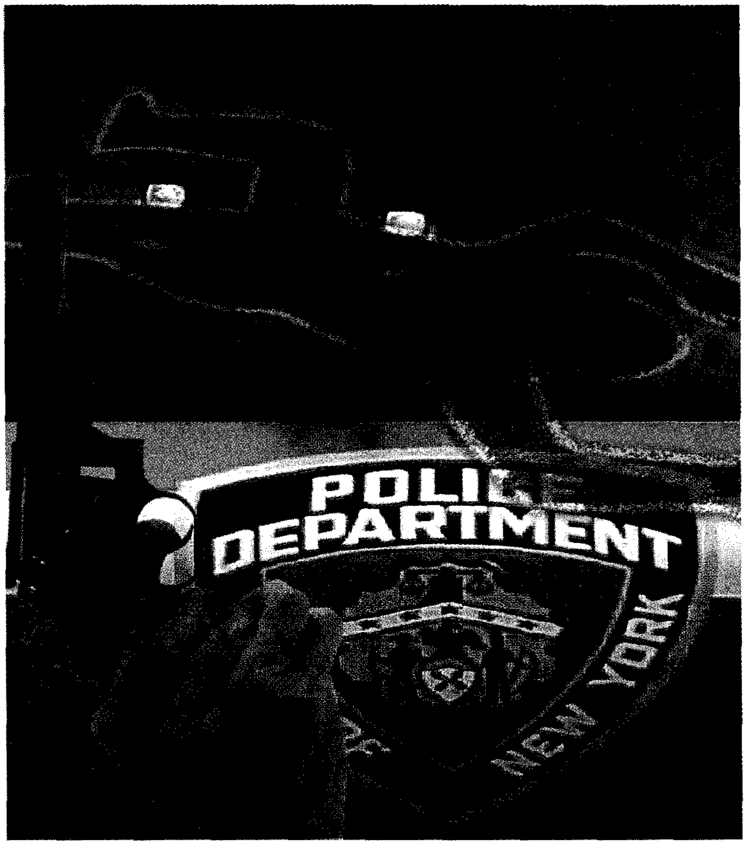

Illustration by Minh Uong

The killing took place eleven days after Merolle; his father, Raymond; and three other members of his immediate family were arrested on charges that they ran a car-theft ring out of their house in the Graniteville section of Staten Island. Graniteville is a neat and placid neighborhood, and is unused to the sort of excitement provided by the Merolles. It is not the alleged thievery that makes the Merolles' story so remarkable—Staten Island is one of the world capitals of auto theft—but rather its gothic subplot, which features dirty cops, Mafia enforcers, love triangles, and exploding testicles (more on this later).

The thievery itself was notable in one respect—two of the alleged ring members are New York City police officers, and Raymond, the father of three of the alleged thieves, is recently retired from the force. With all the current talk of police corruption, the case drew interest from beyond Graniteville. "People within the department will combine and work together effectively to remove those people who disgrace our uniform," Walter Mack, the department's chief corruption fighter, said last month at the time of the Merolle arrests, according to the Staten Island *Advance*. Mack was fired shortly thereafter by Commissioner William Bratton, perhaps, critics say, because Mack was so effective at removing corrupt cops. One of the cops targeted by Mack was Linda Merolle-DiRubbio, Keith's sister. (Her husband, Vincent, a Staten Island patrol officer, was also indicted.) Linda's crime, police say, was to ask another Merolle brother, also named Raymond, to steal a GMC Blazer from a Staten Island Chevrolet dealership. Police say she drove the stolen Blazer to her job at the 84th Precinct in Brooklyn. "Chutzpa to the umpteenth degree," says Deputy Inspector William Allee, the commander of Staten Island's detectives.

It is not known, however, if Merolle-DiRubbio drove a stolen car to the special Police Department course on auto crimes she took in 1988, and it is similarly unknown whether she shared with her brothers the special knowledge of car thievery she acquired from her police instructors. Officials on Staten Island, however, have intimated that the alleged ring seemed especially skilled at making stolen cars untraceable. These officials have been understandably wary about describing to the press the techniques used to disguise these allegedly stolen vehicles.

But back to the testicles. So far, no one has been arrested in the murder of Keith Merolle, but, this being Staten Island, assumptions of Mafia involvement were immediately made. These assumptions were buttressed by the discovery that in 1991, Keith's brother, Raymond, was beaten by a group of reputed mobsters, including Joseph "Joe the Blond" Giordano, the younger brother of a key adviser to John Gotti. The motive for the beating is not known, and detectives are certainly not discounting a mob connection to Keith Merolle's death.

But *New York* has learned that police are also interested in a Staten Island ruffian named Vincent Ferro and an ostensibly seductive mystery woman named Kim. This is where the story gets complicated: It turns out that several years ago, Keith Merolle lured this Kim, or vice versa, into a romantic liaison. The coast for such a liaison was clear, since Kim's husband, the aforementioned Vincent Ferro, was in jail at the time on gun charges. When Ferro returned home in 1989, he was said to be angry at Keith Merolle, and more so after Ferro's attempt to reconcile with Kim proved fruitless.

Bad blood boiled in Graniteville, especially after a pipe bomb detonated in Ferro's car, causing him to lose, among other things, his testicles. The list of likely suspects in the bombing was long—Ferro, sources say, was involved in a wide range of unorthodox activities—but Keith Merolle emerged as one of the likeliest. He was questioned, and the Merolle house was searched, but no indictments in the case have ever been brought. Sources say Ferro nevertheless blamed Merolle for the bombing, and—human nature being what it is—the loss of one's testicles might supply a plausible motive for a revenge attack. "He would say that one day Keith would get his," a person who describes himself as a friend of both men says as we stand in the frigid parking lot of the Upper Deck sports lounge on Victory Boulevard, where Merolle was killed.

How Merolle ended up that Tuesday night outside the Upper Deck is a mystery to his family. The last time his father heard from him, Keith was calling from another bar, where he was supposed to meet his brother, Raymond. Their father, the elder Raymond, remembers the telephone call well, because Keith told him something that made him uneasy: "He said Vinnie was at the bar and was bothering him again." Raymond senior says Keith didn't tell him *how* Ferro was bothering him. And Keith's father calmed down when Keith called again a few minutes later and said that everything was okay with Vinnie. Witnesses said they saw Keith Merolle and Vinnie Ferro leaving the bar together. It was the last time Keith Merolle was seen alive. No arrests have been made so far.

Keith's father will not say directly who he believes killed his son, but he drops broad hints. Sitting in his lawyer's office in New Dorp on a snowy night last week, the elder Merolle, gaunt and gray, shakes his head at a fact he finds particularly ironic. "Keith had another girlfriend—Kim called a few weeks ago, and I heard Keith say on the telephone, 'Look, I have a girlfriend. I can't see you anymore,' " he says.

His son dead, his two other children indicted, and his own reputation shredded, Raymond B. Merolle is the picture of a father utterly lost. A 23-year veteran of the Police Department, he was a decorated member of Staten Island's Emergency Services Unit. He had his problems in the department—apparently, Raymond junior was well known to auto-crimes detectives, and his father was often the target of Internal Affairs investigators looking for criminal links between father and son.

But of the 134 counts in the Merolle-family indictment, only two rather minor charges are directed at Raymond B. Merolle himself. He is accused, in essence, of claiming to police that a stolen car in his backyard belonged to him. But Merolle says that he wasn't even at home when police came to look for the car and that the department he served for more than two decades is now trying to destroy his life.

There are those in the department who are sympathetic with the plight of a father who couldn't keep his kids from going bad. "He loved his children. He was supportive of them. He's searching his soul at this point," says Deputy Inspector Allee.

Merolle says he's searching, but for answers to a single question. "Who would want to kill my son?" he asks plaintively. Allee is less sympathetic on this point. "There are a *lot* of people out there who would want to kill Keith Merolle." ■

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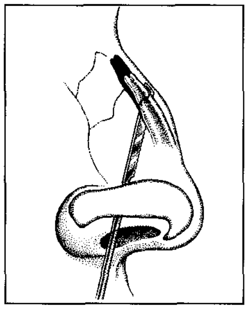

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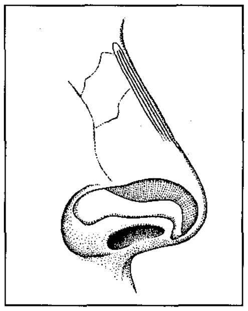

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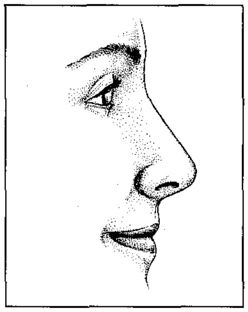

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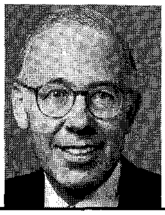

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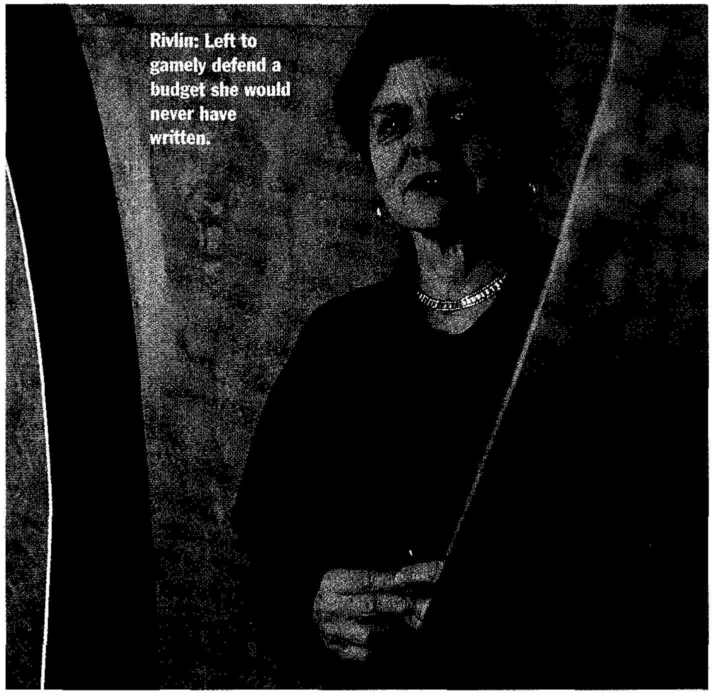
THE NATIONAL INTEREST JACOB WEISBERG

Alice in Wonderland

Despite his fiscal guru's admonitions, Clinton's latest budget cops out on deficit reduction. Even worse, it's dubious politics.



Rivlin: Left to gamely defend a budget she would never have written.

IT WAS PAINFUL TO watch Alice Rivlin trying to defend the president's budget on the chat-show circuit last week. "This budget, we believe, is a very good budget," the tiny, birdlike budget director stammered on *Brinkley,* with less-than-convincing enthusiasm. In fact, everyone knows, she hates the thing. A memo written by Rivlin that was leaked last fall touted an approach exactly opposite to the one the president has now adopted. Rivlin advocated cutting entitlements and eliminating tax breaks in order to keep the deficit headed downward. Instead, Clinton has opted to cut taxes, hold entitlements inviolate, and point the deficit trendline back up. Of course, every adviser sometimes has to support a dubious idea for political reasons. But the Rivlin approach wasn't a mere exercise in high-minded policy wonkery. It would have been smart politics too.

Given that the new congressional majority has its own ideas about the budget, the White House plan is primarily a political document. The press cast it as a lackadaisical first serve in what is sure to be a long set of tennis. The *Times* editorial page even offered mild praise, calling it "sensible" and "responsible." Indeed, the plan hardly seems unreasonable: a few hundred million more for job training and Head Start, a little reinventing at HUD, some snips at Energy, and a few minor tax breaks. But the problem isn't what the budget does; it's what it doesn't do: reconsider government operations in a "transformational" enough way to answer Newt Gingrich. This was Clinton's only real opportunity to spell out a compelling alternative to the Republicans. That opportunity has now been lost.

This is all the more depressing in light of Clinton's success during the first half of his term. In 1992, the budget deficit was $290 billion and headed higher. Thanks to the president's economic plan, it fell to $203 billion in 1994 and is estimated at $193 billion this year. This reduction lowered interest rates and spurred a robust recovery. But now Clinton is letting the deficit creep up again, by $4 billion in 1996 and another $16 billion in 1997, according to his own forecast. It's a willful, almost bizarre sellout of the cause of deficit reduction, Clinton's proudest achievement to date. It's also a lame sales tactic. Submitting a budget with a $4 billion increase has all the marketing savvy of pricing the Popeil Pocket Fisherman at $20.01.

Clinton's spinners make the case that as a share of GDP, the deficit will fall in what are known as "the outyears" (i.e., the future). This is wishful thinking. Clinton has been evolving toward the Reaganite tactic of the rosy scenario. Unlike his first budget, this one no longer accords with the neutral estimates of the Congressional Budget Office. On the basis of lower projected economic growth, higher inflation, and higher health-care inflation than assumed by Clinton, CBO predicts the deficit will be $55 billion higher than the administration does in the year 2000. In ten years, it will top $400 billion. That's no progress, figured as a share of GDP or otherwise. And even CBO's estimate ignores the possibility of a recession that could exacerbate the deficit.

What happened? Until now, the received wisdom about internal White House politics has echoed Bob Woodward: There is a big divide between the economic advisers, who want to reduce the deficit, and the political advisers, who want to cut taxes and spend money to help the middle class. According to Woodward's *The Agenda,* the deficit hawks won in 1993, a point seemingly borne out by the subsequent ascension of one of their number, Leon Panetta, to chief of staff and the demise of the political types—Stan Greenberg, Mandy Grunwald, James Carville, and Paul Begala (who was famously grossed out at a meeting with Rivlin when he observed a bit of leftover chicken salad on her chin).

In fact, Woodward's dichotomy was never quite accurate. As he reported, Clinton was sold grudgingly on the so-called bond-market strategy: reduce the deficit in order to take pressure off the bond market and thereby lower interest rates. But other than Rivlin, and Panetta on odd-numbered days, there are no real deficit hawks in the administration. Not Laura Tyson; not Robert Rubin; not even the now-departed Lloyd Bentsen, who, according to insiders, didn't raise a peep in favor of a second round of deficit reduction. So demoralized are the forces of fiscal austerity that Matt Miller, Rivlin's top aide and a superhawk himself, recently quit in frustration.

If Clinton's economic team no longer worries about the deficit, it may be because Clinton doesn't care much, either. Clinton, according to White House aides, feels burned by the whole issue. He did the responsible thing, and what did he get? "Fucked," as one administration official puts it. "We force-fed deficit reduction and opening markets"—NAFTA, GATT—"to the public for two years," says another. "And the people we needed to win in the under-$50,000-a-year category heard nothing about their lives in that

Photograph by Martin Simon/Saba

message and voted Republican as a result. In absolute political terms, deficit reduction hasn't done anything for us." Keeping the campaign promise of a middle-class tax cut—although no serious economist outside the administration favors it—is the new priority. As justification, advisers point to polls showing that though the public is more interested in deficit reduction than in tax cuts, support for balancing the budget drops when specific spending cuts are mentioned.

The White House strategy is based on the theory that cutting spending sounds good only in the abstract. Let the Republicans hang themselves with hard choices this time, insiders say. The Clintonites anticipate a Republican implosion happening in one of two ways. The first is that the Republicans won't be able to deliver hefty budget cuts, certainly not enough to pay for their tax cuts, and that the president will be able to denounce them for increasing the deficit. This could happen, but it's a risky bet. John Kasich, the House budget chairman, has been sounding very serious about cuts lately. "If we do not make them, we will be total failures. . . . We will have a third and a fourth party," he said on *MacNeil/Lehrer* the other night.

The White House's fallback hope is that Republican cuts will be so harsh as to produce a backlash. This is said to be the Stephanopoulos view, which explains why the budget proposes no reductions in Medicare and Medicaid. In the past, Clinton wanted to leave these out-of-control programs alone so he would have a pot of money to pay for health-care reform. Now he's protecting them so he can scream bloody murder when the Republicans go after them, as Kasich and his Senate counterpart, Pete Domenici, have said they plan to do. But this gambit will prove self-defeating even if there is a public backlash against the Republicans. Exploding entitlements are crowding out everything else the president wants to do.

The cynical conclusion that the public doesn't care about the deficit is clearly dumb politics as well, poll numbers notwithstanding. The main lesson of Ross Perot's candidacy was that the deficit can be made into a populist issue when it's presented as evidence of bloated government. In 1994, the Democrats lost the Perot voters not because they cut spending too much but because they didn't shrink government enough. If the '94 election meant anything, it was a mandate for less *everything.* Clinton might assimilate that message and stand an outside chance in '96 by being smarter, more humane, and more realistic than the Republicans about scaling back government. He could have listened to Dr. Rivlin. Instead, he's praying for the Republicans to crump. If he's nostalgic for Arkansas, there's no surer road back. ▬

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Has AIDS Won?

By Craig Horowitz

AS THE SHORT SHADOWS OF AN EARLY WINTER AFTERNOON FELL across Park Avenue South and a harsh wind lifted swirls of garbage up and over the people rushing along the street, Peter Staley sat by the window of the Park Avalon restaurant and slowly finished a large Caesar salad. He looked relaxed, but the tension in his voice betrayed the fact that these are difficult times for Staley, one of the country's leading AIDS activists. The optimism is gone now, drained away by death, battered by every new infection and every bogus announcement of a breakthrough. Even his sense of outrage, which was once so raw and potent that it drove him, in 1987, to walk away from his Wall Street job as a bond trader to become one of ACT UP's seminal figures, has been dulled by fatigue, frustration, and disgust over the movement's infighting.

"The AIDS-activist community is really in a pathetic state," Staley said, carefully placing his salad fork on the edge of his plate. "Politically, it's feeding on itself. The egos are enormous, and they unfortunately play a great role in the battle. They are as much a player as the goal of ending the crisis, and I find that infinitely depressing."

Wearing an oatmeal-colored V-neck sweater with a bright-white T-shirt underneath it, Staley, 36, was whippet-thin but perfectly healthy. It was hard to imagine that he had tested HIV-positive all the way back in 1985, but his HIV status gave his words an additional resonance as he calmly revealed his feelings amid the clatter of the lingering lunchtime crowd.

"I've essentially had it," he continued. "I get no gratification or inspiration from this work anymore. Every month it's a new battle, and the battles now are usually intra-community. It's just insane, and I want out."

Staley used to be one of the movement's most committed members. He was a clever, indefatigable fundraiser who conceived and led some of ACT UP's boldest, most effective and vividly memorable demonstrations. When the drug AZT was introduced in 1987 at $10,000 for a year's worth of treatment—a prohibitively expensive price—Staley and four other ACT UP members got onto the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, chained themselves to a balcony railing, blew foghorns to disrupt trading, and hung a huge banner imploring traders to sell Burroughs Wellcome stock (the drug's price was soon lowered by 20 percent).

"For a long time at ACT UP we truly believed that we could shake a cure out of the trees," said Staley. ACT UP was remarkably successful at raising awareness of the disease and speeding up the drug-approval process. But it was in many ways a hollow victory—when they finally bullied themselves into the political and public-health establishment, activists discovered, in the words of one, that "the emperor had no clothes."

Playwright Larry Kramer, the eloquent, strident, tireless, and often infuriating patriarch of the AIDS-activist movement, looks at its history this way: "ACT UP's three greatest accomplishments were that we made AIDS a political issue; we changed the image of gay men from limp-wristed fairies to tough warriors; and we got the drug-approval process changed from ten years to, in some cases, less than one year. And that applies to medicines for all people and all illnesses. If you study the history of grass-roots organizations, ACT UP has really had a longer run than most."

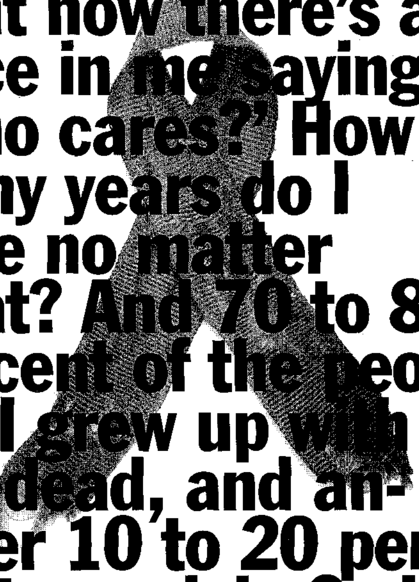
In fact, the internecine fighting would be academic if scientists had simply made more progress against the disease. "None of us who got into this activist work ever thought we'd be doing it for five or ten years," says Martin Delaney, who runs Project Inform in San Francisco. "Everybody thought we could jump into it and make a difference in the short term. Maybe break a boulder that was blocking the path. Well, we *did* that, but there was always another boulder or we found that there was no path underneath it all along. Everybody's burned out: I am; we all are."

Events in the scientific community have run on an eerily parallel track: early success followed by disappointment and heavily politicized disputes over strategy. As the AIDS epidemic begins its fourteenth year in America, more than a million and a half people in this country are infected, AIDS is the leading killer of Americans ages 25 to 44, and the best estimates are that *half* of all gay men in New York City are HIV-positive. There is no reason to be confident that the mystery of the disease is close to being solved or even that research is moving in a direction that will eventually lead to a solution.

Though there have certainly been medical advances related to AIDS, particularly in the area of opportunistic infections, it is the lack of progress that remains so astonishing. More than a decade after Dr. Robert Gallo's laboratory at the National Cancer Institute, along with a laboratory in France, first identified the human immunodeficiency virus as the cause of AIDS, a cure or a vaccine is believed to be years—maybe decades—away.

On the pharmaceutical front, there are only four drugs approved by the Food and Drug Administration for treatment: AZT and three similar compounds. All are toxic, none works very well, and there is great confusion about how to use them most effectively. The second generation of drugs is at least a year and a half away from approval. Called protease inhibitors, these drugs attack an enzyme critical to the virus in its reproduction process and are less toxic than AZT. Though in tests they have greatly weakened the virus, it quickly mutates to avoid the destructive impact of the drugs. Early test results and word of mouth indicate that these drugs, when used alone, have only limited potential.

It is a sobering experience to talk to scientists and listen to them detail the essential information still not known about HIV. How does the virus cross the body's mucous membranes (the linings of the rectum, vagina, mouth, and urethra)? During transmission, what is the first cell infected? And from there, how does the virus move to the lymph nodes and the bloodstream? Exactly how does the virus kill a cell? What



"I've been negative all these years, but right now there's a voice in me saying, 'Who cares?' How many years do I have no matter what? And 70 to 80 percent of the people I grew up with are dead, and another 10 to 20 percent are sick. So in a sense, do I really care?"

MARTIN DELANEY

would a protective immune response look like? Why do some infected people progress quickly to full-blown AIDS while others remain disease-free for years?

“No viral disease in history has ever had so much money thrown at it,” says Dr. David Baltimore of M.I.T., a Nobel laureate. “Here’s one little virus that has had over a billion dollars a year spent on it for years by the government and who knows how much by the pharmaceutical industry. So there is the sense that we should be farther along. But the problem has simply turned out to be worse than we could have imagined.”

So much worse, in fact, that the critical players involved in determining the course of the disease both as an affliction and as a public-health issue have been forced to admit that much of the work to date may have been misdirected. The country’s leading researchers no longer talk of “hitting a home run” or finding a “magic bullet.” The fashionable phrase today in AIDS-research circles is “return to basic science.”

“It’s a chess game,” says Dr. David Ho, head of New York’s Aaron Diamond AIDS Research Center. A month ago, Ho and Dr. George Shaw of the University of Alabama released significant findings that show the immune system and the virus engage in a fierce battle from the time of infection. Their report, published in the London scientific journal *Nature,* revealed that every day, millions of new virus particles are produced and millions are killed by the immune system. At the same time, the immune system can lose and replace as many as 1 billion cells a day.

“These numbers show just how complex this chess game is,” says Ho. “The virus turns over so fast and at such high levels that resistance develops quickly as the virus easily produces mutations. Everybody’s been looking for the kill with one move in this game, but you know if you play against a good player, that strategy will always fail. So you have to plan many moves in advance, and it’s not quick, and that’s what’s so discouraging. You want to win the game quickly, and it’s just not going to happen.”

“DO YOU USE CONDOMS? DO YOU USE ONE EVERY SINGLE TIME YOU have sex? *Do you?*”

“No, but I . . .”

“Have you had sex with *only one person* for the last twelve years?”

Barked in frustration and perhaps annoyance, the questions came too quickly for me to answer. I was sitting in David Barr’s gray cubicle on the second floor of the Gay Men’s Health Crisis office on West 29th Street. I had asked Barr, 39, who is the director of treatment education and advocacy at GMHC, why it is so difficult for gay men to consistently practice safe sex. The choice seems so clearly and dramatically drawn as to be no choice at all. Use a condom, and you can pretty much have sex with whomever you choose in whatever configuration makes you happy. Don’t use a condom, and the odds are that sooner or later, you’ll get infected, get sick, suffer, and die.

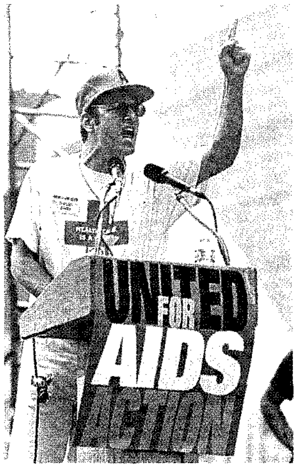
Barr, a veteran activist and former lawyer who tested positive in 1989, patiently went through all of the standard explanations: Nobody likes condoms; sex is an extremely complicated area of human behavior; people don’t make the best decisions in moments of passion; gay men have always been told their sexual behavior is wrong and bad; and finally, if AIDS were primarily a heterosexual problem, no one would have thought telling couples to use condoms every single time they had sex was a credible approach. It is, Barr said, an unrealistic expectation.

Really? Between 1982 and 1984—when condom use was rare—almost 20 percent of gay men, according to one study, became newly infected each year. The safe-sex education program was successful to the point that this rate dropped to 1 percent almost overnight. But educating people about safe sex is one thing; getting them to sustain the practices over the years is something else entirely. Which is why infection rates are climbing again.

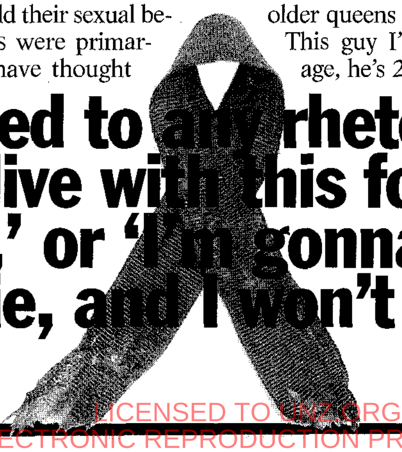
The change in attitude is clearly visible around the city. The return of vintage-seventies promiscuity has sparked a small boom in theaters, dance clubs, bars, and a variety of other venues that have back rooms and private cubicles for sex. Places like Club 82, the Crow Bar, and L.U.R.E. (Leather, Uniforms, Rubber, Etc.) are flourishing. So are private clubs, which meet at secret locations that change from week to week and have names like Excalibur and Carter’s Prime. There are also weekly theme evenings, like Muscle Knights, where you check your clothes at the door. Though the public places usually feature flashlight-toting, T-shirt-wearing security men who can be heard to say, “No lips below the hips, boys,” enforcement of public-health codes is hardly uniform. A Chelsea club called Zone DK has been checked more than nineteen times over the past year and a half, and during virtually every visit, inspectors saw customers having unprotected oral sex, the New York *Daily News* reported last month. At a joint called Jay’s Hangout in the West Village, inspectors reported both oral and anal sex. To date, both places have received only warning notices. A Health Department spokesman refused to confirm or deny these reports. “On the ground, people believe you cannot get HIV from oral sex,” says a man who frequents these clubs. “If you don’t swallow.”

The problem of rising infection rates is really two problems. There is a new generation of men under 25 that simply hasn’t had enough experience with the disease to really be afraid of it. They haven’t, as one activist put it, buried enough of their friends yet. They believe not only that it’s an affliction of older gay men but also, like all young people, that they are invincible.

“It’s made them very susceptible to the mythmaking side of AIDS,” says Martin Delaney. “That HIV isn’t the cause of AIDS, that it’s all a government plot, the whole area that I call the conspiracy-theory side. It’s very attractive if you’re 22 years old.” This is particularly true of the view pushed by renegade virologist Peter Duesberg and others that the disease is not sexually transmitted. This attitude has great countercultural appeal and also provides a great excuse not to practice safe sex.



“There’s definitely what we call slippage going on,” says Peter Staley, “and it’s a major problem. It shouldn’t be ignored, and it should not be covered up by the gay community. People are screwing up again. A lot of it is taking what they consider slight risks. You know, ‘We’ll fuck but I’ll pull out. It’s the older queens that are all infected. This guy I’m with now is my age, he’s 20, so he’s not gonna



“I’m very opposed to any rhetoric like ‘I’m gonna live with this forever,’ or ‘I’m gonna beat this,’ or ‘I’m gonna be here for the cure.’ It’s all a lie, and I won’t lie to people.”

DAVID BARR

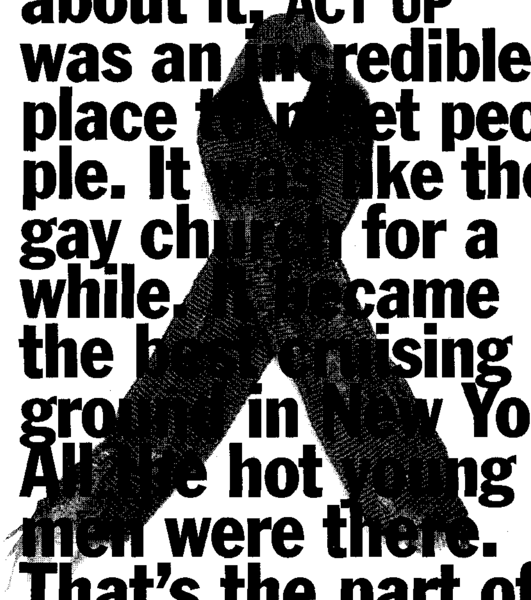
be infected.' Most gay men are not having CDC-defined safe sex."

In a recent study of gay and bi men ages 17 to 22 done by the public-health office in San Francisco, an astonishing 9.4 percent of the participants were HIV-positive and 19.8 percent had hepatitis-B markers, which indicates they are having high-risk sex. In fact, more than a third of the 20- to 22-year-olds said they had had unprotected anal sex in the previous six months.

For the older generation, the problems are different but no less complex. "I have a very hard time with safe sex and keeping myself negative," says 36-year-old Derek Hodel, a former Washington lobbyist for the AIDS Action Council who's now with GMHC. "The mechanics are an issue. It's complicated, it interrupts things, you don't always have one. But a lot of us were perfectly willing to put up with the mechanical problems on a time-limited basis," he says. "Now we're hearing, 'Oh, you mean for the rest of our lives we're supposed to do this?'

"If you develop an intimate relationship with someone, using a condom to prevent AIDS sends a signal that this act we're doing is about death. And even though there's a social norm now for using a condom, using one still says, 'I'm afraid of what you're going to do to me.' In order to use a condom every time you have sex for the rest of your life, you have to want to. You have to have a desire to live and a belief that that's the way you do it. And an increasing number of us, ten years later, are worried about what the future looks like."

This ambivalence about the future and being HIV-negative, coupled with a pervasive fatalism, has made it excruciatingly difficult for many men to consistently summon the will they need to avoid dangerous episodes. Everyone, it seems, knows someone who claims that he has never had a single episode of unprotected sex but has sero-converted anyway. Likewise, everyone also seems to know someone who's been consistently reckless and yet has remained negative.

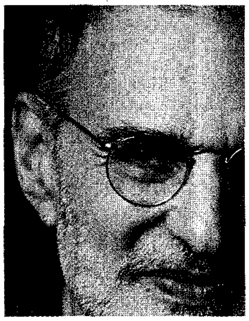


"Whatever else you want to say about it, ACT UP was an incredible place to meet people. It was like the gay church for a while. It became the best cruising ground in New York. All the hot young men were there. That's the part of ACT UP people don't talk about."

LARRY KRAMER

But what's most surprising, even shocking, is to hear leaders in the gay community openly question their *own* commitment to safe sex. "I've been negative all these years, but right now there's a voice in me saying, 'Who cares?' " says Delaney, who is 49. "I mean, how many years do I have no matter what? And on another level, 70 or 80 percent of the people I grew up with are dead already and another 10 to 20 percent are sick. So in a sense, do I really care? I mean, what am I going to do, create a whole new life based on 20-year-olds? I never thought I'd hear myself say that, but I hear it in my head now all the time, and I think it's pretty common in our community."

FEW APARTMENTS SO THOROUGHLY AND QUICKLY TELL YOU ABOUT the personality and the passions of the person who lives there as Larry Kramer's. First, there is the door. It is covered with bumper stickers bearing AIDS and gay-power slogans: everything from the iconographic pink triangles and SILENCE = DEATH to HONK IF YOU'RE HIV+ (I didn't actually see the last one, but it could have been there). Inside, the walls are lined with books; there's a long worktable with a large monitor on it where he writes and a desk where he takes phone calls, opens his mail, and pays bills. There are pictures of him getting arrested in Washington; demonstrating in Albany; marching in an HIV+ T-shirt; bonding with Barbra Streisand. There's a cover of *The Advocate* with his face on it; there's the book jacket for his *Reports From the Holocaust,* which has been updated and just rereleased.

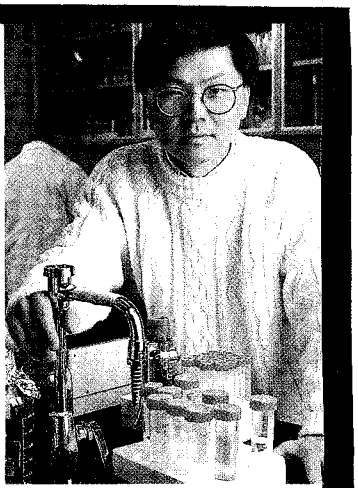


This is a strange time for Kramer. Though he still speaks regularly all around the country, he is no longer involved as an activist at the grass-roots level. He still fights, but it is mostly from an elevated pulpit. He went to an ACT UP meeting recently, and in what must have been a very strange experience, he knew no one there and no one knew him. He is 59; he's in love; and while he is adamant that he's neither tired nor anywhere near ready to lay down his rhetoric, it seems clear that he wants to be happy. He may even, in his remaining years, want a little peace. In conversation, he moves effortlessly back and forth, one moment railing at the system and everyone who disagrees with him, the next moment mooning about the good old days when the activists were all in it together.

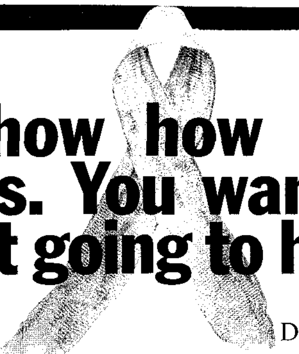
He'll say, "You know, we have all these great fortunes—like the David Geffens—and everybody thinks they're very generous, and they're not. I keep seeing how much David Geffen does for AIDS. He's a billionaire." Or: "People say, 'Start another organization.' I know what kind is needed; I'm just not capable of doing it. We need an Irgun. We really have to go out there and be destructive, burn things, that sort of stuff. But we're incapable of doing it. We're all good little boys and girls."

Though he hardly sounds like the kinder, gentler Larry Kramer depicted in the New York *Times* last month, his anger and his shrill pronouncements these days seem forced, at times almost wistful. "I'm sorry we [the activists] are not all together anymore," he says, just as the Christmas lights on a tree in Washington Square Park begin to glow outside his large windows. "We had a lot of love once. We had a closeness straight people don't often allow themselves the luxury of having. And in many instances, people were lovers or certainly had sex with each other. We partied together. We vacationed together. All of this compounded the anger and the disappointment that was felt later."

Kramer remembers when Monday nights in the Village meant only one thing—ACT UP's weekly meeting. "For whatever else you want to say about it, ACT UP was an incredible place to meet people. It was like the gay church for a while," Kramer says. "It became the best cruising ground in New York. All the hot young men were there. Ask some of them how many guys they fucked in the cloakroom. That's a part of ACT UP people don't talk about.



DR. DAVID HO



"The numbers show how complex this chess game is. You want to win quickly, and it's not going to happen."

It was a social organism."

The first real breach came in 1992 when Peter Staley and the best and the brightest members of ACT UP's treatment-and-data committee broke away to form the Treatment Action Group, or TAG. Membership was by invitation, and Kramer never received one. It was a young, fragile organization that could have been overwhelmed by the force of Kramer's personality, Staley says now. TAG was essentially founded on the belief that it was time to work within the system. The members learned every aspect of the legislative process, the science surrounding AIDS, the drug-development and -approval process, and the workings of the National Institutes of Health.

They were no longer interested in disrupting services at Saint Patrick's or tying up traffic on Wall Street. It was their intent to micromanage AIDS issues, to become part of the process. In 1993, they convinced Congress to pass a bill that restructured the Office of AIDS Research at NIH, giving its director both planning and budgetary authority. And in a shocking break with many of the other activists, TAG began to advocate slowing down the drug-approval process. They wanted the most promising new drugs, the protease inhibitors, subjected to large-scale trials that would take three years to complete. This newly moderated posture put Staley and the TAG gang at odds with Kramer, Project Inform's Martin Delaney, and other traditionalists. "In the old days, if there had been a drug like [Abbott Labs'] protease inhibitor, we would have burned down the company's headquarters to get it released," Kramer says.

"We're all willing to get engaged in the macro side of things, the philosophy, the goals, and the general concept and approach," Delaney says, before castigating TAG's young policy wonks. "But when you're talking about a 26-year-old kid who's never had a real job, never done anything else except this, you can understand why government says 'Fuck you.' Or why other activists say, 'Who appointed you to decide where the paper clips are put?' "

Bill Bahlman, a Stonewall-era veteran who is still a member of ACT UP, thinks people have lost sight of their roles. "We're not virologists; we're not biochemists. Too many of us who've gotten inside have become the regulators. That's not our job. Our job is to demand the world, even to the point of the unreasonable."

OFF A BUSY STREET IN SUBURBAN BETHESDA, MARYLAND, IS THE hilly college-style campus of the National Institutes of Health. With 24 separate institutes—each devoted to a region of the body or a set of diseases—thousands of employees, and an annual budget of more than $11 billion, it is the largest research facility of its kind in the world. Home to the Office of AIDS Research, it is also at the heart of the AIDS community's pivotal controversy.

Some $1.3 billion of the NIH budget is devoted to AIDS research, and, given that so little progress has been made, many people have been questioning—in both practical and philosophical terms—the way this money is being spent. Some, like Larry Kramer, simply dismiss the place as "a cesspool filled with mediocre doctors." Other critics, including former NIH researchers, charge that the place is an oversize, byzantine, bureaucratized black hole that sucks in federal dollars and delivers little in the way of results. What it has delivered, they say, is an institutional culture that values mediocrity.

"I think that their work is in a tailspin right now," says Martin Delaney. "I don't know a major lab at the NIH where there isn't a morale problem. It's not a goal-oriented institution. There's no accountability. There's a number of key experiments out there that are not going forward because nobody's got the guts to do them. There's a lack of courage. People are afraid of trying bold experiments because there's a fear of making a mistake."

Delaney points to a cancer drug called hydroxyurea to illustrate how slow and inflexible the NIH can be. Robert Gallo's lab at the NIH's National Cancer Institute did some work with hydroxyurea, and the drug looked like it could be successful in combating HIV. The results, Delaney says, have been available since 1993 and nothing has been done with them. That's because Gallo's lab was told by the various powers at the NIH—and this is symbolic of how the system works, Delaney charges—that he would not be able to get money to buy monkeys to test the drug on for at least two years. No one I spoke to at the NIH, including its director, Harold Varmus, would either confirm or deny this story, but Gallo did say that he felt powerless to speed up the process: "I have no influence on budgets whatsoever, and I have never been asked to sit on a committee. I publish and then I'm gone. What happens after, whether clinics try any of this, is not in my hands." A clinical trial of hydroxyurea is currently being conducted in France.

"That's the kind of thinking that goes on at NIH," says Delaney. "It's utterly crazy. They could have started and finished a clinical trial on this six months after the first data came out. They have this 'go slow, don't step out of line, don't take any chances' way of doing business."

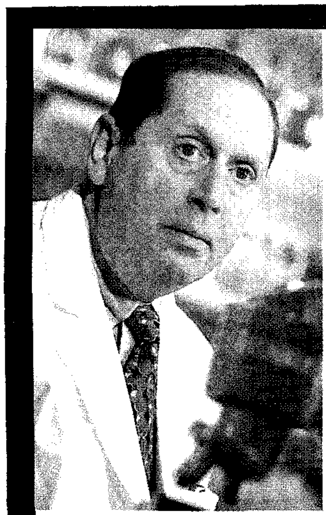
Dr. William Paul, an immunologist, was named as the first director of the reconfigured Office of AIDS Research a year ago with a mandate to speed up the process. Paul was also expected to fight to preserve the AIDS-research budget, a battle that will be made even more difficult by a budget-conscious, gay-unfriendly conservative Congress. Skeptics say he's had little success. "He's a nice man," says Larry Kramer, "but he's a weenie. The place is a mess, and Paul's proving to be the wimp we all thought he would be."

His low-key demeanor notwithstanding, Paul does seem like a curious choice. He is a respected scientist, but he has spent his career studying other viruses, not HIV. If there is a sense of urgency about the epidemic—and many activists continue to rail that there isn't—where's the logic in picking someone to evaluate research projects who's new to the field?

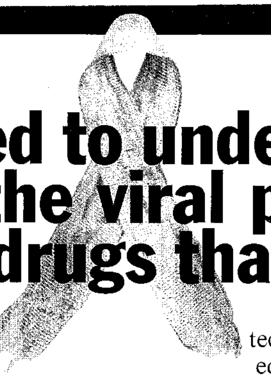
And if what was needed was someone to demonstrate leadership, why pick a man who's spent his career dissecting mice and bent over a microscope? Why pick someone with no administrative experience?

"It's simply a matter of matching demonstrated job skills to job requirements," says Delaney, "and it's an area I think the Clinton administration has been astonishingly ineffective in. [Dr. Paul's] a mismatch to the job, and I've told him this to his face, and he's not so sure I'm wrong. Even his supporters are questioning what's been accomplished in the last year. I certainly have a hard time coming up with anything concrete."

Though NIH director Varmus defends his choice, it is well known that Paul was not at the top of his list. Clearly, some candidates were scared off by all the political baggage attached to



DR. WILLIAM PAUL



“We do need to understand the function of all the viral proteins in detail to develop drugs that will be useful.”

AIDS. “Before Dr. Paul took this job, he asked me what the politics of AIDS were like,” says Paul supporter Derek Hodel of GMHC, “and I said, ‘Well, the first time somebody calls you a murderer is harder than the second time.’ And I think that’s what he’s living through right now.”

Hodel believes the opposition to Paul comes from entrenched interests who feel threatened by a leader with the power to make and break research budgets (prior to Paul’s appointment, Congress appropriated funds directly to the 24 individual institutes). “All you have to do is sneeze at the NIH, and there’s a civil war,” says Hodel, voicing what can be seen as an operative metaphor for the entire AIDS movement. “Those people are so change-freaked-out; they’re so paranoid.” Paul has hired a New York publicist to handle incoming political flak.

Hit hardest by Office of AIDS Research politics was Dr. Anthony Fauci, the head of the NIH’s National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases. Fauci has been the leading AIDS researcher since the beginning of the crisis, and his institute gets $550 million of the $1.3 billion spent on AIDS research. He has a strong reputation as a scientist, but he has shown little interest in management. Still, he was angered by the likelihood that Paul’s new authority would rob him of his freedom.

“It’s no secret that I had great reservations about restructuring the Office of AIDS Research,” says Fauci, sitting in his office one afternoon recently. A small, solidly built man without an ounce of body fat, Fauci wore a perfectly pressed white button-down shirt and polished shoes that were as shiny as blacktop after it rains. He was surrounded by tokens signifying his years in the struggle: plaques, citations, inscribed-glass bowls, honorary degrees, and pictures with presidents, legislators, and celebrities. He clearly has what Paul doesn’t—charisma. “Look,” says Fauci, whose wife is an AIDS nurse, “Bill Paul is a good friend and an outstanding scientist, but I have always maintained that you’re not going to coordinate yourself to a cure. My concern was, did we really need this type of bureaucratic structure?”

Paul’s major policy contribution so far has been to embrace and promote the idea that the researchers working on AIDS must get back to basic science. This is a controversial but arguable point of view. Back in 1984, when HIV was first isolated and identified as the virus that causes AIDS, there was great optimism that the disease could be contained very quickly. After all, Jonas Salk’s polio vaccine was developed well before there was an understanding of the virus, and there was no reason to believe that it couldn’t be done again.

Pressured by activist groups who wanted promising drugs to be tried out on AIDS patients before they were fully tested, the NIH during the eighties spent millions on large-scale clinical trials of mediocre drugs. The trials used up precious money, attention, and time that should have been spent on a more thoughtful scientific approach to developing a fundamental understanding of the virus.

“It was an emergency response to an emergency situation,” says Paul, sitting in one of the black leather chairs in his NIH office one morning before Christmas. “Our position now is that we need to develop the knowledge base to attack this. We do need to understand the function of all the viral proteins in detail to develop drugs that are going to be useful. We do need to understand the kind of immune response that would be protective—to protect people from becoming infected—and the kind of immune response which limits the progression of the disease after you become infected. This is information we desperately need, and we’re only going to get it by investing in fundamental research.”

Two weeks ago, Paul published an article in *Science* magazine calling for a “re-examination of the entire NIH AIDS research endeavor” and announcing that he was forming a commission that over the next year will rethink AIDS research. A future issue of *Science* will carry a blistering response from Delaney and Kramer attacking Paul and arguing that funding basic science would divert money urgently needed to test a series of promising new therapies. Gallo, for his part, believes that “basic research” is science’s answer to motherhood and apple pie, and “only a moron would argue against it.” Still, Gallo says, *basic* is actually a loaded term. “What is AIDS research?” he asks. “This is where the battle lines are drawn. Is the study of the cosmos AIDS-related? Who will define how far basic science goes in being AIDS research?”

SCIENCE HAS PRODUCED ONLY A HANDFUL OF DRUGS TO SUCCESSFULLY treat viral infections—acyclovir for herpes, ribovirin for a flulike childhood malady called RSV, and a couple of others. Bacteria, by comparison, have been much easier to fight, because they have a simpler chemistry. Viruses, like cancer, use many of the same molecules that are found in human cells, which makes them hard to kill without killing cells in the process. There isn’t even that much experience in developing drugs to combat viral agents, because traditionally, they either quickly kill the infected person or disappear (there are minor exceptions, like hepatitis B).

Broader failures aside, the surprise with HIV is that science has managed to produce so many at least partly successful drugs so quickly. All of the drugs to date have been what are called antiretroviral agents. They attack part of the virus in an effort to disable it and stop it from reproducing. The first group were the nucleoside analogues (the nukes): AZT, DDI, DDC, and D4T. After the quasi failure of AZT, the next great source of hope is the protease inhibitors, which are about to begin clinical trials.

If they fail, there are no other drugs in the pipeline. And many public-health officials believe drug companies may simply lose interest in HIV and move on to research territory that is less complicated both scientifically and politically, and that has better investment potential. “There are only three or four large companies that are truly committed to AIDS research,” says Dr. Ho, who is a member of the national task force on AIDS-drug development. “I am personally very concerned about it. Based on an informal survey I’ve been doing of executives, there seems to be a retreat.”

The best chance right now for protease and the nukes is combination therapy. Researchers are trying to emulate the model used to combat childhood leukemia. Though the individual drugs used to treat that disease are weak, when used in combination they usually cure the disease. “With protease, there’s been virtually a 98 to 99 percent inhibition of the virus,” says Ho. “That’s pretty potent. Add another drug like that or a third one and you start to pile them up, and just think about the kind of pressure that would put on the virus.”

Scientists are also focusing on immune-based therapies in an effort to find a way to help the body’s natural defenses fight the virus. They know now, in large part because of Ho’s recent findings, that the body is capable, at least for a time, of successfully battling HIV. The push is to find a way to augment the body's natural arsenal.

The life expectancy of a person with full-blown AIDS has more than doubled, to somewhere upwards of two years, and this is largely the result of better management of the disease by doctors and clinicians. More progress has probably been made in the area of opportunistic infections than anywhere else. Complications like PCP (Pneumocystis carinii pneumonia), encephalitis, and microbacterial infections, which used to be killers themselves, can now be prevented. David Ho believes this has had a far greater impact on survival than AZT.

But like many of the advances, these often don't reach the people who need them. A huge number of AIDS victims and those infected with HIV are poor, inner-city blacks and Hispanics with no clout and limited access to health care. Unlike white upper-middle-class men who can find the best doctors, take advantage of experimental drugs, and effectively work their way around the system, the indigent are lucky if they can get AZT.

One area where little progress has been made is the search for a vaccine to prevent HIV infection in the first place. There is no longer even what could be called a race to find one. (Jonas Salk claims he's on the verge of doing for AIDS what he did for polio. Though large-scale tests will get under way soon, few in the research community give him much chance of succeeding.)

In general, vaccines are bad business. They're not profitable, they're fraught with liability problems, and they're difficult to deploy. The largest market for an AIDS vaccine is in places like India, Thailand, and sub-Saharan Africa, where the disease is raging out of control. But developing nations provide no economic incentive for vaccine research. If one were developed, it would have to be given away or sold to their governments at a nominal cost.

THOUGH ACTIVISTS STILL ARGUE THAT AIDS IS BEING IGNORED and underfunded, this has become a harder case to make. Far more government money is devoted to the disease than to, say, breast cancer. What is true, though, is that among heterosexuals, AIDS is something rarely discussed outside public-service announcements on MTV—people may still fear getting the disease, but they fear it, at least for now not altogether incorrectly, in the same way they fear getting killed in a plane crash. "In the United States, the disease is identified with special-interest groups," says Dr. Max Essex, who runs the Harvard AIDS Institute. "Gay men, drug users, prostitutes, and the inner-city poor. It's a problem of very minor importance for everyone else."

Longer-term, this complacency may be misplaced. Essex, who has studied the virus abroad as well as in the U.S., says that there are numerous strains of HIV and each one works a little differently. In the U.S., the epidemic is primarily the result of HIV-1 B, which is not well adapted to heterosexual transmission. Four other major strains, known under the catchall name of HIV-1 non-B, are much more prevalent abroad, and they are a different matter entirely. The risk of heterosexual transmission through vaginal sex is as much as 40 times greater when one of these strains is present. Essex says that in India and Thailand, the countries with the fastest-growing epidemics, the B strain was present in the early eighties and caused little trouble for straights. The pattern of infection mirrored that found in the U.S.—primarily homosexuals and drug users—only the numbers were much smaller.

"But when, five or six years later, the E strain from Africa went into Thailand and the C strain went into India," Essex says, "they caused massive heterosexual epidemics. So the question is, when will we in the U. S. get a new epidemic based on one of these other strains, and when we do, will it infect many more heterosexuals? Almost certainly."

ON A DISMAL, RAINY MORNING NOT LONG AGO, DAVID BARR WAS doing his best to muddle through the first part of his day at Gay Men's Health Crisis. His disillusionment seemed to hang over his desk, as visible a presence as the low ceiling of clouds that blanketed the city. The bottom fell out for him two years ago when the first studies appeared showing AZT's ineffectiveness. After a long period of despair, uncertainty, and near-surrender, he decided to make a change.

"The crash was really hard and painful, and I felt like I needed to find something else to do," Barr says. "So I turned a lot of my attention toward treatment education. I thought if I could work to bring down the rates of PCP, that's at least tangible." Barr is so angry and upset over the breakup of the AIDS movement that he refuses even to discuss Larry Kramer.

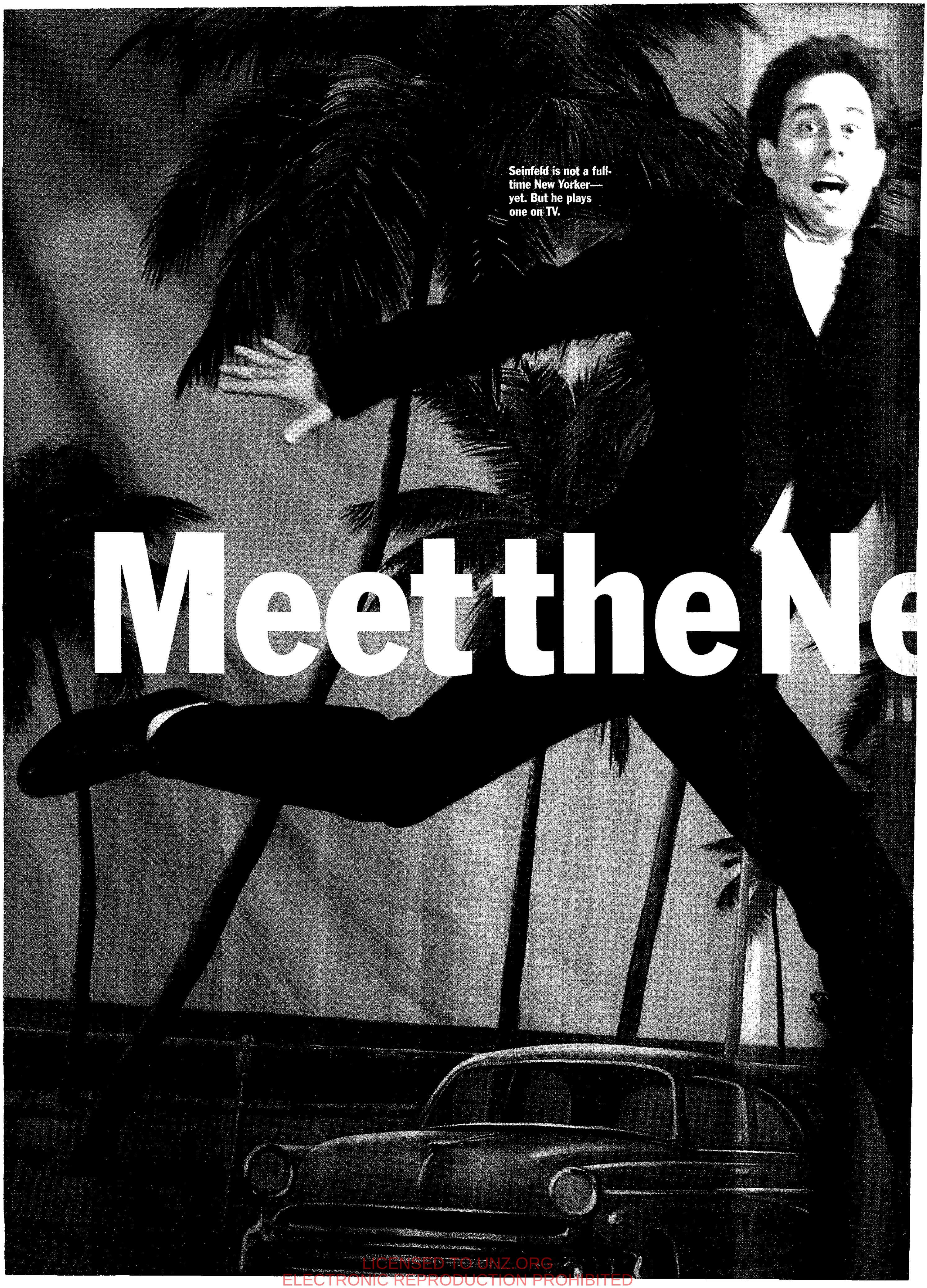
"I'll still fight all of these political battles because that's my job and they need to be fought. But I know that no matter how many meetings I go to, we're not gonna walk out with a cure in my lifetime. I'm very opposed to any rhetoric like 'I'm gonna live with this forever,' or 'I'm gonna beat this,' or 'I'm gonna be here for the cure.' It's all a lie, and I won't lie to people."

Peter Staley, on the other hand, is far more hopeful about his personal chances. "When I found out I was HIV-positive in October of '85, I had 360 T cells [any number above 500 is normal]. I assumed I was infected in '83 based on a complicated recounting of events. Here I am eleven years later with 400 T cells. I went down to 100 T cells on two occasions, which is the real danger level. But unlike most people, I react really well to the nukes. I just might make it. I just might be here for the next class of drugs, for the home run . . . ," he says, his voice trailing off.

But whatever time he has left, he says, he doesn't want to spend it fighting. "There used to be so much optimism. Now . . . now it's like, 'Yeah, we created the Office of AIDS Research.' And then you go off to your next funeral that week." ■

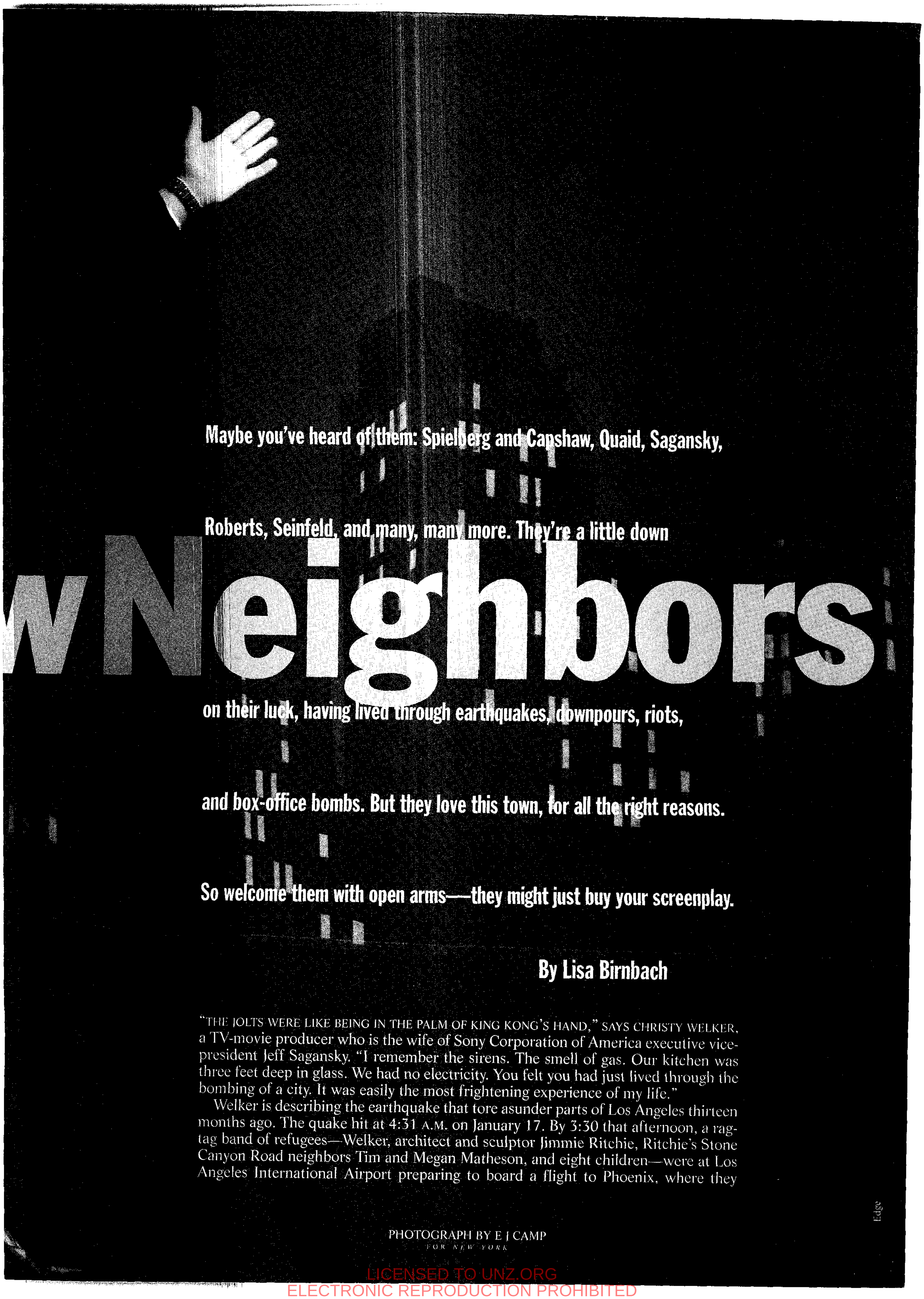
"It's no secret that I had great reservations about restructuring the Office of AIDS Research. I have always maintained that you're not going to coordinate yourself to a cure. Did we really need this type of bureaucratic structure?"

DR. ANTHONY FAUCI



Seinfeld is not a full-time New Yorker—yet. But he plays one on TV.

Meet the Ne



Maybe you've heard of them: Spielberg and Capshaw, Quaid, Sagansky, Roberts, Seinfeld, and many, many more. They're a little down

wNeighbors

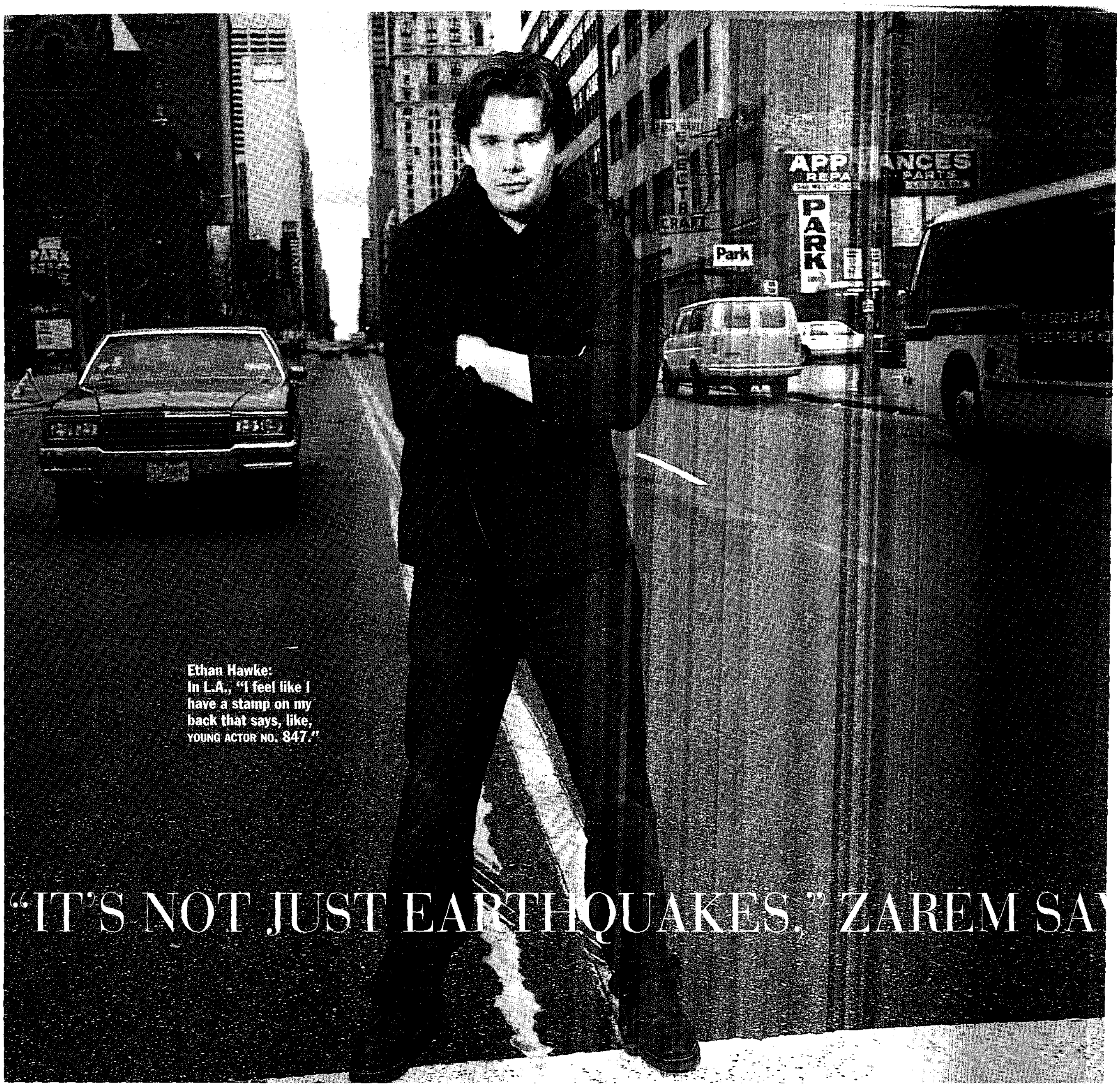
on their luck, having lived through earthquakes, downpours, riots, and box-office bombs. But they love this town, for all the right reasons. So welcome them with open arms—they might just buy your screenplay.

By Lisa Birnbach

"THE JOLTS WERE LIKE BEING IN THE PALM OF KING KONG'S HAND," SAYS CHRISTY WELKER, a TV-movie producer who is the wife of Sony Corporation of America executive vice-president Jeff Sagansky. "I remember the sirens. The smell of gas. Our kitchen was three feet deep in glass. We had no electricity. You felt you had just lived through the bombing of a city. It was easily the most frightening experience of my life."

Welker is describing the earthquake that tore asunder parts of Los Angeles thirteen months ago. The quake hit at 4:31 A.M. on January 17. By 3:30 that afternoon, a ragtag band of refugees—Welker, architect and sculptor Jimmie Ritchie, Ritchie's Stone Canyon Road neighbors Tim and Megan Matheson, and eight children—were at Los Angeles International Airport preparing to board a flight to Phoenix, where they

PHOTOGRAPH BY E J CAMP
FOR NEW YORK



Ethan Hawke: In L.A., "I feel like I have a stamp on my back that says, like, YOUNG ACTOR NO. 847."

"IT'S NOT JUST EARTHQUAKES," ZAREM SA

checked into the Arizona Biltmore hotel: solid ground.

But Phoenix was only the beginning of the journey, and the earthquake was only the most obvious cause of the exodus. Their destination—the promised land—was New York.

THERE WAS A TIME, NOT SO LONG ago, when the archetype of the show-business person in New York was Woody Allen: too neurotic to drive, hates the sun, can't leave his shrink, terrified of the future as embodied by Los Angeles. But bit by bit, factors both man-made (the riots, terrible air quality, ubiquitous traffic jams, company-town oppressiveness, tedium) and biblical (earthquakes, fires, torrential downpours) have been altering that perception. L.A. still looks like the future, all right: the future apocalypse.

And New York, meanwhile, has come to appear to Angelenos as it's long looked to New Yorkers. A place with a past as well as a future, with depth. A place where individuality is valued and where creativity can flourish. A place where not everybody is obsessed with whose movie grossed what. A naked city with 8 million stories . . . any number of which might make a high-grossing major motion picture. Cold, wet, in-your-face, loud, grime-encased New York has now officially been discovered by the kings and queens of show business, especially those of the Big Chill generation. They're buying on Central Park West and shopping at Barneys and eating at the Tribeca Grill and now waiting for the imminent arrival of Kate Capshaw and Steven Spielberg, when the party will really begin.

The refugee roster includes actors and actresses (Meg Ryan, Dennis Quaid, Chevy Chase, Robin Williams), social and political power brokers (Patricia Duff), producers, directors, and a slew of major industry executives, among them Barry Diller, Peter Guber, Strauss Zelnick of BMG, and, of course, Spielberg, of DreamWorks SKG; Geffen has a place here, too.

In fact, so serious has the talent drain become that Richard Riordan, the mayor of Los Angeles, is actually trying to hire prototypical New York publicist Bobby Zarem to come up with something that'll stave off the decampment that's hitting his city's most fabulous precincts so hard. Zarem, who helped invent the I ❤ NEW YORK campaign, says that Riordan's plea has been grossly misconstrued, and he is

Photograph by Gwendolen Cates/Sygma. Grooming by Nancy Sprague for Ivy Bernhard

BOUT L.A. “IT’S THE VAST EMPTINESS”

clearly not on the payroll yet, judging from the following remarks. “L.A. has vast problems and has been in trouble for a long time,” Zarem opined from Miami the Friday before the Super Bowl. “This isn’t about the flow of talent. It’s not about Kate Capshaw. It’s not just earthquakes. *It’s the vast emptiness.* Material things helped them forget the spiritual and intellectual emptiness.”

JIMMIE RITCHIE, WHOSE HUSBAND, THE director Michael Ritchie, was shooting *The Scout* with Albert Brooks in Mexico when the earthquake hit, has had awful run-ins with earthquakes before. Nineteen eighty-seven’s 5.9 Richter brought on a miscarriage; after a milder earthquake in 1988, she had to have an emergency cesarean section.

Now she sits in her new East Side rental retelling the story of her family’s exodus. “For days afterward, experts came in to study the fault lines, and basically the conclusion was ‘We guarantee another big earthquake within the next twenty years.’ ”

Christy Welker and husband Jeff Sagansky were living in Santa Monica with their two daughters, ages 5 and 3 months, in a house built on six levels with lots of large picture windows facing the ocean.

The Saganskys thought it prudent to leave their house, so they took the kids for a walk in Palisades Park, thinking the ocean air would be a good antidote to all the destruction. Afterward, their baby came down with one of at least three cases of infant botulism that occurred in Los Angeles, the bacteria emerging, doctors speculated, from fresh cracks in the earth. She was hospitalized for ten days, two IVs in her arms. Moving was a no-brainer after that.

Maria Papapetros, one of Los Angeles’s best-connected psychics (she even consulted on *Ghost* and *The Butcher’s Wife*), moved here permanently. She’s crammed three bedrooms’ worth of stuff into a modest one-bedroom apartment on East 55th Street. “It was the earthquake. I say it up front. Nobody wants to accept it; nobody wants to say it.”

Papapetros confides that her Los Angeles clients used to devote their readings (at $165 for a 45-to-60-minute pop, including an audiotape of the appointment) to predictions about their love lives and careers, but now they are dedicating their sessions (some over the phone, others when Maria visits L.A.) “to seeing what’s going to happen with earthquakes and where they’re going to move to.”

For others, though, the earthquake was merely what pushed them over the edge. Julia Roberts moved to New York to be close to “my sister Lisa.” Her agent, Elaine Goldsmith of ICM, also moved to New York for love—of her boyfriend, Dan Thomas, a medical-malpractice attorney, not her superstar (Goldsmith also represents Susan Sarandon, Tim Robbins, Spike Lee, and Matt Dillon). A second-generation Los Angeleno, she arrived in New York “during blizzard No. 17 of 1994. And I couldn’t have been happier,” though “people thought I was nuts.”

Chynna Phillips, too, came for love. The Phillips in Wilson Phillips, she arrived a year ago to live with her fiancé, Billy Baldwin. “I feel liberated after 25 years in L.A. Now when I’m hovering over La Guardia or Kennedy, I feel like I’m going home. I love the weather—I got a cashmere coat at Bergdorf’s 50 percent off. I love feeling intellectually stimulated; I love going to the country on the weekends.”

Ruth Buzzi came to work on *Sesame Street*, where she now plays the eponymous Ruthie. She sublets actress Joyce van Patten’s West Side apartment and maintains a commuter marriage during her production schedule. “I love driving, but the most incredible creations are the subways,” she says. “I’m always under the ground. I’m addicted to subways.”

Credit must be paid, too, to Mayor Giuliani and the impression his administration has both conveyed and lucked into that the city is on the upswing. All the new New Yorkers interviewed for this article noted their feelings that New York is far safer than Los Angeles and that in this city, they sense prosperity.

Actor Robert Sean Leonard, who will be appearing in Tom Stoppard’s new play *Arcadia* at Lincoln Center, says, “I have the same chances in New York that I have in L.A. Someone like Peter Weir is always going to come to New York for casting.”

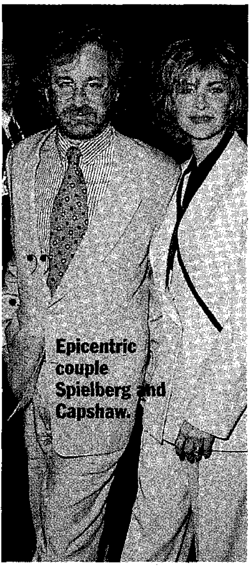
Susan Fales, a Manhattan native and graduate of the Lycée Français, moved to Los Angeles seven years ago to write the *Cosby Show* spin-off *A Different World.* She moved back in October because she missed “the social and cultural life and the ability to walk down a street and not be mistaken for a robber casing a house. Or a hooker.”

“We did not even want to conceive children in L.A,” jokes writer Jim Hart (*Hook, Dracula*), “as we worried about their brainpower.”

Andy Borowitz, the 37-year-old writer and co-creator (with his wife, Susan) of *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air,* among other shows, left not because of the disasters but because of all the disaster *news.* “There are too many times in a given year where normal TV transmission is completely suspended for the extended broadcast of the cataclysm,” he says. “If you wanted to see *Full House* right now, you couldn’t,” he explains, looking at his clock, “because they’re just having flood coverage. Right after the earthquake, we were watching open-ended *coverage* of the disaster. We said, ‘Okay, this is it.’ ”

“It started with my visiting my brother a lot in Westchester and recognizing that he had a much better life than I did,” says Borowitz. “We never wanted to live in Los Angeles other than the fact that that’s where our jobs were. We didn’t grow up watching episodes of *Baretta* and saying, ‘God, that looks like a great place to live.’ We always thought we’d spend ten years in Los Angeles and try to get established and then finally move back east.” Andy is from Cleveland; his wife is from New Jersey. They met as Harvard undergraduates. “And it’s going to work out to fifteen years. So that’s not too bad.” The family Borowitz will be moving to not-exactly-trendy White Plains in June.

“A lot of people—when I tell them we’re doing this, the first thing they say is, ‘Oh, that’s so brave. I wish I had the courage to do that.’ I’m thinking, ‘Bravery—let’s see: We’ve lived through an earthquake, riots, mudslides, floods, fires, peoples’ houses disappearing, drive-by shootings, and running backs, so I don’t really know what the bravery is in leaving.’ The brave ones are the ones who are staying. It means you’re not going to be a fixture on the Hollywood scene anymore. But *Entertainment Weekly* had a cover story out on ‘Hollywood’s Biggest Gambles of 1995,’ and our moving to White Plains wasn’t listed.”



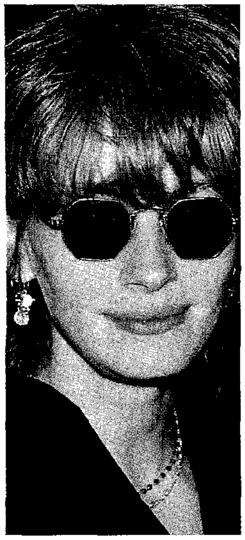
Epicentric couple Spielberg and Capshaw.

“New York’s not Timbuktu,” agrees Christy Welker. Julia Roberts says, “I think of it as a compliment to be thought of as being on the fringe.”

“Anybody who says they’re moving to New York to get off the beaten path has a distorted view of the universe,” says Ethan Hawke, a New Jersey native who lives in Chelsea. Hawke has never been tempted by “the Big Orange” (they really tried to get that name to stick. Paging Bobby Zarem!), though he’s had to spend a lot of time there on business. “One of the most bizarre things about when I do go out to L.A. and talk to people is, if I run into somebody and they say, ‘Oh, I hate New York; it’s so scary,’ I tell them how much I love it. Yet if you go to L.A. and you tell somebody you hate L.A., they go, ‘Oh, me too.’ So then I always go, ‘So why do you live here?’ ‘Oh, ’cause I have to.’ It’s always very strange to me.”

Photograph by Steve Granitz/Retna.

THE EPICENTER OF ALL THIS TREND-like behavior is not some sinister fault lying underneath those L-shaped mini-malls on every corner in Southern California. If Faith Popcorn were on the case, she would probably trace this new wave of activity to . . . Kate Capshaw. She and her family (which includes Steven Spielberg) expect to become full-time New Yorkers within the next year and a half. “Our due date is September ’96,” she says. Capshaw—whose new movie, *Just Cause,* with Sean Connery, opens this week—lived here “during the height of the disco era,” from 1978 to 1983. “I started in Missouri,” she says, pronouncing it, like a native, *Missoura,* “and then moved to New York first. I didn’t go, ‘I want to be an actress—L.A.’ I went, ‘I want to be an actress—New York.’ ” Eventually, her work brought her and her daughter Jessica to the West Coast. “Like a lot of people who come west—temporarily—you end up staying. The bedrooms are bigger, there are more of them, and the work is out here, and when you’re beginning, maybe it’s a better place to be. But the whole time I’ve been here, I’ve been thinking, ‘Gosh, I had such a great time raising my daughter [who attended part of first grade at Dalton and is now a college freshman] in New York City,’ and I’d love for our kids to grow up in New York City as well. And Steven has always had romantic ideas about New York as well. I think he was there when he wrote *Close Encounters,* and that was a very positive, creative time for him.”


Julia Roberts.

“YOU FEEL YOU CAN FILL UP EACH MON

Of course, that’s not the real reason the Spielbergs are planning this new chapter of their lives. “Our family is large and very diverse, because we have an African-American child who is our adopted son,” says Capshaw. “One of the things we’re very aware of because of him [is] wanting to see more diversity. And the top quality on our list for a school is that it’s diverse and multicultural and all these things. In New York City, you walk down the street and it’s full of all the races and all languages and all of their arts and cultural influences. It’s much more accessible. New York seems to answer that need for our family . . . very naturally.

“The other reason is that it gets very oppressive living in a community that eats, sleeps, and drinks the entertainment industry. We feel that New York City will be a relief from it. Because there are so many entertainers here [L.A.], I think the kids become self-conscious of it at an early age. And it’s not like you can hide. It’s better for them to grow up knowing children whose parents do this or that and a ton of other things.”

Does Kate know any actor’s or producer’s child who does not want to follow in Mommy or Daddy’s footsteps? “When you look at American culture, it’s not so unusual for kids to farm the farm their parents farmed,” she says, sounding like the former grade-school and high-school teacher she is, “because those are the kinds of cues you get from the adults in the household of what’s valued and exciting. But if you live in a one-horse town and Dad’s on a really big horse, it’s so obvious.”

Will Spielberg miss living with the business? Not according to Capshaw. “He gets so titillated and jazzed when he’s sitting next to someone who’s in government or someone who’s designing a new building in SoHo. You need to have that kind of *randomity.*”

As for the earthquake, Capshaw enumerates the biblical plagues that seem to descend on Los Angeles biannually and says, “It does make you want to flee. How many more signals do you have to get?”

After several years of summering in an East Hampton house designed by Charles Gwathmey, Capshaw and Spielberg decided it was time to make the East Coast their home. So the family—they have five children—will be installed in a 7,000-square-foot Central Park West apartment sometime after Gwathmey finishes it, and before the academic year begins a year from September. “I’ve never lived in New York City with the resources I [now] have,” she says—she’s not alone—and she’s eager to start, though she admits that she is still somewhat reliant on a “visitors’ list” (E.A.T., Coco Pazzo, Le Bilboquet).

As her Virgil, to introduce her to all the right circles in this city, Kate has appointed her “best, dearest friend, Miss Nora Ephron. I will let Nora be my guru.” And Spielberg and Capshaw definitely plan to go out among the natives, to mingle. Capshaw talks about grabbing cabs (or at the very grandest, “Town Cars,” she says), eating hot dogs on the street (“you’ve got to say your *baruch*”), and leading an active pedestrian life.

THOSE L.A. REFUGEES WHO AREN’T entirely obsessed with seismology echo Capshaw’s view that the industry itself is a reason to move. It is clear that wall-to-wall, 24-hour-a-day show business is not a good thing. Glenn Gordon Caron, a writer-director-producer (TV’s *Moonlighting,* and *Clean and Sober*) who has been living in southern Connecticut for the past year, elaborates. “My problem, in addition to how difficult it is to raise a family there and the collateral problems, is that personally and selfishly, I couldn’t hear the sound of my own voice anymore. That really concerned me. Everyone I met either did what I did or wanted to do what I did. We all ate at the same places, lived the same lives. You’re a storyteller—if all the balladeers are singing the same ballads that you are, it’s time to rethink where you live your life.”

“You go into a restaurant in New York, and you don’t see your phone sheet,” Elaine Goldsmith says with considerable relief. She describes growing up in Los Angeles: “I thought *no* meant I hadn’t tried hard enough. Hollywood seems to be a land of no rules. It can ruin you as a kid.” Jimmie Ritchie doesn’t find show business unbearable, but “what is intolerable is [show] business until 10:30 every night.”

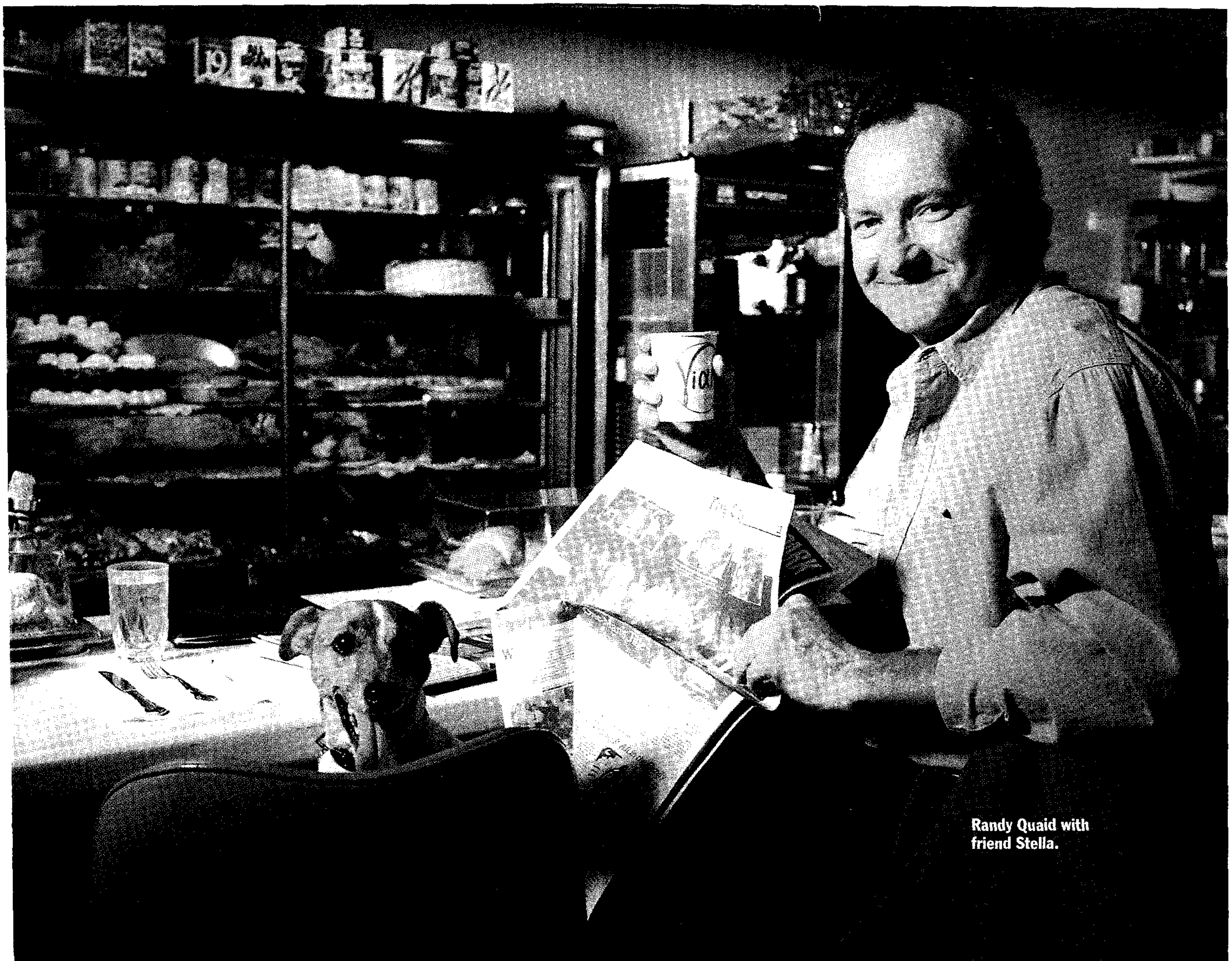
“I’ve been in a little café in L.A., and I’ve heard four little white-haired grandmothers talking about the box-office grosses over the weekend,” says Billy Baldwin, a lifelong New Yorker. “It’s so consuming. It affects everyone’s lives. In New York, we’ve got Broadway and show business, but we’ve got the financial capital of the world, publishing, academics, fashion—so many other worlds that clash together, and no one really overshadows the rest. If you’re in L.A. and you’re at a dinner party, you’re with a group of people either directly or indirectly employed by the entertainment industry. When I’m in New York, my one best friend runs corporate sponsorships for Major League Baseball, my other best friend works in commodities on Wall Street, and I don’t get any special attention, because all of my friends are at the top of their game in their own industries.”

“Being an actor, I always feel really cheap and kind of sleazy—just me personally; I don’t mean other people are—when I go out to L.A.,” says Ethan Hawke. “It’s because everybody does it. It’s the obvious thing to do. I feel like I have a stamp on my back that says, like, YOUNG ACTOR NO. 847. People get really careerist, as opposed to just being work-oriented. Whenever I’m out there, I always feel like, *How am I doing?* You’re worried about grosses.

“My favorite L.A. story is when I went to do *Reality Bites* in Los Angeles, and I went to Tower Records, and the guy behind the counter said, ‘Hey, you’re here doing *Reality Bites.*’ Now, I’d just arrived, okay? And I’m like, ‘Yeah,’ and he goes, ‘I think that’s really a good part for you.’ ”

Randy Quaid had at least two good reasons to move to New York. One was a “pretty demolished” house in Santa Monica. The other was his 11-year-old daughter, who has been living in New York. “I’d like to consider New York my home,” he

Photograph by Bill Davila/Retna.



Randy Quaid with friend Stella.

T OF YOUR LIFE IN NEW YORK," QUAID SAYS.

says. Immediately after the shake-up, Quaid and his wife, Evi, moved into a hotel, then "we started prowling around. We went to Miami, and finally wound up back in New York and decided to stay there." They took a lease on an apartment last March and are looking for a place to buy. "We're very happy here. It's got the old-world aspects, a sense of history. I take life-drawing and painting classes at the Art Students League. The light is very beautiful. There's a very white quality to the light that's very stark and bright, and rich, and soft. I like the Upper East Side galleries. I love the park. You really feel you can fill up each moment of your life in New York."

The emptiness to which so many of these new immigrants refer specifically or tacitly includes the spiritual—a side that Californians, true to stereotype, yap about rather easily. "As Catholics, there is not much of a community for us in L.A.," says Jimmie Ritchie. "It's there, but it's East Los Angeles. For us as people who really want our kids to know what it's about, here there are not only gorgeous, wonderful churches that are showing the art and playing the music, but also fabulously intelligent and gifted people who are practicing Catholics the kids can identify with."

"Everyone wants to move there," says the bicoastal president of motion pictures for Brillstein-Grey Entertainment, Howard Rosenman, from his L.A. car phone, "whether they say so or not." He quotes the medieval Jewish poet Judah Halevi, who yearned for Zion while stuck in the Diaspora: " 'My heart is in the East, while I am in the uttermost West.' To me, the Diaspora starts in New Jersey."

If West Coast Man were looking only for spiritual peace, however, he might have ended his eastward wanderings in, say, Taos. But there are good, practical show-business reasons to produce shows in New York, especially talk shows. For one thing, New York audiences are more responsive. That explains the presence in the area of Montel, Geraldo, Phil, Ricki, Rolonda, Sally Jessy, Maury, Regis and Kathie Lee, Howard, Richard Bey, Gordon Elliott, Charlie Rose, Charles Grodin, Robin Leach, Bill Maher, Jon Stewart, and Dave. Unlike West Coast audiences, which are often bused in from senior citizens' homes (this is absolutely true), New York audiences are the real thing—noisy, honest, opinionated, and awake. And the hosts themselves are assets, or at least some of them are. Letterman, in particular, has been instrumental in revivifying show business in the city, drawing a steady stream of major stars. And his constant references to his high-speed commute down the Merritt Parkway, the police in hot pursuit, might make even Fairfield County hip.

PARIS IN THE TWENTIES. ROME IN THE FIFTIES. London in the sixties. Berlin in the eighties. Los Angeles from the late eighties to

Photograph by Gwendolen Cates/Sygma. Grooming by Nancy Sprague for Ivy Bernhard.

A Different World **writer Susan Fales moved back last October.**

January 1994. (Or alternately, from spring 1989, the final season of *Dynasty,* to the closing night's performance of "Tamara," L.A.'s long-running interactive murder mystery and catered dinner.) And, maybe, maybe New York beginning now . . . if, of course, the immigrant film- and scene-makers can find the right real estate.

The Manhattan co-op (better than a condo; passing a co-op board signifies a higher level of bicoastal respectability) has definitely replaced the Colorado or Montana property as the status acquisition of 1994–95. But since you can't tell whether someone owns a New York co-op just by appearances (unlike, say, a Range Rover, a G-IV jet, or an all-gold Cartier Pasha wristwatch), proud owners must resort to running into other Californians at their regular spots, such as Trattoria dell'Arte, or anywhere within the uptown Barneys.

And as Hollywood goes more New York, New York goes Hollywood. Real-estate agents all across town are finding more "good" addresses that are willing to consider entertainment-industry shareholders. "Even on Fifth Avenue," says a broker. "Some prefer executives to entertainers. And even if your private plane has a phone, they still won't accept you if they think they will really be your secondary residence." Also, "it helps to have kids," one broker whispers confidentially. "Children help get you into some buildings," she says.

What's on the shopping list? Broker Eileen Mann of Corcoran explains: "Lots of space and great views are the two things they want. Terraces they don't want." Other brokers reiterate those priorities. "They need a gym, they need a room to become a walk-in closet for their jeans. They're willing to give up a bedroom for a bathroom spa. Here, 3,000 square feet is a lot," one broker says.

"Great views" means of Central Park, not of a river. Performers and directors like the idea of Central Park West, which has, of course, long been artist-friendly. But our new transplants, spoiled with swimming pools, hot tubs, gymnasiums, tennis courts, eat-in kitchens, walk-in closets, playrooms, powder rooms, and screening rooms, must prepare for some sacrifices. Indeed, the screening room is the first important frill to go. "It requires 30 feet to throw the image. We don't have those dimensions," says a broker.

Californian émigrés also differ from other New Yorkers in their relative lack of interest in the names of their new neighbors. Perhaps they assume they won't recognize those names. While New Yorkers seem to share an intuition for what's a so-called A building, most Californians don't care. Another real-estate broker takes it a step farther. "They'll buy in shit buildings. Some are architecturally shit, and some are people shit," she whispers, refusing to identify any properties in those categories.

WITH ALL THIS TALENT moving to this side of the continent, you might surmise that the whole industry was ready to pull up stakes and return to its original home in and around New York. But, fantasies of DreamWorks' takeover of a Grumman plant in Long Island to the contrary, you'd be wrong. However, the center of corporate gravity for both Paramount Pictures and Sony Pictures has just shifted here, TriBeCa's Miramax is virtually a studio, and there is a production boomlet in progress. Julianne Cho of the Mayor's Office of Film, Theatre & Broadcasting says that television and film production increased by 40 percent in 1994. Jayne Keyes, co-president of Barenholtz-Keyes Productions and the former director of that office as well as commissioner of the Governor's Office of Motion Picture and Television Development, forcefully argues that "there are more independents made here than any other place, including L.A. To me, that's the creative edge of the business. You have people like Nick Gomez and Boaz Yakin, and they're all coming out of New York." Current commissioner Patricia Reed-Scott cites "twice the rate of growth" in shooting days in 1994 over the previous year's, and says, "The sharp increase is due to features and television."

MANY OF THESE NEW REFUGEES ARE MOVING east with bravado and heaping handfuls of fabric swatches, but in fact, they tend not to be selling their West Coast homes—unless, like the Quaids', the California house was demolished in the quake. "Anyone who can afford to have two homes doesn't have a base," instructs a real-estate broker with major showbiz connections. Indeed, the Ritchies, the Carons, the Von Haselbergs (that's Bette Midler and her husband, Martin), the Spielbergs, the Tom Hankses, the Phillips-Baldwins, and Seinfeld are all keeping one house—at least—out there, since they'll always need to spend some time in Hollywood. Donald Trump says, "A California person is a New York person."

"Their base is their telephone," asserts the broker, her own cellular within reach. "What defines your primary residence is where your kids go to school—if you have kids." Nevertheless, our new citizens are resigned to becoming serious transcontinental commuters. "You have to be willing to go back a lot," cautions Glenn Caron, who is currently preparing two sitcoms for ABC that will be shot in Astoria if all goes well. "I've got it down to where I can leave New York early in the morning, arrive in L.A. at eleven o'clock, do three meetings, go to bed, do another meeting, and be home in my bed by the next night. There's a great flight that leaves L.A. at 4 P.M.; you're in JFK by midnight. You can probably read two or three scripts on each flight." Like many others interviewed for this article, Caron is represented by the Creative Artists Agency, which has offices only in Beverly Hills and Nashville. He says, "My experience with CAA is that about 99 percent of everything I do with them and they do with me is over the phone. And that was true when I lived in L.A. One had very rare occasion to go there and look at the painting [the giant Lichtenstein in the CAA lobby]. So that doesn't impact at all. And I can be there in six hours if someone needs me."

"My work is mostly on location anyway," explains Julia Roberts, "so it doesn't really matter where you live when packing your bags." And Randy Quaid says simply, "I'm in the movie industry, so that necessitates my spending time in L.A."

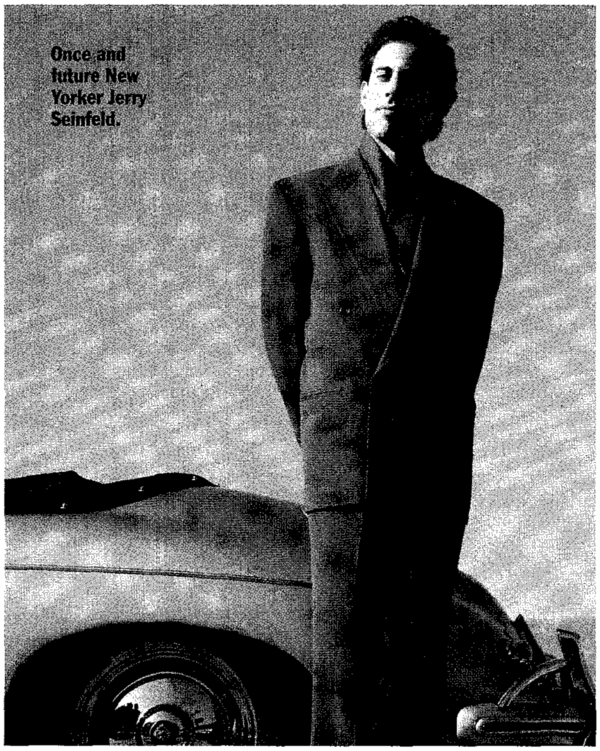
But *please*—don't spend too much time there. Papapetros, the psychic, is not at all sanguine about Los Angeles's chances. Even if there were a fault line all the way down Broadway, "nothing will be happening to New York," she says. "Absolutely not. But I tell you, it will be happening to L.A. People ask me, 'Maria, when?' After now, it's anytime." ▬

Photograph by Gwendolen Cates/Sygma.

What's So Funny About N.Y.C.?

JERRY SEINFELD IS ON THE PHONE FROM HIS STUDIO OFFICE deep inside area code 818. "Where are you calling from?" he asks immediately. When he hears the answer—Manhattan, on a cold, crisp, sunny day—he groans. "You're killing me. I don't even like to talk to people from New York because I'm so painfully homesick." Lately, he hasn't spent much time here—about a week since last June—"but I still get my apartment cleaned every two weeks, and I pay rent on my car in the garage every month. And I see those bills, you know, and it makes me feel like I live there."

An Upper West Sider since 1976, Seinfeld has owned a place on Central Park West since 1988. Before that, he lived on West 81st; Seinfeld and Kramer, the TV versions, still have that address. The show has kept him in Los Angeles, for the most part, but there's light at the end of the tunnel. He's made noises lately about ending the show's run. "Once it's done, I *am* show business," he says modestly. "I don't have to be in L.A. for the business anymore. I can bring it with me. I'll be able to move back on a permanent basis."



Once and future New Yorker Jerry Seinfeld.

Seriously, Jerry? You're coming back here?

"Oh, that's *done*," says Seinfeld, sounding exactly like . . . *Seinfeld*.

"Los Angeles is no place to live," he continues. "It's a nice place to work, because the city has no distraction. Being in L.A. on the weekend is like being in an office building on a weekend. Just look around and go, 'Where is everybody?' I have actually spent time driving around looking for people. Just anybody. Where are the people? We were all in traffic yesterday. Where are they today?"

"As a comedian, I believe you get less and less funny living in L.A. There's less particle flow. You're not hit with as many objects, images, sensations, you know. . . . There are fewer reminders that life is complex in L.A. than in New York. New York is like a pie in the face every day."

At this, he cackles. "Walking down the streets of New York is ike being in a pie fight. And that's good for your sense of humor.

"New York is such an exciting city that even being on a model of it 3,000 miles away is exciting. I work with all ex–New Yorkers. That's how we survive. We have a little New York aquarium that we live in. And that's what's keeping me going."

Seinfeld was born in Brooklyn, raised in Massapequa (along with the brothers Baldwin, Jessica Hahn, Ron Kovic, and Joey Buttafuoco—"They've been checking the levels of lead," he says).

Ironically, NBC passed on his show at first "because it had a very New York feel. People [executives] would say, 'They won't augh at it; it's too New York.' "

Though the headlines in the gossip columns pledging Jerry's Return to New York With His Show are at the least premature and at most possibly wrong, there is a good chance that the cast and crew will travel here for a few episodes in the future, "or maybe even a whole season before we're done, just for the fun of hooting on the street. I think that would be a lot of fun."

Seinfeld loves to drive, above just about all other pastimes. Isn't *that* a reason to stay in L.A.? Not at all. "I love driving a car around Manhattan—that, to me, is the most fun. That was something I dreamed about for years, being able to afford to drive a car in Manhattan. It is so wrong! I always feel that cars in Manhattan are like germs and the city is like white corpuscles attacking them and trying to destroy them. The potholes, weather, and the other cars—every anti-automotive force is at work on the automobile."

Seinfeld waxes rhapsodic on all manner of New York phenomena.

On doormen: "They look like all the foreign leaders from *Mission: Impossible.* With those *faux*-military outfits, they look like deposed dictators. They've got all the pomp and none of the circumstance."

On Colin Ferguson: "This is beautiful! This is the perfect counterpoint to the Simpson trial in L.A. This is what the network would call great counterprogramming. 'Oh, you think *you've* got a madman? *We're not even gonna have ours represented!*' It's that Dodge City mentality."

Then he comes up with another, wilder metaphor. "Remember that movie *Fantastic Voyage*, with Raquel Welch? They miniaturize these five scientists, put them in a submarine, and they go into this guy's body. And when you're in New York, it's like you're in the heart. You hear the pounding, you know? There's this one scene where they go into the heart and the whole ship starts shaking.

"The only place I've ever been that reminded me of New York was Hong Kong. It's driven by the dollar, and it's a no-holds-barred environment. No speed limits, no laws . . . It's a Snake Plissken kind of place."

Snake *who*?

"Kurt Russell in *Escape From New York.*"

Jerry Seinfeld's long-term plans do include raising a family, and doing so, of course, on the Upper West Side. "Definitely. I always seem to like people who grew up in the city. [His relationship with that Manhattanite Shoshanna Lonstein is on-again, off-again.] Again, it's like driving in New York. It's wrong. I'm attracted to the very wrongness of it.

"In New York, I see people that, you know, I recognize them, even though I haven't seen them before. In L.A., you'll see a guy in his late fifties, in peak physical condition, with a huge shock of white hair, in a white convertible, with a white V-neck sweater and no shirt. You'll see this guy drive by, and you go, 'Who is *that*?' I have no idea who that human being might be, could be. Why are they like that? But you see somebody in New York, somehow, cleaning something out of their shoe with an ice-cream stick, and you go, 'I know this person. I know exactly who this is. And I know what they're doing.'

"To me it's like a huge cocktail party, with all these interesting people and unusual things that are just an arm's length away. Even if you're not talking with exactly who you want to be talking with, you can see them right across the room. And you're just glad that you're in that room, you know. That's what a good party's about. It's nice to be in the room." ■

hotograph by Frank W. Ockenfels 3/Outline.

Where Is the Love?

By

Beth Landman

MY FATHER USED TO SAY, "STRANGERS ARE FRIENDS WE HAVEN'T MET YET," BUT MOST OF US aren't nearly so optimistic. Scouring the city for a significant other can be a daunting prospect, and the current emphasis on monogamy and serious relationships means the stakes are high and the pressure even higher.

With 8 million people, New York is percolating with opportunities for romance. So why do so many people have such a chronically difficult time connecting?

The trick is to find a comfortable venue where defenses are down and conversation isn't drowned out by the thunder of loud music. Bars have always been the answer for some, but the discriminating shopper might stand a better chance of finding a shapelier candidate at the gym or a greater intellect at a lecture or bookstore. Sitting next to someone on the Hampton Jitney or bonding in the dreariness of jury duty can spark instant intimacy, and a chance meeting in a domestic setting such as a Laundromat or a coffee bar that looks like someone's living room may automatically make both of you feel more at home. Let us lead you to fifteen of the city's most promising hotbeds of conviviality.

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID GOLDIN
FOR *NEW YORK*

FIFTEEN WAYS TO MEET YOUR LOVER

Alcoholics Anonymous

The SoHo Meeting

WHEN AND WHERE: Fridays at 8 P.M., for people who've been sober more than 90 days. The Saint Anthony of Padua church basement, 114 Houston Street, at Sullivan Street; 647-1680.

WHO: About 200 leather-jacketed James Deans and Drew Barrymores join together to kick off the weekend in a frenzy of camaraderie. It's one of New York's biggest weekly meetings.

THE DAMAGES: Most people donate $1 to the group at every session. The coffee, tea, and Oreos are free.

UPSIDE: People will often reveal their deepest, darkest secrets at these get-togethers. Not only will you learn to be a good listener, but you might even discover a few things about yourself. And many at the meetings have been sober for years.

DOWNSIDE: The mob splinters into small groups of eight to ten people for the last 45 minutes, and there's pressure to "share" details of your life as an alcoholic. If you find love here, be prepared to live without those romantic champagne toasts.

SoHo Kitchen and Bar

Wine Tastings

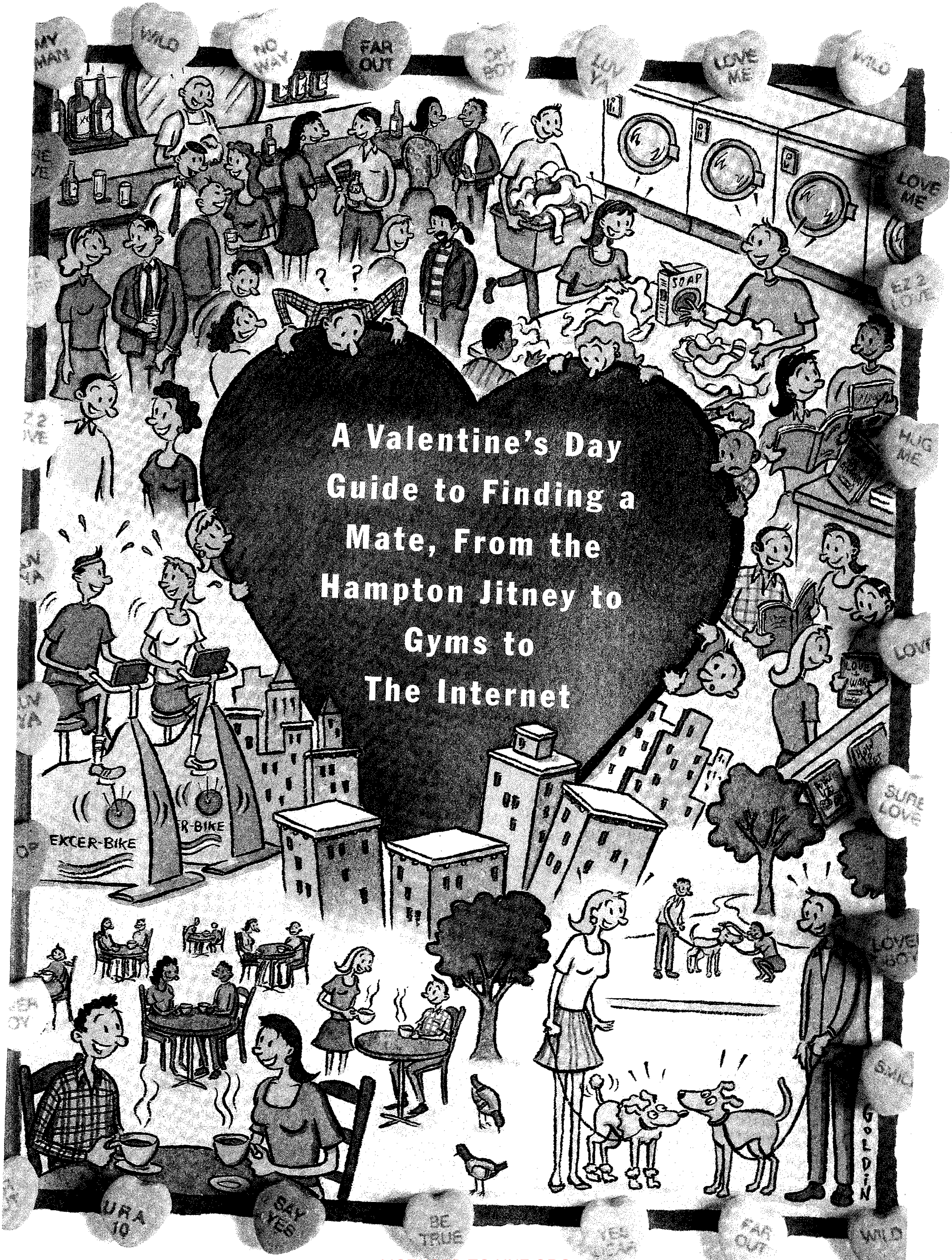
WHEN AND WHERE: Once a month at 6 P.M. 103 Greene Street, near Spring Street. Call 925-1866 to reserve.

WHO: Space is limited to 40. It's here that you'll find men in Hugo Boss suits and women dripping with Prada, ages 21 to 40, their continuing education taking the form of a bacchanalia.

THE DAMAGES: $35 for six 1.5-oz. glasses. The next, on Valentine's Day, will feature eight glasses.

UPSIDE: People never look attractive if they're authentically spitting their wine out at a tasting; at the SoHo Kitchen, you're expected to drink the entire glass, so your dignity remains intact—at least before the rollicking party atmosphere

A Valentine's Day Guide to Finding a Mate, From the Hampton Jitney to Gyms to The Internet


MY MAN
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OH BOY
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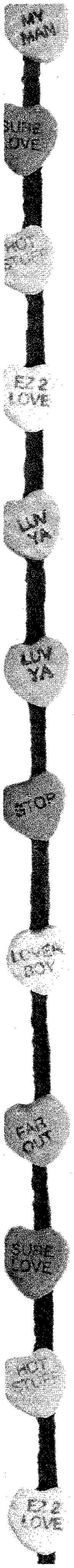


kicks in. Somehow, "We met at a wine tasting" sounds more respectable than "We met at a bar."

DOWNSIDE: The charming gentleman you meet at 6:30 P.M. might transform into an insufferable blowhard by 8 P.M.

Eureka Joe

WHEN AND WHERE: Weekdays from noon to 3 P.M. at this coffee bar are hot. 168 Fifth Avenue, at 22nd Street; 741-7500.

WHO: Thermalwear-clad Pearl Jam wannabes and writers, ages 20 to 45, pretending to read Nietzsche or furiously pounding out screenplays on laptops.

THE DAMAGES: 95 cents for a small coffee; $1.25 for the largest caffeine fix.

UPSIDE: It's certainly more pleasingly aromatic than a bar, and you could find that Evan Dando look-alike curled up on one of the many sofas or overstuffed chairs in the back. You're allowed to hang out for hours, eking mileage out of that single mugful of joe, checking out the talent, and making free local calls on two courtesy phones.

DOWNSIDE: The ensuing java jitters may keep you up all night.

The Equinox Fitness Club

WHERE: 897 Broadway, near 19th Street; 780-9300.

WHO: Narcissistic models and actors by day; narcissistic professionals and accomplished playboys by night. Gray and black cotton Champion sweat togs or skimpy, navel-baring baby T's and micro-mini shorts. Bright colors and Spandex are nineties no-nos.

THE DAMAGES: $825 per year, plus a $295 initiation charge to discourage dropouts.

UPSIDE: Bodies are in plain view, so there are no nasty surprises later on, and rooms are full of muscle-toning instant conversation pieces. ("Can you show me how to use this thing?")

DOWNSIDE: Bodies are in plain view, and you may be eclipsed at any moment by a more perfect specimen.

American Fitness Center

WHEN AND WHERE: 4 P.M. to 10 P.M. daily. 128 Eighth Avenue, near 17th Street; 627-0065.

WHO: Mainly gay men, upwardly mobile Fire Island–Pines types in tank tops, cutoffs, and sneakers (the Doc Martens and construction boots worn at other gay gyms are discouraged here).

THE DAMAGES: $699 a year; no initiation fee.

UPSIDE: Lots of networking for summer shares. Says one employee, "We don't let it get like a bathhouse, or you'll be tossed."

DOWNSIDE: The body waxes that help you fit in are costly, painful, and mortifying.

Ladybug Night at Cafe Tabac

WHEN AND WHERE: Sunday nights after 10 P.M. Upstairs at 232 East 9th Street; 674-7072.

WHO: The most sophisticated and gorgeous lesbians in town, cradling wineglasses and playing pool on the red felt table. Rolonda Watts, N. C. Lite, and Madonna pal Ingrid Casares have been known to turn up.

THE DAMAGES: $5 for a glass of Merlot, $7 for a martini, $8 for fried calamari.

UPSIDE: An unusually civilized lounge setting without blatant cruising or loud music. Some men try to crash, hoping to pick up a bisexual woman or just to gawk. But a male bouncer sees that no straight man is admitted unless he is accompanied by a woman.

DOWNSIDE: Can get smoky and overcrowded; dancing is discouraged.

The Bar

WHEN AND WHERE: Best after midnight on weekends. 68 Second Avenue, at 4th Street; 674-9714.

WHO: 20- to 35-year-old collegiate-looking gay men in Timberland hiking boots.

THE DAMAGES: A Rolling Rock is $3; the popular Cape Cod—cranberry juice and vodka—is $3.50.

UPSIDE: Unpretentious guys, video games (Lethal Weapon and Pit Boss), and a jukebox with Cyndi Lauper's *Greatest Hits* and Ella Fitzgerald's *A Perfect Match: Ella & Basie.* "Our patrons don't want to hear Gloria Gaynor for the hundred-millionth time," says the manager.

DOWNSIDE: Tacky mirrored disco ball and red-light globes over the bar—but an interesting raw space otherwise.

Shelby

WHEN AND WHERE: Thursday nights are best at this bar. 967 Lexington Avenue, near 70th Street; 988-4624.

WHO: You'll meet people with names like Brooks and Blair. It's definitely a post-benefit destination; full black-tie regalia is not an uncommon sight. This junior Mortimers gets a mainly under-35 crowd as well as the occasional old coot on the make in a pink polo shirt with the collar flipped up.

THE DAMAGES: $6 for the house "crantini" (the rest of us call it a Cosmopolitan), a mixture of cranberry juice, fresh lime juice, and Stolichnaya vodka. People order their booze by the brand name here: It's $6 for an Absolut and tonic or a Tanqueray and tonic. To really impress, order the Taylor Fladgate twenty-year-old tawny port, $8 the glass.

UPSIDE: Well-educated trust-fundees become friendlier with each successive single-malt on the rocks.

OVERHEARD: A snooty patron using the phrase "L.C." to call a crowd at another bar lower-class. Also, a blonde in pearls pointing out a gentleman across the room: "That's my fiancé over there, the drunk."

The Barnes & Noble Superstore

WHEN AND WHERE: Late afternoon till closing, seven days a week. 2289 Broadway, at 82nd Street; 362-8835.

WHO: Everyone from Columbia grad students to divorced dads with kids on visitation-day excursions.

THE DAMAGES: Repair to the café on the mezzanine near the mystery, romance, and adventure sections; love is cheap at $1 for a coffee with a free refill, $1.25 for a small cappuccino.

AMBIENCE: Like college during exams when everyone camped out in the library (except that you won't be shushed).

DOWNSIDE: Not enough little black dresses or hep jackets; it's undeniably short on glamour.

HINTS: Check out the travel aisle for wanderlustful potentials with enough cash to leave town. Go after 8 P.M. to avoid nannies and strollers underfoot. There's a surge when a hot movie lets out at the nearby Sony theater on weekends.

East Coast Hangout (ECHO)

An Internet Salon

WHO: Would-be-cosmopolitan geeks lacking in social skills, aspiring *artistes*, and forward-thinkers surfing through cyberspace for conversation, party invitations, and romantic attachment.

THE DAMAGES: $19.95 for a monthly subscription (30 hours). Call 255-3839 to sign up, or register online by dialing 989-8411 from a modem and logging in as "newuser."

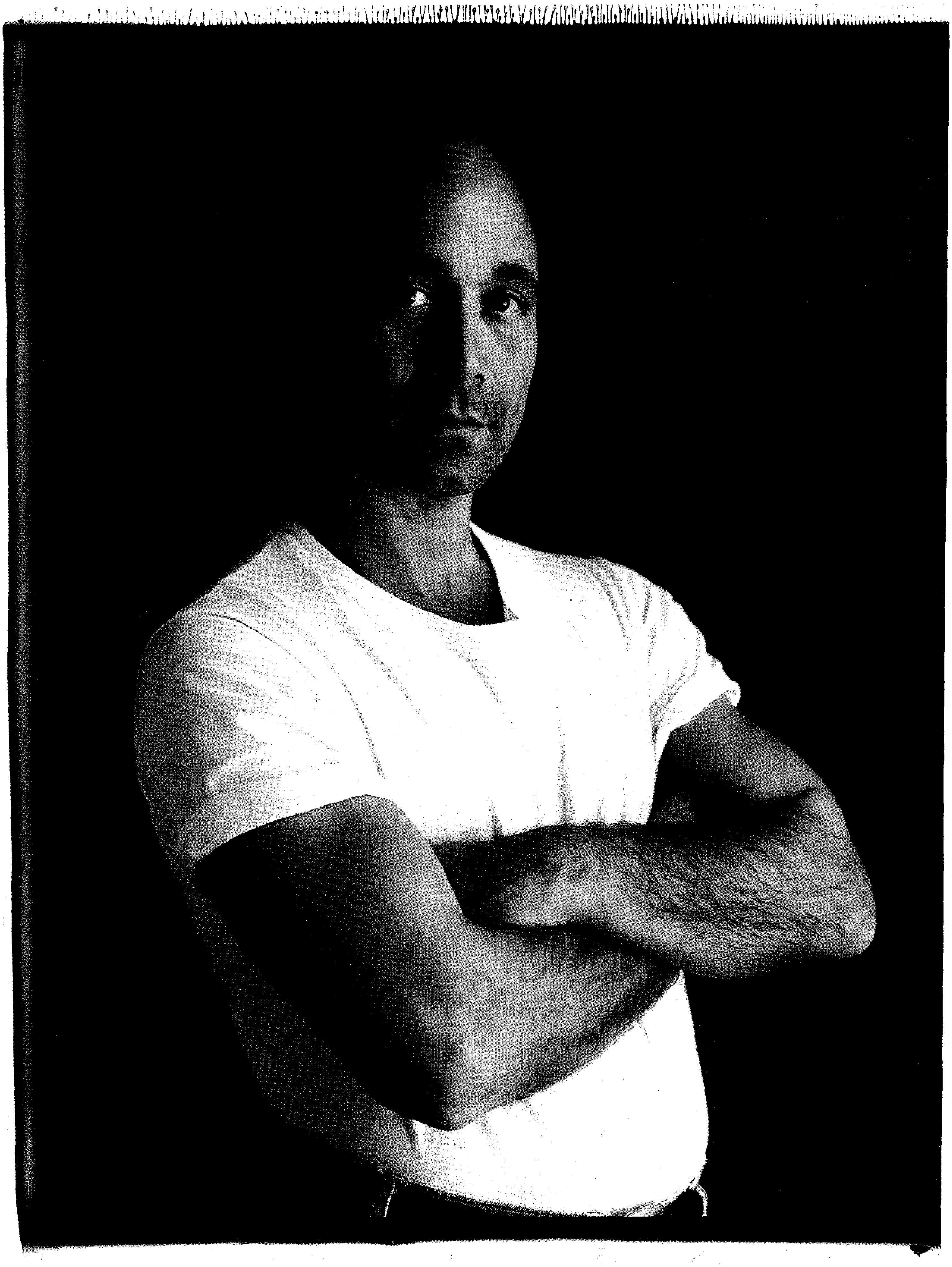
UPSIDE: It operates on the Cyrano de Bergerac principle: Success is determined by how well you *(Continued on page 74)*

IF IMAGINATION AND CREATIVITY ALONE MADE ART, WE COULD ALL BE ARTISTS

Many of us paint and dance and sing or play the guitar. Others of us restore cars, do needlepoint and cook wonderful dinners. And we use our imagination and creativity to do it—the same way artists do. But there are real differences in the creative work we do and the art produced by an artist. The important one lies in the intent of the process. A work of art has ambitious intentions. Artists aspire to create new forms, reveal emotional truth, explore the unexplored. They long to reach an audience at the deepest levels of meaning with their work.

It takes an awesome imagination, a gifted talent, an original mind and consuming desire to overcome the seduction of technique, materials or craft—to make art. Some art is controversial. Some unfathomable. Much of it is beautiful and sensitive and makes us feel deeply. Few people like it all, nor should they. Art is too personal for that. But if what we make does not intend to be art, we can still share in the experience of imagining and creating with every artist. What a remarkable process creating is—giving back more, the more we risk.

THE NEW YORK FOUNDATION FOR THE ARTS, 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10038 • 212-366-6900

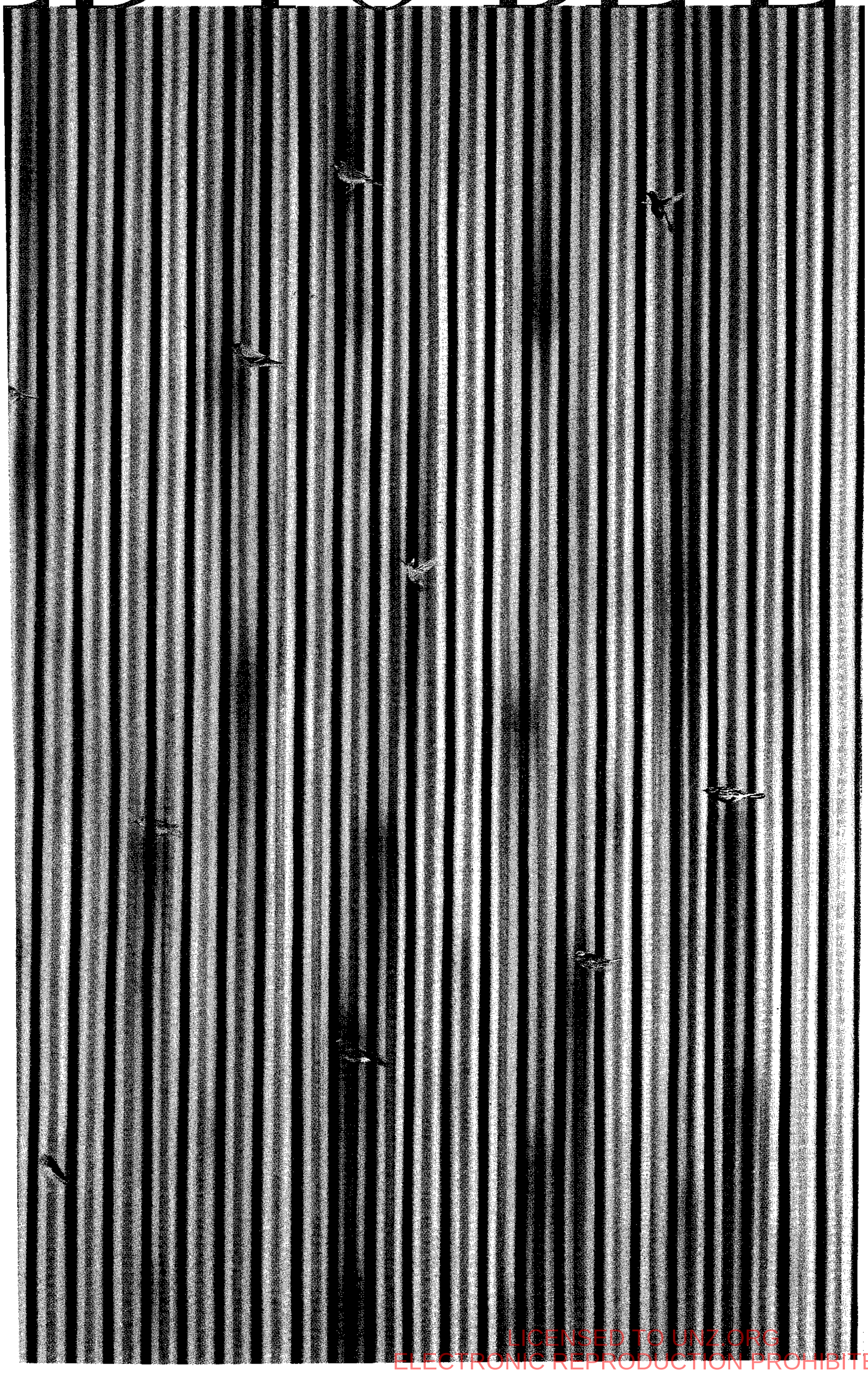


PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS

AN WHO
ED TO BE LOVED

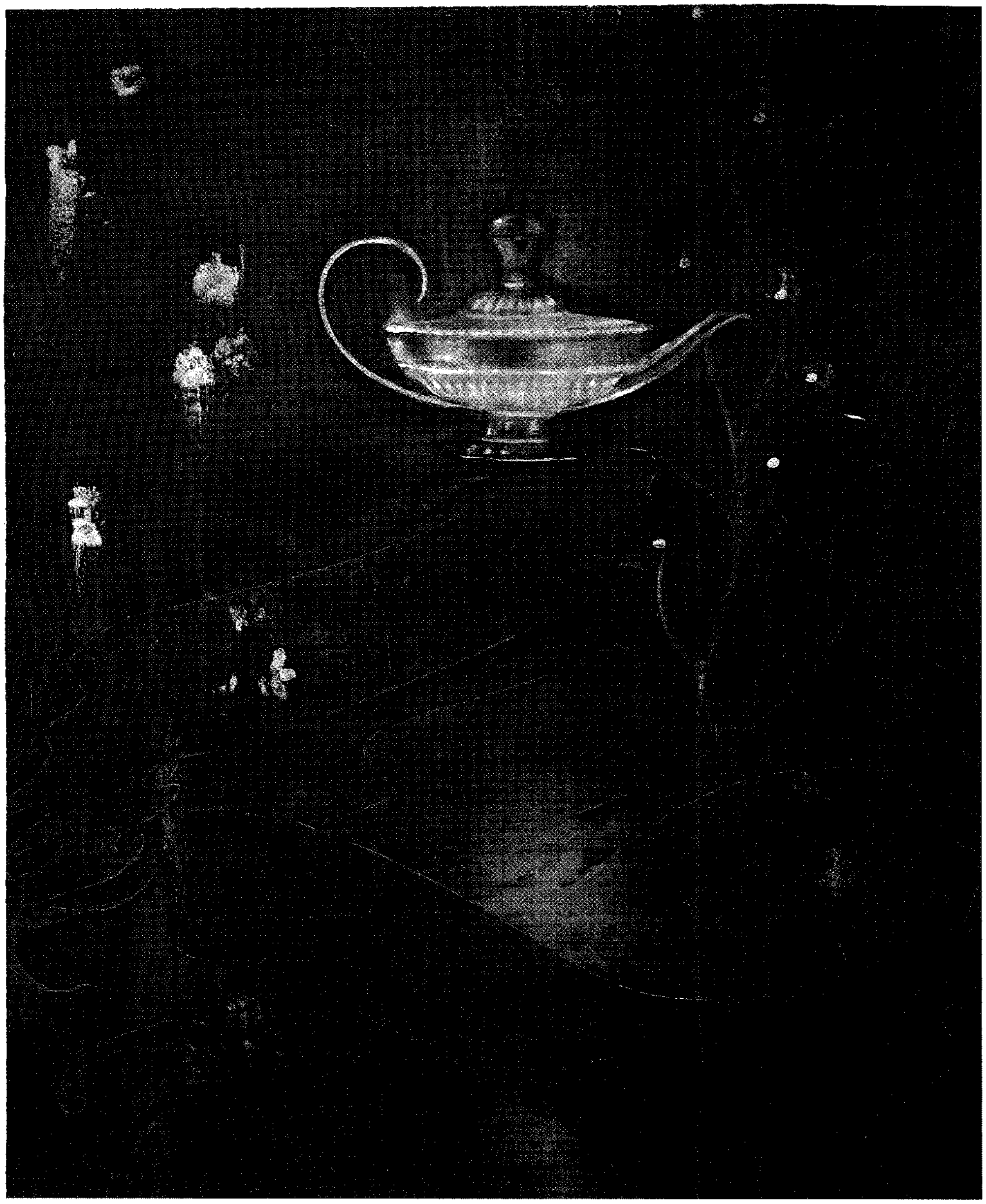
ON THE EVE OF A MAJOR RETROSPECTIVE, PAINTER ROSS BLECKNER HAS TO FACE AN UNPLEASANT FACT: HE'S JUST TOO, TOO POPULAR

BY JONATHAN NAPACK



CAGE
1986

"SHOW ME ANY OTHER PROFESSION where you can take a *nap,*" quips Ross Bleckner in his soothing, affable way as we drink coffee in the skylit living room of his TriBeCa loft. A young man puts away what remains of the vegetarian curry with white rice he prepared for lunch—young men, in fact, keep coming and going—and Bleckner muses on stardom. "Success is all about the fantasy you create for yourself," he says. And what about his own celebrity? Firecrackers explode



ONE WISH

1986

nearby—it's the Chinese New Year—and Bleckner jumps a bit. "That has *nothing* to do with my work," he says irritably. "I *wish* my life were as exciting as those people make it out to be."

Call it art-world sniping, but denigration of Bleckner has become routine, even obligatory, ever since that August evening in 1993 when Bleckner threw a benefit party for the Community Research Initiative on AIDS (CRIA) on his Sagaponack estate (formerly Truman Capote's summer retreat), and Barry Diller, Bianca Jagger, and "Styles of the *Times*" showed up. Suddenly, Bleckner the gay activist, the mentor to young artists, the sweet, awkward, aging ingenue still learning to be what his dealer, Mary Boone, once advised him to be—"a big artist"—had become something else: A high-society fund-raiser. A schmoozer. A socialite. An opportunist.

Bleckner means a lot of things to a lot of people, which is one reason we're lingering on the subject. As a rather astoundingly large mid-career retrospective of some 70 paintings goes up at the Guggenheim in March, Bleckner, at 45, seems on the verge of apotheosis, a man about to experience genuine American fame. (That he's an early beneficiary of a new Guggenheim policy mandating more mid-career surveys of American artists doesn't undermine what amounts to the sanctification of his work.) Yet no major figure on the art scene since Andy Warhol has inspired such knee-jerk dismissal on the basis of his social life—and at least Warhol was making smirky art *about* celebrity. There's little irony in Bleckner's eager embrace of society, and that makes people uneasy. "Artists shouldn't be starving in the gutter," says a prominent SoHo art dealer who asked not to be identified, "but they should aspire higher than the consumer culture they're supposed to transcend."

"ROSS HAS ALWAYS HAD A
UNDERSTAND POWER, YOU

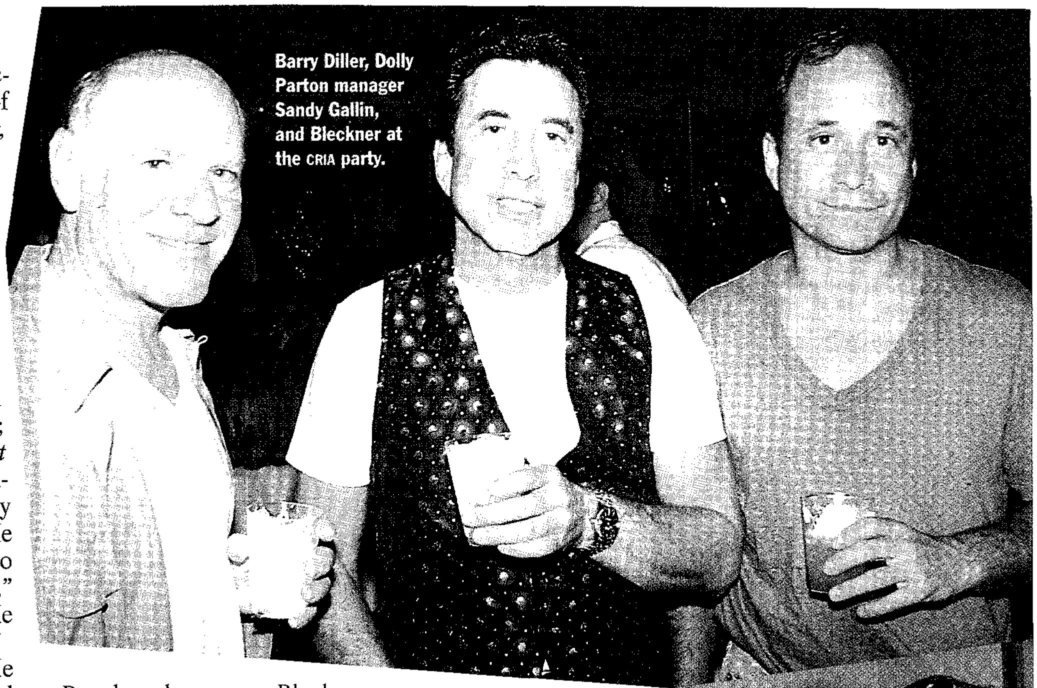
Envy abounds. It's even murmured that Bleckner, the son of relatively well-to-do parents from Long Island, did some palm-greasing along the way. He did, in fact, lend money to art critic Gary Indiana when the writer was broke in the latter half of the eighties, two years after Indiana gave Bleckner a good review in *The Village Voice*. Otherwise, Bleckner's record looks squeaky-clean, and he doesn't seem the type to use such strategies, anyway. The Blecknerian assault is charmingly direct: You see him sizing you up—your age, sexual preference, intelligence, knowledge about art, potential friendliness or unfriendliness. He makes the give-and-take of high-end networking seem natural, even appealing: Benignly cunning in a Bill Clinton sort of way, he finds the middle ground, connects with you, makes deals with you. He has never "strategized with an art dealer," he says sharply, but as his friend the artist Barbara Kruger puts it, "Ross has always had a very examined relationship to power. If you understand power, and you're smart, you never believe your own hype. You don't get deluded."

THERE ARE NO BOOKS IN THE STUDIO; the paint tubes are neatly aligned; turpentine sits in burnished copper bowls on polished wooden tables. In a large white room that forms one half of the studio, Bleckner has put five new paintings up for view. Up on the top floor, a quiet patio garden resembles a landscape miniature; in the apartment, the towels draped over a radiator look as though they were cast in bronze. Bleckner's dachshund, Mini, wiggles around happily. It's like a vast still life—everything is studied, everything is considered. Raw authenticity is not Bleckner's style.

Both studio and apartment are in a building he owns—six run-down floors on a scruffy block on White Street. The real-estate holding is the keystone to Bleckner's rich-kid image, since his father lent him the money to buy it in 1974, when he was first starting out as an artist. In a 1984 review of a show at Mary Boone, for example, critic Brooks Adams wrote that "perhaps because he does not have to paint for a living, Bleckner can afford to have the last laugh." On the other hand, his father paid less than $100,000 for the building—the price of a studio apartment today—and the criticism sounds odd coming from a community where so many are *rentiers* or marry well. "It's a very sixties notion, that to be an artist you have to have *suffered*," says Michael Goff, editor-in-chief of *Out* and one of Bleckner's protégés.

The suburb Bleckner grew up in—Hewlett Harbor, in one of the famous Five Towns—was indeed, in the 1960s, a ware-

All paintings courtesy of the Mary Boone Gallery.


Barry Diller, Dolly Parton manager Sandy Gallin, and Bleckner at the CRIA party.

house for much of Manhattan's freshly accumulated wealth. What he remembers of his childhood and adolescence, however, is crashing his Pontiac GTO and a sense of alienation he later described in *Art in America* as "a certain sadness"—the estrangement he felt as a gay youth: "I would mimic the social strategies I saw, but I knew that for me they didn't have resonance."

After graduating George W. Hewlett High School in 1967—other students from the era included Donna Karan; Sam LeFrak's daughter Francine, the producer; the photographer Susan Meiseles; and *Art & Auction* editor Bruce Wolmer—he enrolled at New York University, eventually transferring to its studio-art program. He considered a career in journalism, but also "thought about being an artist a long time," he says. "It's scary to take the plunge." He adds, "It came to me during an acid trip."

Bleckner's education was eclectic. He studied with conceptualist Sol Lewitt and photo-realist Chuck Close at NYU, then did graduate work at CalArts, where John Baldessari held sway with his own highly theoretical brand of conceptual art. He returned to New York in 1973. "I first met Ross in the mid-seventies," Julian Schnabel remembers. "I needed a job, and he needed the paint on his ceiling scraped off. It was horrible, thankless work, and after about half an hour, I said I didn't want to do it. He said he wouldn't want to, either. From that day on, we were the best of friends." Schnabel invited Bleckner to stay at his studio in Texas for his very first show, at Houston's Contemporary Arts Museum in 1976. Things went a little awry, though. "At dinner before my opening, my mother was complaining about my attire—she didn't like my leather jacket," says Schnabel. "So I got angry, walked out of the restaurant, and left Ross at the table." Bleckner finishes the story: "I ended up escorting Julian's parents to their son's first opening."

Nowadays, Bleckner likes to pretend that he didn't crawl out of his studio until the late eighties, but the truth is that both his remarkable discipline *and* his love of schmoozing were manifest early on. At night, Bleckner hung out at the Mudd Club—conveniently located right downstairs, since he'd rented the owners the space in his building—earning the attention of dedicated clubbers like Stephen Saban, the nightlife critic for *Details*. "That was in the Mudd Club's heyday," Saban recalls wistfully. "Bleckner was always there." Says Kruger: "Ross always zigzagged between being very social and pulling back. I remember him saying all the time, 'I'd be a recluse if there weren't so many people around.' "

EXAMINED RELATIONSHIP TO POWER. IF YOU
R BELIEVE YOUR OWN HYPE." —BARBARA KRUGER

By day, however, Bleckner worked in his studio, churning out pastiches in a laborious quest for a style. "Ross represents an interesting confluence of all these styles floating around in the mid- to late seventies," says critic Lisa Liebmann, who just published a book on David Salle. "He represented an abstract flip side of New Image painting, and then he was influenced by the 1979 [Cy] Twombly show, which was seen as a failure at the time but influenced a lot of younger painters." He had a few shows in some small and now-forgotten galleries, with only middling success. "Whenever you wanted to talk to a dealer, they were sick," he recalls. "I used to think every dealer in New York was sick." In 1978, he met Mary Boone, a young dealer who was just about to start her own gallery. At his urging, she also signed on his friends Schnabel, Kruger, and Salle, who (along with Eric Fischl) would form the nucleus of her celebrated eighties stable.

"I SAVED ROSS'S LIFE," SCHNABEL EXPLAINS, "several times. The night after my opening at Mary's, I went to Ross's loft and found him unconscious, his leg hanging by a piece of skin." A falling counterweight had pushed over a ladder, which had dragged Bleckner's leg into the open elevator shaft and severed the main artery. "We took him to the emergency room at Beekman Hospital, and he was lying around waiting for a doctor while there was no pulse in his foot. Luckily, I reached my cousin, who is a vascular surgeon, and we moved him to St. Vincent's and took Ross right into microsurgery."

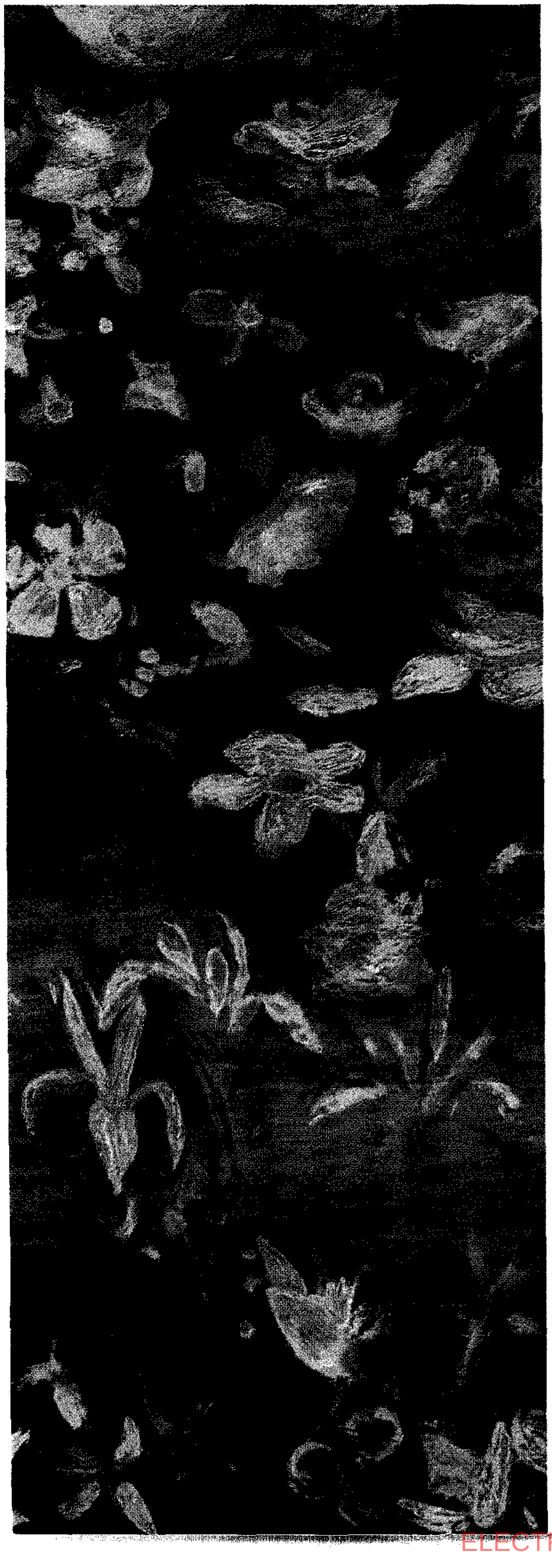
Bleckner kept his leg, but the episode ushered in a bleak phase of his career.

Bleckner and Schnabel: "I saved Ross's life several times," claims Schnabel.

Photographs: top, David Allen/LGI; bottom, Marina Garnier.

While Salle and Schnabel soared, Bleckner stalled. His “stripe paintings”—op-art candy stripes on a Barnett Newman scale—bombed on arrival at Boone in 1981. “People just thought I was perpetuating a joke,” Bleckner later told *FlashArt*. Boone’s interest in Bleckner dwindled rapidly until, Schnabel says, he intervened: “I told Mary, ‘If you cancel his show, I’m going to leave the gallery.’ ” Apparently he was persuasive, and Bleckner’s next (1983) show sold out, although Schnabel is still dismissive: “It was frustrating, because I really believed in Ross’s work. When people came to my studio, I’d often show them his work. She must be doing something right if he’s still showing with her after fifteen years, but this stuff about her or anyone else making someone’s career is a load of horseshit.” (Boone denies that Schnabel ever confronted her; Bleckner says he doesn’t know.)

HOT HOUSE
(DETAIL)
1995



It wouldn’t have been hard for Schnabel to defend Bleckner, if in fact that’s what happened. Bleckner’s dense, meditative, *nice* paintings posed no threat to Schnabel’s aggressive, splashy Neo-Expressionist aesthetic. But Bleckner went even further than Schnabel did, actively seeking out and helping young artists who could conceivably become his competitors, buying their work, introducing them to clients. His was “a kind of godfather role,” says dealer Perry Rubenstein. “Ross will embrace something that is subconsciously threatening to him. And most artists don’t do that. They surround themselves with artists who reflect some part of their work and don’t threaten them.”

Thirty-two-year-old Alexis Rockman, whose hallucinatory zoological paintings have made him an up-and-coming star of the next generation, managed to turn a brief and ill-fated apprenticeship into a friendship. “I was a miserable assistant, and Ross fired me after three months,” he says. “But we became very good friends. Ross taught me a lot about how to be an artist, both socially and professionally—how to make myself available, how not to alienate anybody.”

The mentoring paid off: As Schnabel and Salle began living like movie stars (and, indeed, preparing to become movie directors), Bleckner was quietly being taken up by the East Village art scene. Peter Halley, a young painter who rejected the kitschy heroics of Neo-Expressionism for something cooler and more cerebral, wrote in *Arts* in the early eighties that Bleckner’s stripes were a missing link between a romantic modernism (Mark Rothko, say, or Willem de Kooning) and a doubting postmodernism (Salle, for instance). Suddenly, younger artists began to tune in. “He really orchestrated everything brilliantly,” says Rockman. “These younger guys like [painter and International With Monument Gallery co-founder] Meyer Vaisman and [painter and Nature Morte Gallery director] Peter Nagy started getting interested in his work, and Ross was smart enough to encourage them. Not that it wasn’t opportunistic, but there was also something genuine.”

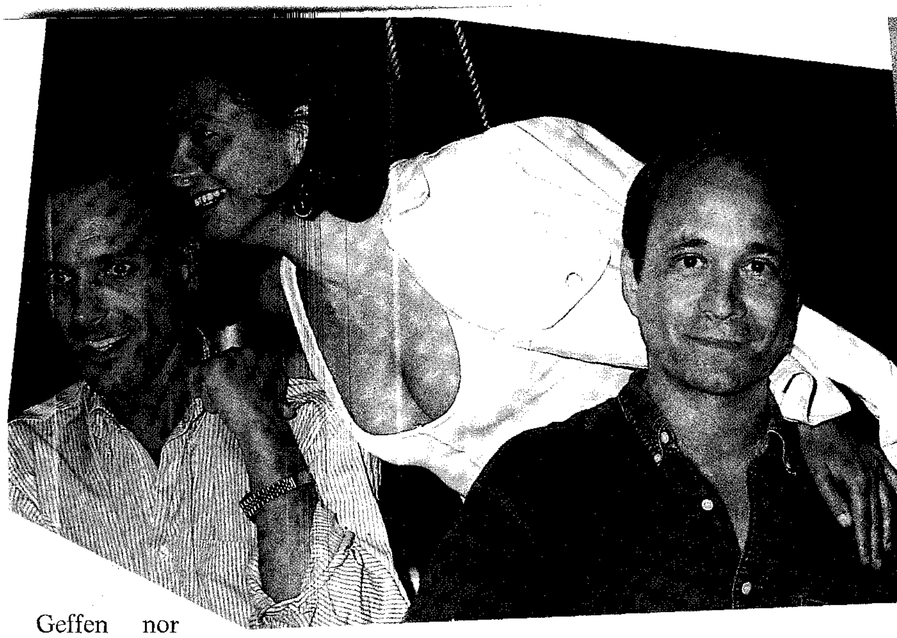
It was at Nagy’s storefront gallery that Bleckner held his pivotal 1984 show, in which he displayed just one large painting, which combined text and abstraction. “There was a whole discourse about the process of making art that Halley and Ashley Bickerton and Sherrie Levine had reopened,” remembers dealer Pat Hearn. “For Ross to use that painting was really clever.” When Sonnabend Gallery brought together four East Village artists—Halley, Vaisman, Jeff Koons, and Bickerton—for its infamous 1986 “Neo-Geo” show, Bleckner’s coterie was suddenly on top, and Bleckner, whose work was always more sensual than intellectual, more incidental than theoretical, ended up riding on the coattails of Neo-Geo, an aridly ideological movement rooted in half-understood ideas of structuralism. The irony was not lost on him. “There’s always something that somebody looks at as a precedent,” he says. “Maybe people got tired of slopping a lot of paint around. If my work looked fresh to somebody, I never knew, because people were whisked past my shows to see some ink drippings in the back room.”

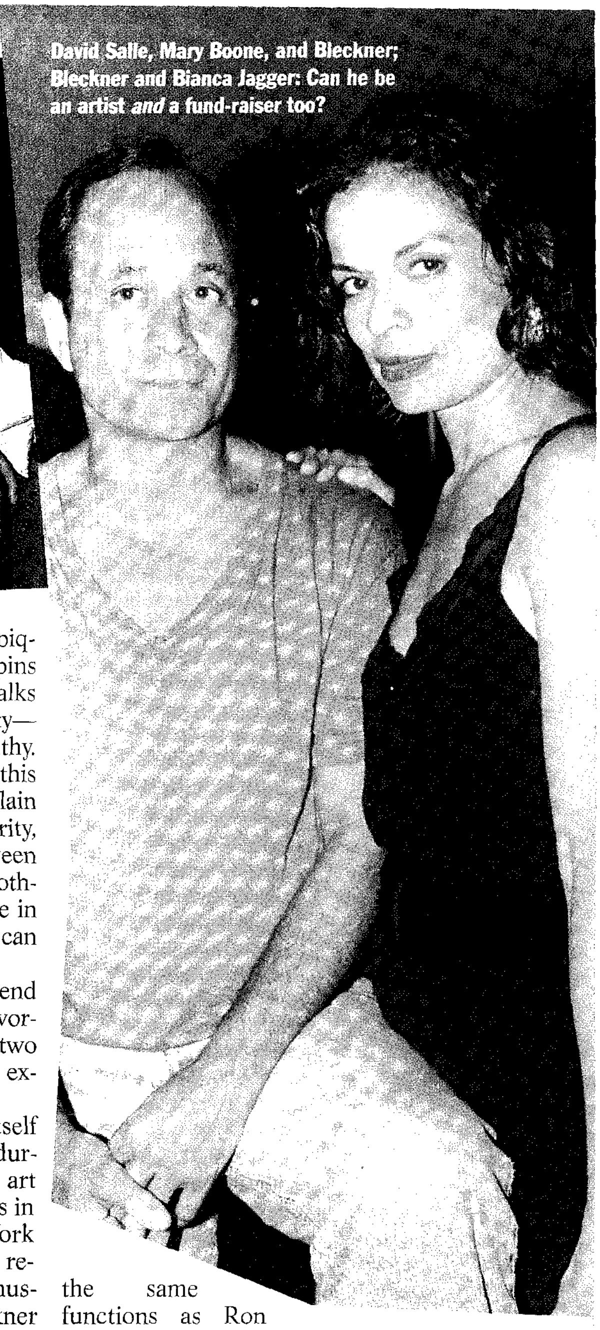
‘THE IDEA FOR THIS SHOW CAME TO me during the renovation of this building,” says Lisa Dennison, the curator at the Guggenheim responsible for the Bleckner retrospective. “One day,” she continues, “I climbed up to the skylight, and I was reminded of Ross’s dome paintings. I thought of Ross’s sense of the sublime quality of light—and one of the emphases of the renovation was the restoration of the natural light that previous administrations had blocked out.” Bleckner’s feel for chiaroscuro and his darkly luminescent paint (he varnishes his paintings to get that dim glow) did flower into some sublime works in the past ten years, and Dennison has the pick of the lot: the dome paintings, candlelike light throbbing in vast domes; the starry constellation paintings; and the paintings that use urns and other funereal motifs as an allusion to AIDS.

Despite Bleckner’s rich web of social and professional connections, the show itself betrays less evidence of back-scratching than usually crops up under close examination of a major exhibition. His good friend David Geffen did contribute a small amount of money through his foundation, and recent dinner partner Ron Perelman has shown a great deal of interest in the Guggenheim lately. But Dennison, the curator, says Ross kept the influence of collectors upon the exhibition to a minimum. “A lot of collectors yelled at the two of us, demanding to have their pieces included,” says Dennison. “Ross couldn’t be swayed.”

“ROSS TAUGHT ME H
TO MAKE MYSELF AV

Bleckner’s relative independence from collectors’ whims (in this instance, at least) may stem from the fact that he is much better represented in European collections than in American ones. Neither





David Salle, Mary Boone, and Bleckner; Bleckner and Bianca Jagger: Can he be an artist *and* a fund-raiser too?

Geffen nor Barry Diller—another close friend—has ever bought a painting. His biggest collector is the late Thomas Ammann, a Swiss dealer who discovered Bleckner early on, in 1981. Spanish painter Juan Uśle explains Bleckner's Continental appeal: The paintings, he says, "have this kind of old memory. It's like the light and atmosphere of El Greco's *View of Toledo*—it's really close to a European sensibility."

BLECKNER MAY PLAY THE SOCIAL ROLE OF A society painter—a Sargent for our time—but is his art society art? Not in the narrow sense of a conservative portraiture, certainly, but Bleckner's art sometimes seems to reflect the concerns of his glamorous circle more than any personal vision. This seems especially the case with the AIDS-related work. While undoubtedly sincere, it sometimes has the feeling of those Victorian marble monuments under weeping willows—it's too perfect, too composed. Bleckner deserves credit for trying to do something seductive with paint; his shimmering surfaces are all the more powerful for being impossible to interpret rationally. But there is a sense of finish to Bleckner's paintings—a slickness—that reduces some of their gestures to rhetoric rather than passion. As Jerry Saltz writes in *Art in America*, it's "more melodramatic than dramatic."

Bleckner's penchant for being all things to all people deeply informs his recent work. Not only is he catholic in his choice of influences, but he seems so happy to *accommodate* that people from wildly disparate camps accept him as their own. "There's something in there for everyone," says Lisa Liebmann. "For those who had a formal sense for abstraction, those looking for a historicized ironic message, and those who had a romantic sense of *fin de siècle*."

BE AN ARTIST, SOCIALLY AND PROFESSIONALLY—HOW
LE, HOW NOT TO ALIENATE ANYBODY." —ALEXIS ROCKMAN

Bleckner's Zelig-like nature—he's ubiquitous, yet hard to pin down—underpins his social persona as well. He often talks about himself with mildly false modesty—it's his way of encouraging your sympathy. But he seems genuinely needy, too, and this craving for affirmation does a lot to explain his binge-purge attitude toward celebrity, which has him swinging wildly between solitude and gala events. "I'm like any other insecure guy," he says. "I'd rather be in some hypersocial environment where I can avoid real interaction."

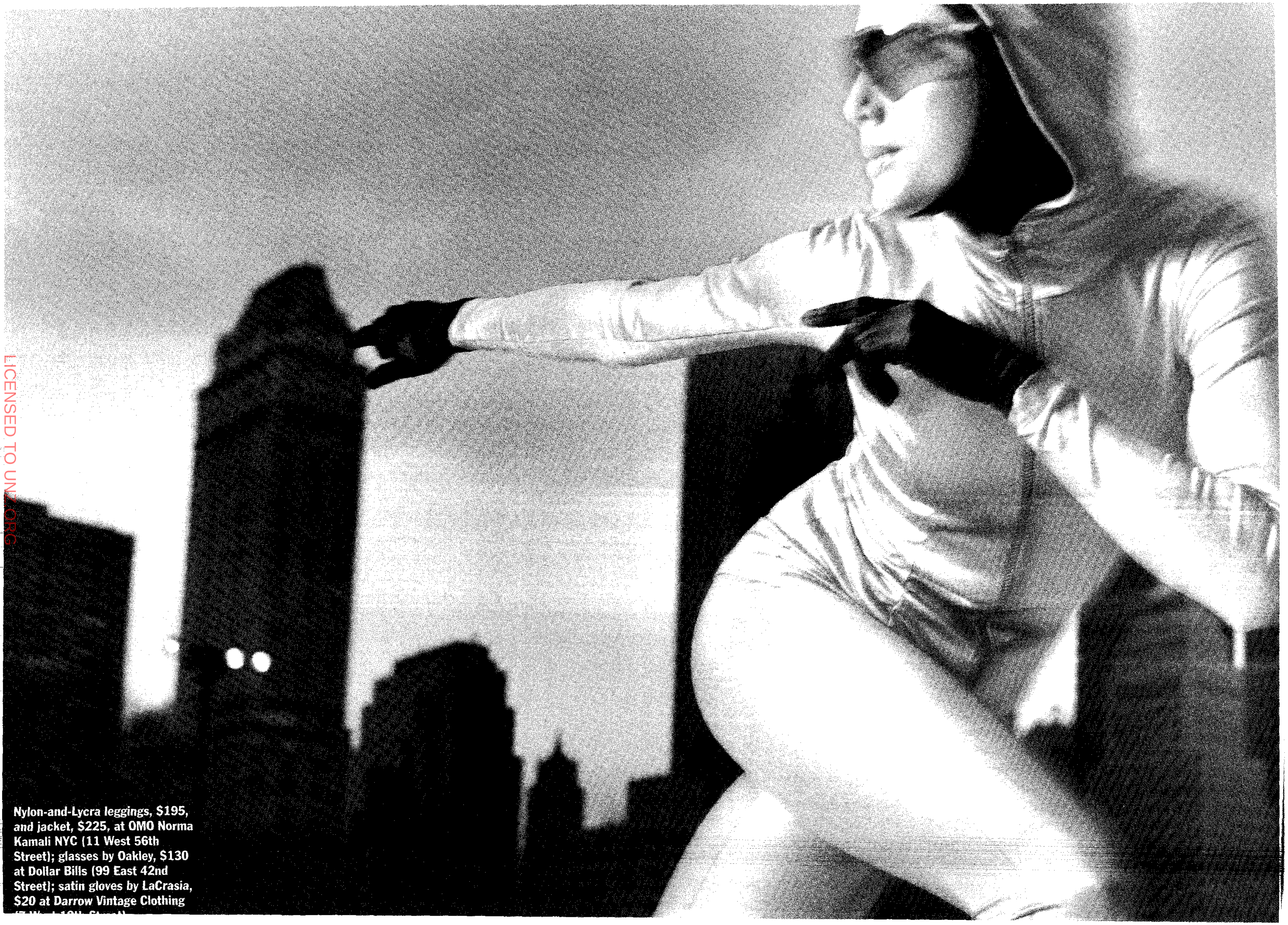
"Part of me wants to say," his friend Rockman mock-admonishes, " 'Don't worry about getting in the magazines every two minutes. You're not going to become extinct.' "

Bleckner's insecurity also reveals itself in a very thin skin. At several points during our interview, he lashed out at the art press, mentioning in particular reviews in *Art in America* by current New York *Times* critic Roberta Smith and a snide remark in *Art & Auction* by Smith's husband, Saltz, to the effect that Bleckner used to be a painter but is now a socialite. Yet if you go back to these reviews, you find that they were more or less positive.

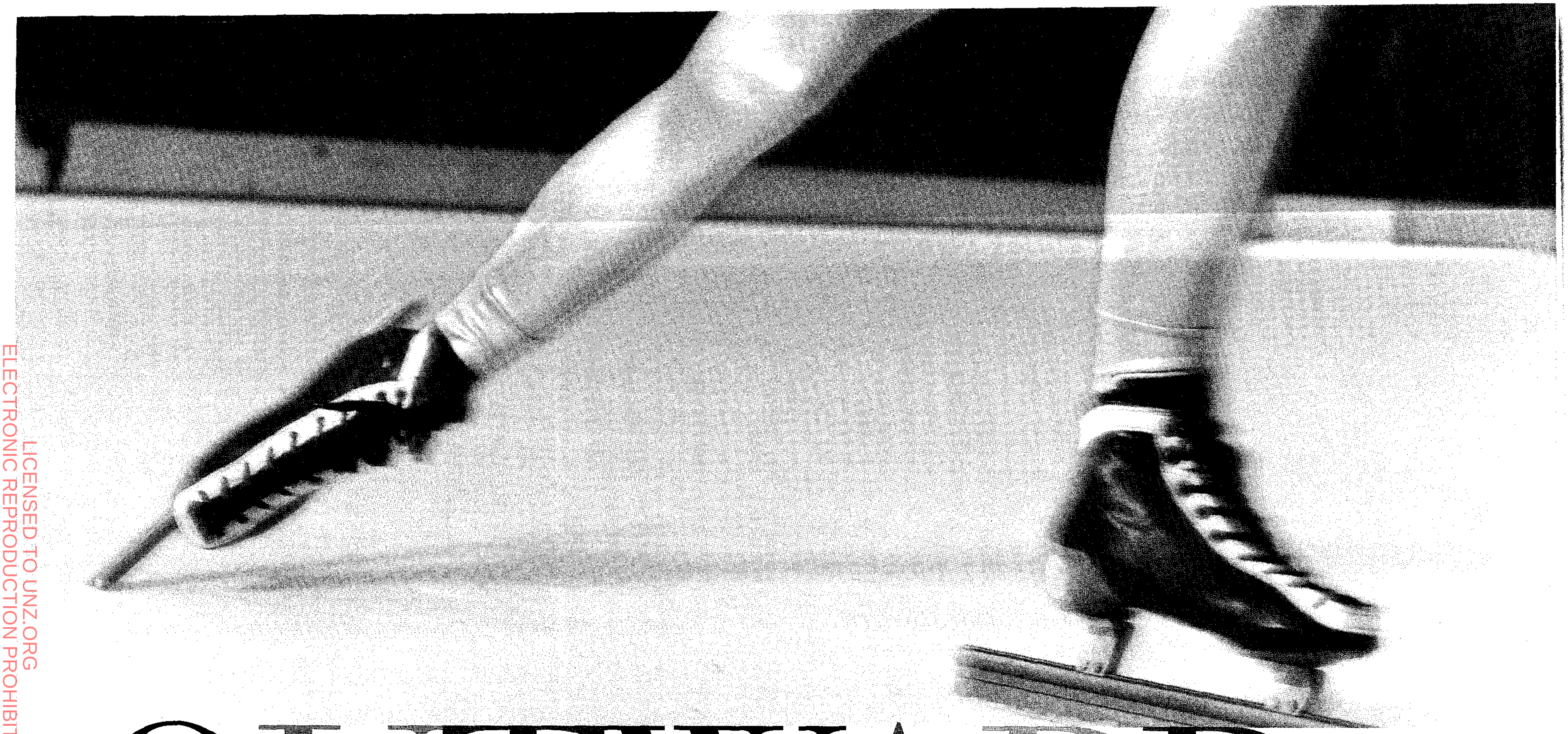
What should we make of Bleckner's famous friends? His friendships with Geffen et al. have to be understood in the context of his sexual identity: The gay world is at the core of Bleckner's many circles, and he's become enmeshed in the tiny power elite that also revolves around other gay stars. It seems more inevitable than egregious. And a lot of the other flak just seems unfair. Roy Lichtenstein and Ellsworth Kelly, for example, are both richer than Bleckner and do just as much schmoozing, although they do it out of sight. A Lichtenstein painting commands roughly four times what a Bleckner painting does; the older painter also has a house in the Hamptons, and also attends the same functions as Ron Perelman (who, through Marvel Entertainment, underwrote Lichtenstein's Guggenheim show last year). And so what if Bleckner is socially adept? Success like his does not occur without someone's working some angle, and Bleckner happens to be a very good painter who knows how to work the society angle. There are equally good painters. But there are also plenty of artists Bleckner's age whose *only* talent is for schmoozing.

Besides, as Bleckner asserts, and as his friends confirm, he genuinely adores the people he socializes with. He's an opportunist with heart: If his favorite people happen to be among the richest, most powerful, and most glamorous people in America, hey, that's between God and Ross Bleckner. ■

Photographs: left, Roxanne Lowit; right, Joan Jedell.



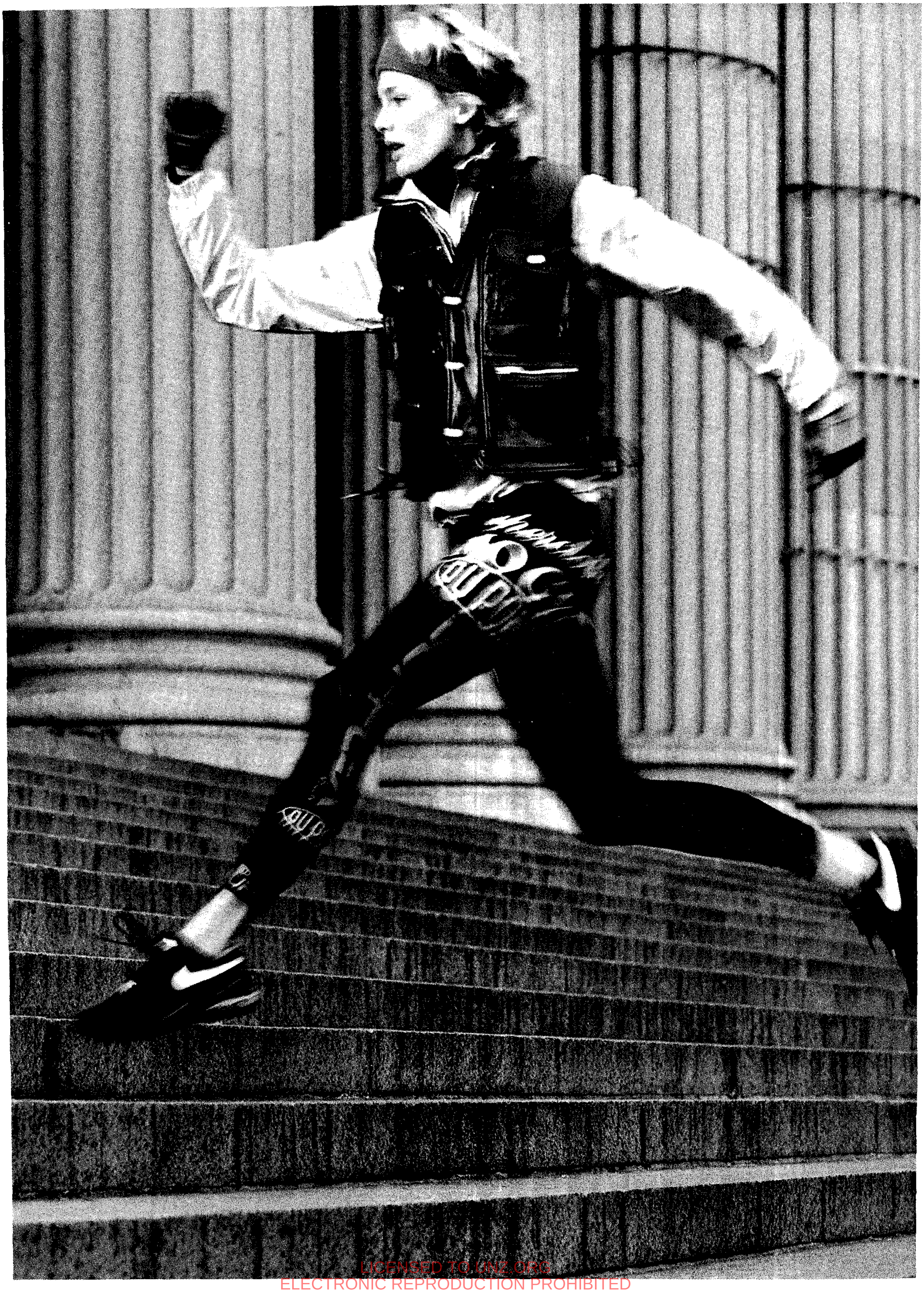
Nylon-and-Lycra leggings, $195, *and* jacket, $225, at OMO Norma Kamali NYC (11 West 56th Street); glasses by Oakley, $130 at Dollar Bills (99 East 42nd Street); satin gloves by LaCrasia, $20 at Darrow Vintage Clothing

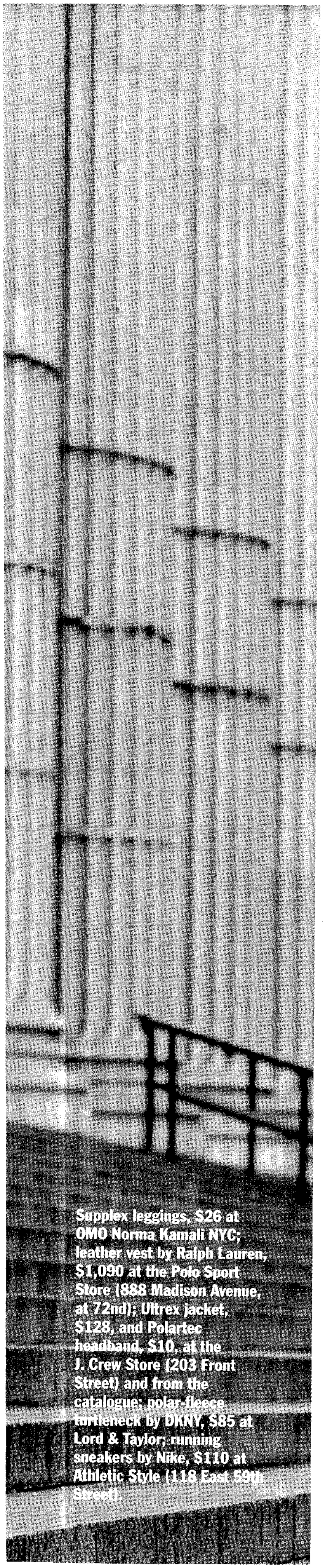


OUTWARD BOUND

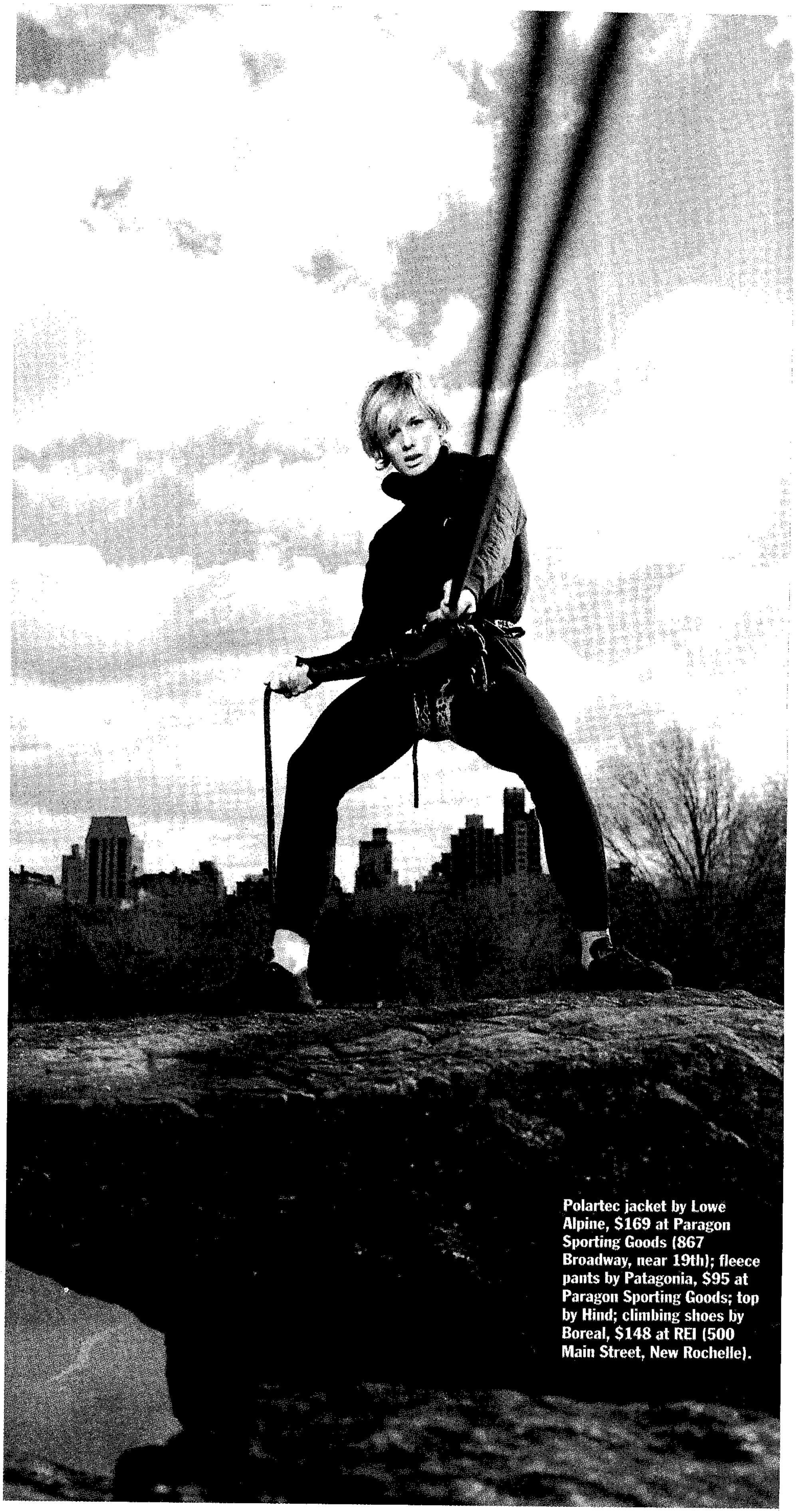
By
Jade Hobson Charnin

Photographed by
Michael O'Neill

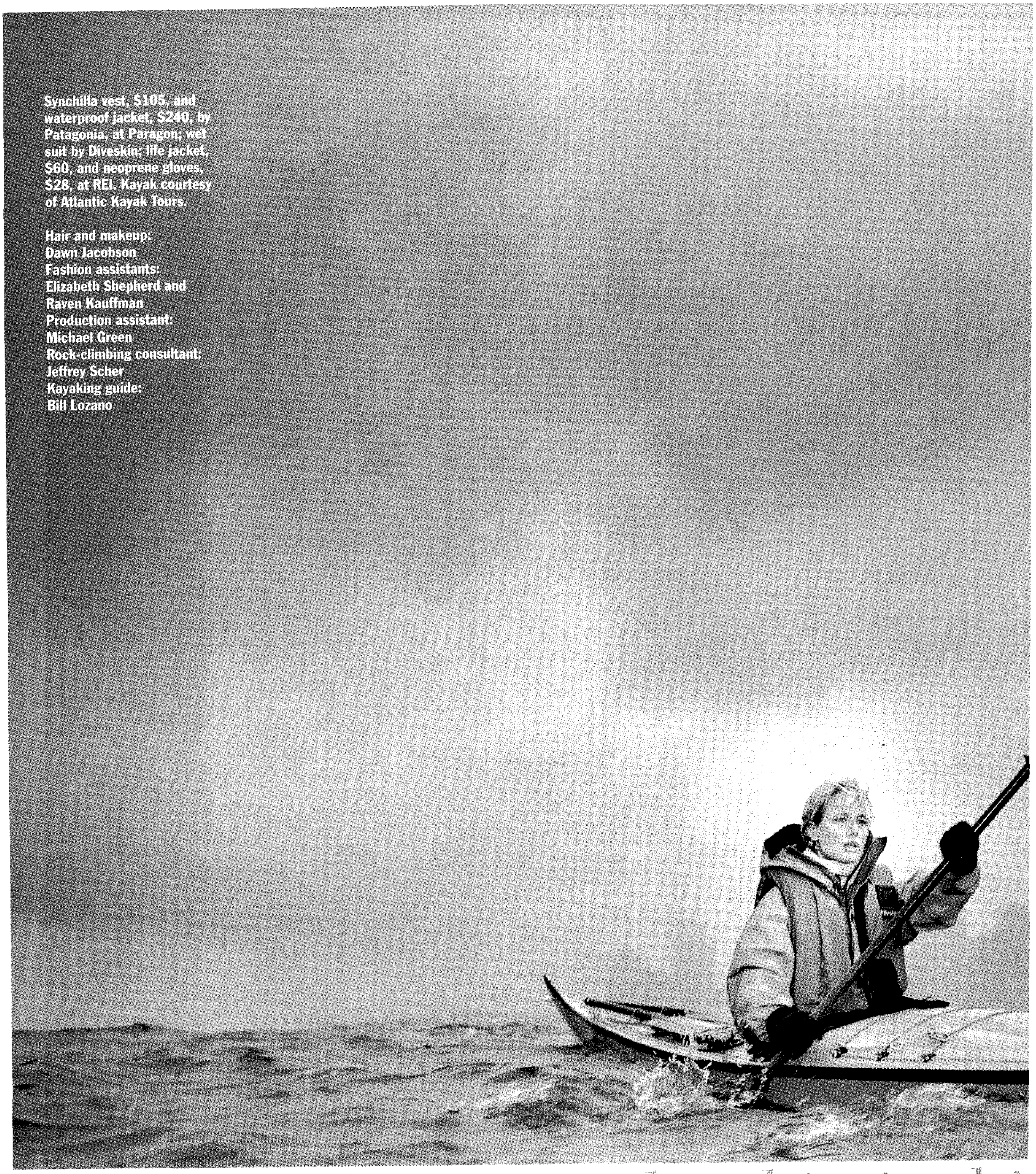




Supplex leggings, $26 at OMO Norma Kamali NYC; leather vest by Ralph Lauren, $1,090 at the Polo Sport Store (888 Madison Avenue, at 72nd); Ultrex jacket, $128, and Polartec headband, $10, at the J. Crew Store (203 Front Street) and from the catalogue; polar-fleece turtleneck by DKNY, $85 at Lord & Taylor; running sneakers by Nike, $110 at Athletic Style (118 East 59th Street).



Polartec jacket by Lowe Alpine, $169 at Paragon Sporting Goods (867 Broadway, near 19th); fleece pants by Patagonia, $95 at Paragon Sporting Goods; top by Hind; climbing shoes by Boreal, $148 at REI (500 Main Street, New Rochelle).



Synchilla vest, $105, and waterproof jacket, $240, by Patagonia, at Paragon; wet suit by Diveskin; life jacket, $60, and neoprene gloves, $28, at REI. Kayak courtesy of Atlantic Kayak Tours.

Hair and makeup:
Dawn Jacobson
Fashion assistants:
Elizabeth Shepherd and
Raven Kauffman
Production assistant:
Michael Green
Rock-climbing consultant:
Jeffrey Scher
Kayaking guide:
Bill Lozano

There. Can't even endorphin junki
On the preceding pages, model Hu
initiative—along with the right clo
can turn a mundane urban workout

se some midwinter inspiration?
Reno (above) shows how a little
and a certain preternatural grace—
something infinitely more exciting.

BEST BETS

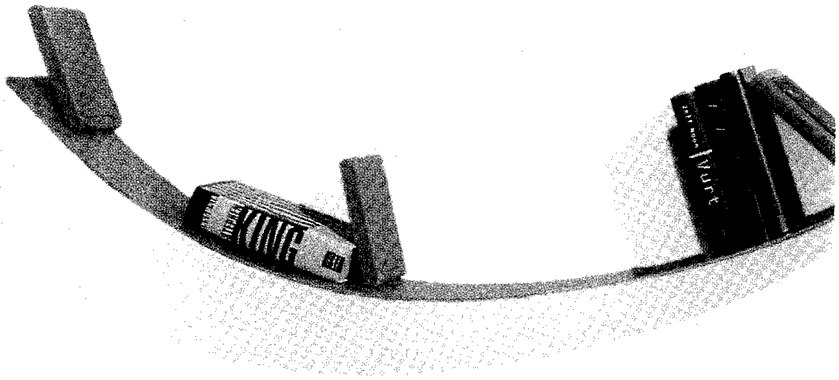
BY CORKY POLLAN

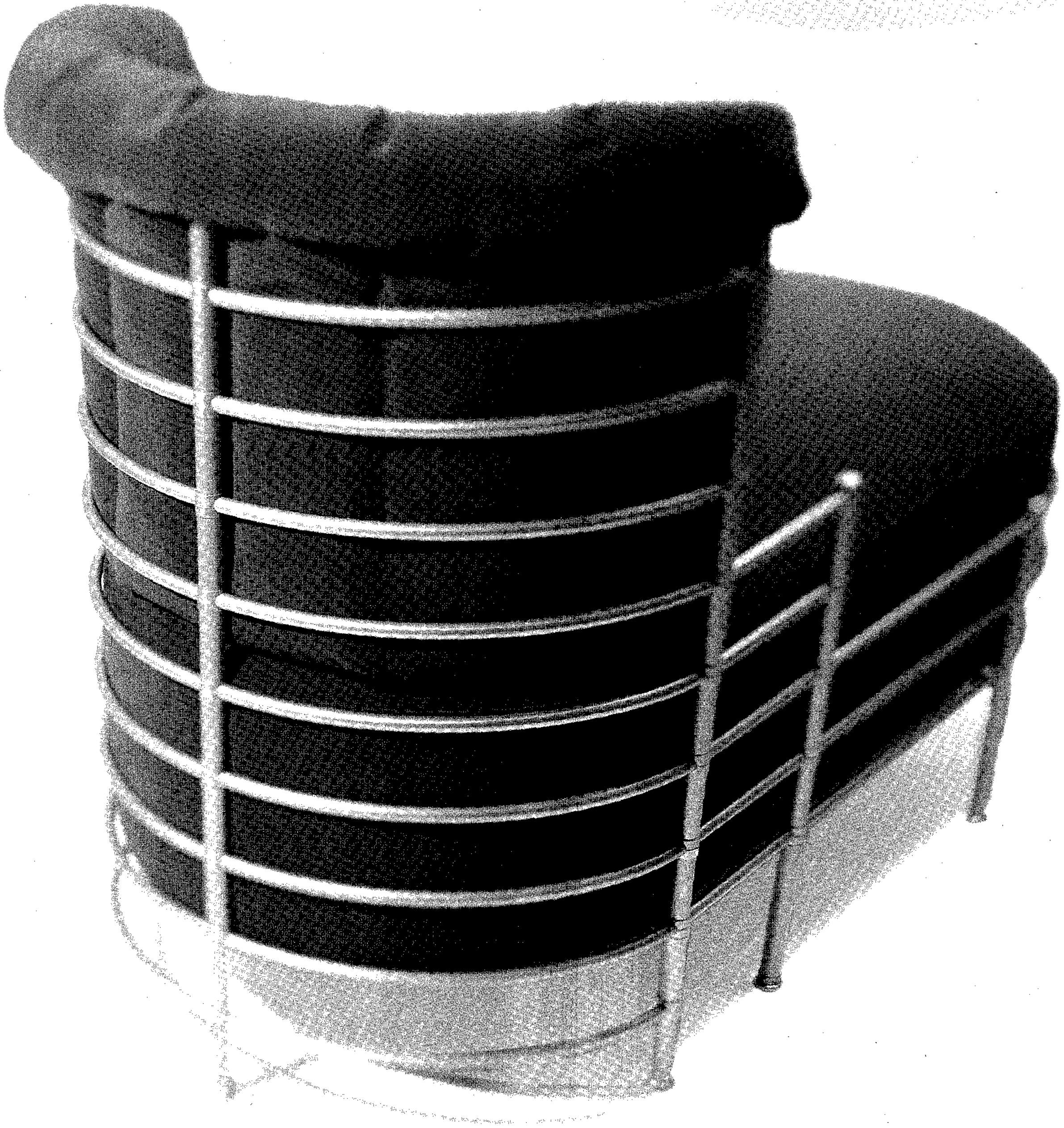
The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

McArthur Genius

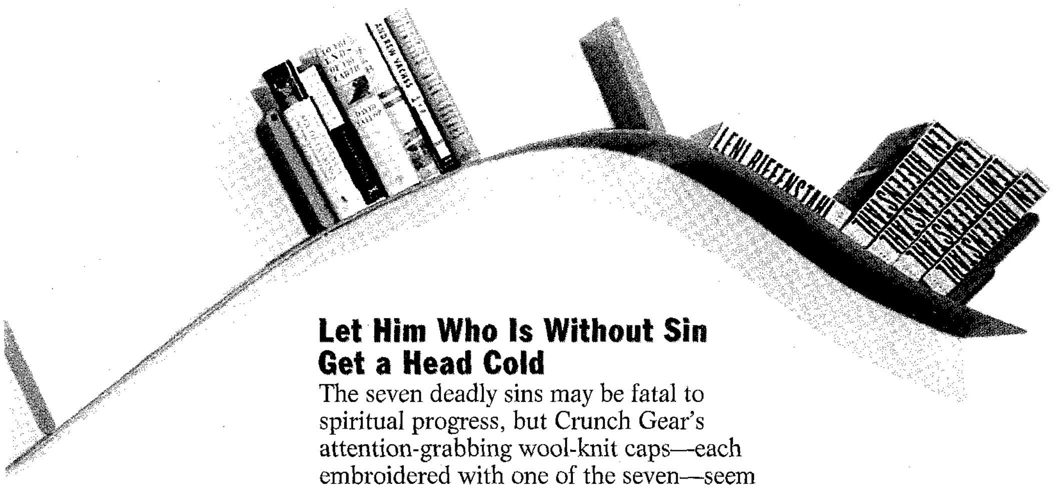
"Using Warren McArthur's furniture as inspiration was like playing with a hybrid of Lincoln Logs and Tinker Toys," says James Elkind, of Lost City Arts. Back in the thirties, McArthur—whose pieces exude a nonchalant sophistication—developed a system of seamless construction: He used machined rings to connect anodized-aluminum tubes, then ran metal rods through the tubes for stability. Elkind is now duplicating McArthur's method and reproducing the designer's streamlined chaises, tables, and chairs. But Elkind isn't just constructing clones—a desk and coffee table are in the McArthur spirit, though they were never in his *oeuvre*. (From $850 for a chair to $5,500 for the chaise below.)

LOST CITY ARTS/*275 Lafayette Street/941-8025*





Photographs: clockwise from bottom left, Jonathan Gross; Peter Margonelli; Jeremy Shatan; Andrew Garn.



Shelf Life

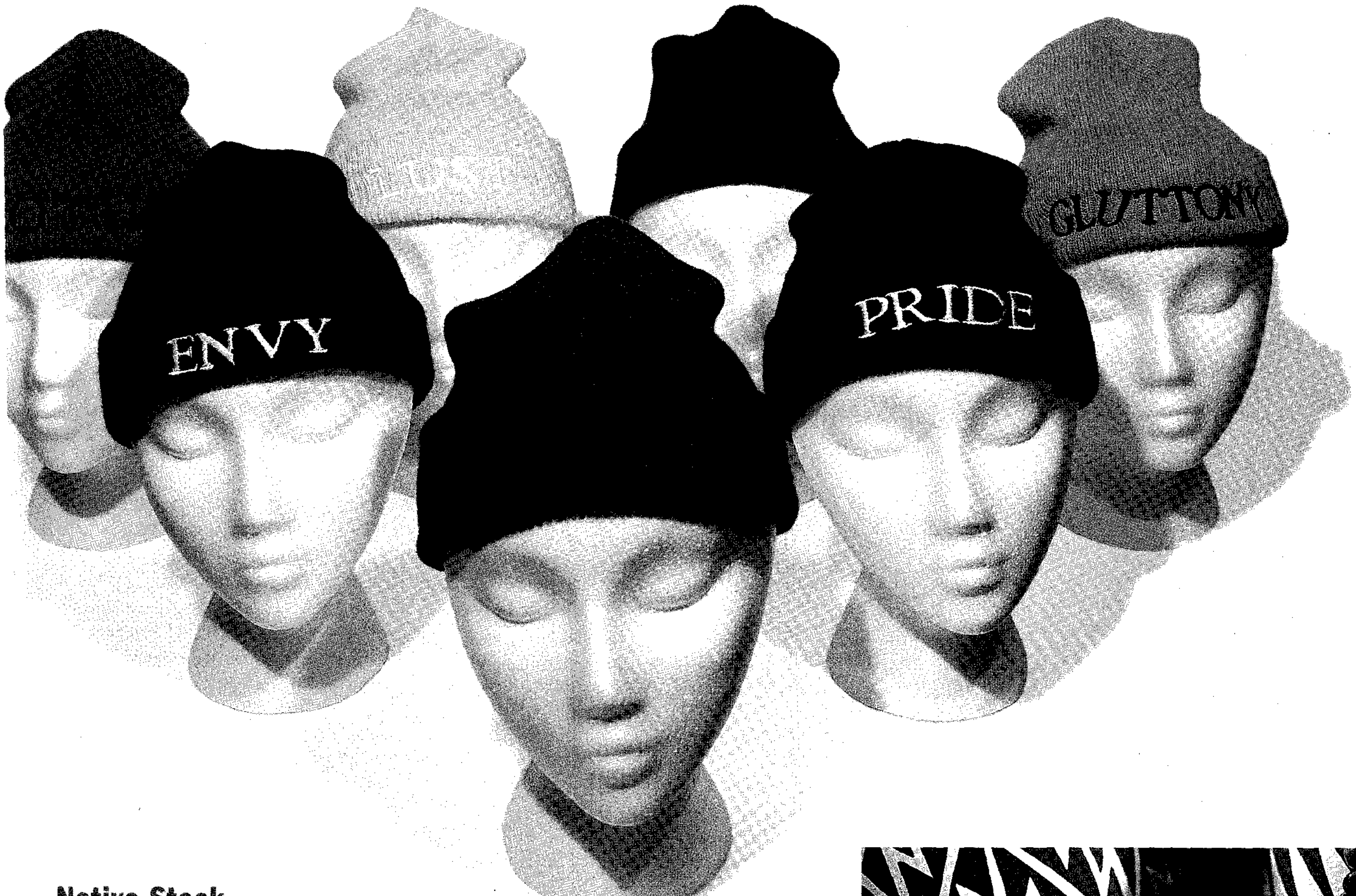
In the spirit of the finest modern design, London furniture maker Ron Arad has tackled an age-old problem (book storage) and come up with an inventive solution (the Book Worm). Arad's bookshelf—a ten-foot-ten-inch-long strip of translucent plastic—has seven bookends that also function as supports for the shelf itself. Made in Italy by Kartell, it can be wall-mounted in almost any configuration in just about twenty minutes ($275).

MOSS/*146 Greene Street/226-2190*

Let Him Who Is Without Sin Get a Head Cold

The seven deadly sins may be fatal to spiritual progress, but Crunch Gear's attention-grabbing wool-knit caps—each embroidered with one of the seven—seem perfect accessories for this pious, cynical, confused moment ($22).

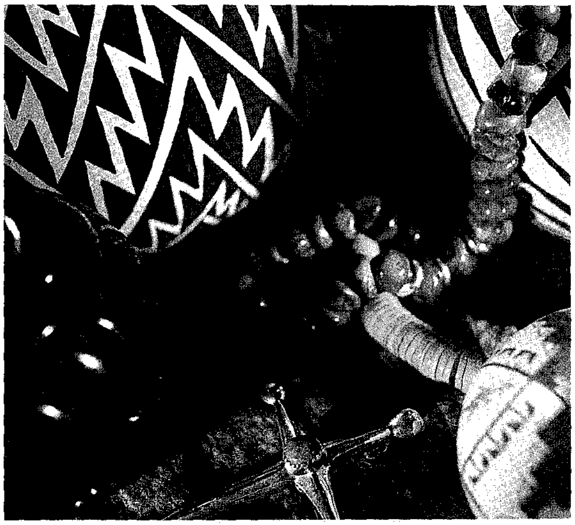
CRUNCH/*54 East 13th Street/475-2018; 404 Lafayette Street/614-0120; and 162 West 83rd Street/875-1902*



Native Stock

For both the collector and the uninitiated, it's a rare opportunity: a chance to buy the work of some of the finest Native American artists and craftspeople here in New York. The Gallery Shop of the National Museum of the American Indian has a splendid lode of handcrafted—mostly one-of-a-kind and signed—jewelry, pottery, weavings, carvings, and kachina dolls. Yet there's more: a terrific selection of books about the history, religion, literature, arts, and crafts of the Indian nations. The Museum Shop is geared to kids: Canoes, arrowheads, tepees, rain sticks, drums, masks, and carved snakes are everywhere. But there's lots of stuff for adults too: posters, T-shirts, food (buffalo jerky and wild-fruit jelly), and relatively inexpensive jewelry and pottery. (From 25 cents for an arrowhead to $100 for a sterling-silver bracelet to $950 for a handwoven rug to $3,000 for a Navajo pitch pot.)

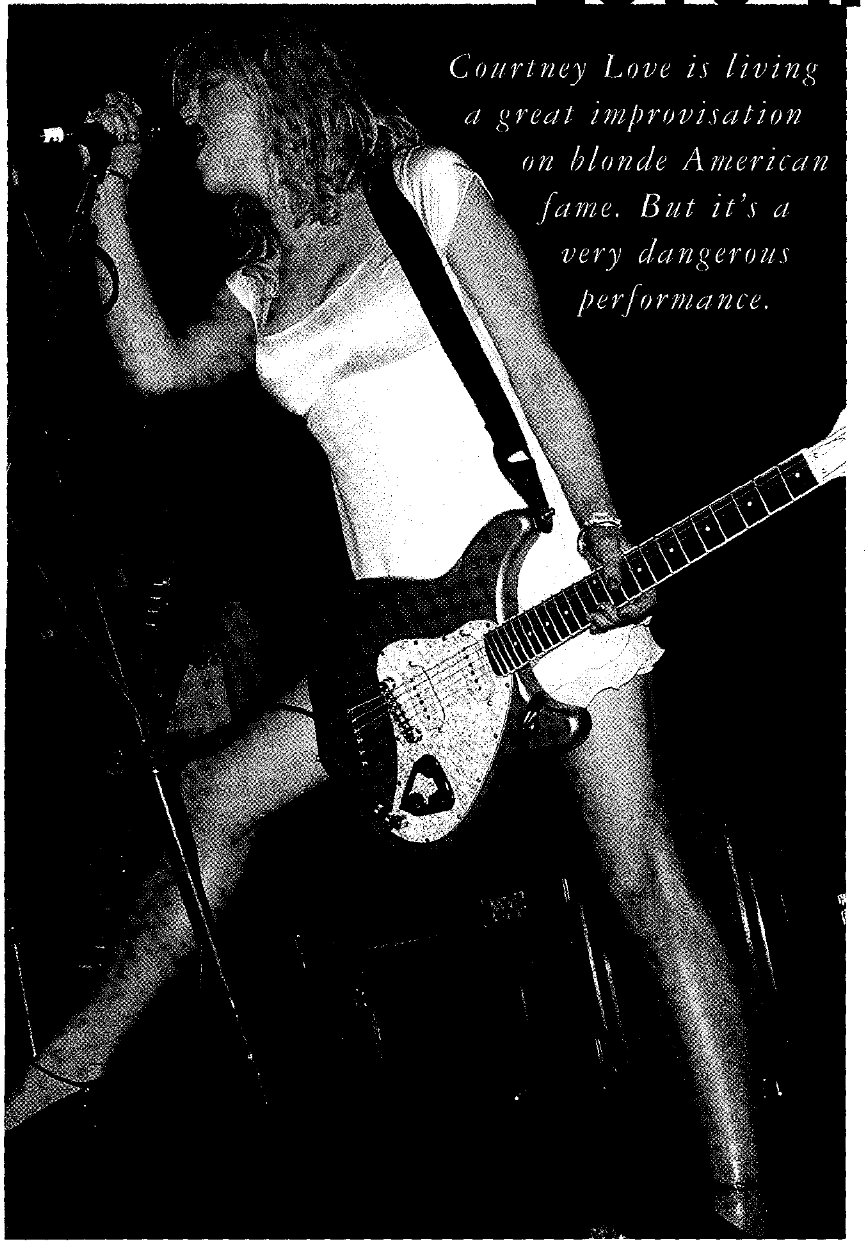
NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN/*1 Bowling Green/ Museum Shop, 825-8093; Gallery, 825-8094*



POP MUSIC JOHN HOMANS

Love Trouble

Courtney Love is living a great improvisation on blonde American fame. But it's a very dangerous performance.



In Courtney Love, Madonna meets *Jim Morrison*. In a way, she's the first female rock star.

ALL TOGETHER NOW: COURTNEY LOVE IS OUT OF touch with the values and concerns of most Americans. She smokes, she drinks, she's consumed entire pharmacies of drugs not prescribed by her doctor, she screams at stewardesses, puts her lipstick on crooked, she uses her baby as a stage prop, and on and on. Largely by design, she's managed to embody just about every negative stereotype that can apply to a woman in this culture, from garden-variety transgressions (loudmouth, sexual predator) to the absolutely taboo and unforgivable (bad mother).

She also managed to make maybe last year's best rock record, *Live Through This,* which is passionate and evocative and sometimes even tuneful. Sure, the record took some of its power from Kurt Cobain's death—uncannily premonitory, it was released the week after he died—but it quickly moved beyond it, as has she. Love is the first female musician to embody the phrase "rock star" in a distinctly Jim Morrison–like fashion. And she's done it in the best punk make-do-with-what-you-have tradition. She has blunted, lioness features and oversize lips and eyes, and she's bigger than life, though with a knock-kneed, knock-me-over stance. Her looks aren't those of a conventional bombshell—she's ugly-pretty—but she is a bombshell, an imminent explosion: She'll stop at nothing to keep the world's attention focused on her. (This week, she's in New York for two nights at Roseland and to tape an MTV *Unplugged* segment.)

Like Madonna's before her, Love's is an inspired improvisation on blonde American fame, and it's highly dangerous, which is what makes it so riveting, like the highlights from a year's worth of *A Current Affair* episodes. Accounts of her trip to Australia last month make it sound like the Sex Pistols' American tour. She's forever shadowed by a swirling cloud of rumors, some of which inevitably turn out to be true.

It's characteristic of Love that she provides the raw material for these rumors herself. She does not run a tight ship, unlike Madonna. The same things are said about both—not really pretty, can't sing, too ambitious, bitch on wheels. But Madonna's image-making was of the Michael Deaver/Leni Riefenstahl variety, giant stages and headsets and the helicopter arriving at the stadium precisely on cue. The huge dramatic superstructure was a dance of seven veils preceding the main event, which was often fetishized and abstracted, involving weird Gaultier brassieres, or Warren Beatty, or a water bottle.

And for all this unprecedented revelation, Madonna as a person seemed dwarfed by her multinational enterprise. Pelvic gyrations notwithstanding, the effect was surprisingly cool. She was safely behind the velvet rope. And ultimately, an almost Roman boredom set in. *Sex,* her lavish coffee-table book, is populated with all manner of interesting specimens from the provinces for the delectation of any carnal appetite, but it's no use—her beautiful wickedness has already melted. And now her cuddly Berlin stylings—she's an aging Sally Bowles—look as if crafted by Faith Popcorn.

Alternative rock's two sex goddesses, Love and Liz Phair, reveal more of their sexual selves in an instant—casually, offhandedly—than Madonna did in a whole tell-all docudrama. Though she certainly has not been forgotten. "I think [Madonna] kicked a huge path through the jungle and we're all tiptoeing behind her saying, 'Look at the pretty flowers,' " Phair said in a *Details* interview; Love, of course, rants about Madonna in much the same way Camille Paglia does about Susan Sontag.

Love's act is Blonde Ambition II: This time, it's personal. She reveals remarkable, damaging things in her interviews. There's no Napoleonic strategizing or knife-edge calculation about how far is too far. Everything's instantly on the table. She's as smart as anyone in rock, but she's also all id; her impulses and desires are all on the surface. In a way, she's all surface—a visible woman. There is no velvet rope, no place to hide.

Photograph by David Allen/LGI.

Maybe this is because she grew up in what amounted to a commune. Love's mother was a New Age spiritual explorer; her father, who left when Courtney was young, a Grateful Dead hanger-on. At her mom's mansion in Marcola, Oregon, a new world was in the process of being invented. "Wangly-ass hippies," as Love told *Spin*, had the run of the place, floating in the pool and getting self-actualized. It was strictly gender-neutral—no Barbies, no mascara, *Our Bodies, Ourselves* in the bathroom.

Love did not turn out just as planned, but nowadays, everyone is part of her family, or at least a close personal friend, or, more often, an enemy. She's fully interactive—she posted on Kurt's death and conducted a spirited debate over whether she was still using heroin on America On Line. She has phone friendships and feuds with any number of rock journalists and musicians—who lifted whose look, who did what to Kurt, who should get off their high horse. Like no other celebrity before her, she reads magazine mastheads. She's on a first-name basis with anyone you can imagine, and as in a big family, everything that happens is instantly appraised for its effect on *her*. The world is her stage, and her bedroom. It's a total performance, gaining its power, as punk always has, by the fact that she's living it.

The most shocking, frightening, fascinating image in rock in the past few years is Courtney Love's stage dive. When some male performers do it, it looks like muscular, frat-boy fun, controlled aggression. In R.E.M.'s video of "Drive," Michael Stipe was buoyed up by a dappled, shifting sea of hands, a haunting image of community that amounted to an alternative manifesto. For obvious reasons, the practice was strictly no-girls-allowed, but Love, typically, decided that she wanted to do it, too. Groped, ravaged, she compared the experience to being raped, wrote a song about it, and now does it just about every show. It's real—that's totally, physically her. The song's refrain is "Was she asking for it?" To which the answer clearly is, she was and she is; but that's where the conversation begins.

And finally, there's the one who is, by definition, not asking for it. Her 2-year-old, Frances Bean, raises the stakes. Kurt and Courtney and Baby were supposed to be the mirror image of the nuclear family, a comment on and rebuke to the corrupt world that makes teen rebellion and rock and roll and heroin use and suicide seem at times like viable options.

But much of the audience did not see it that way. They saw Courtney and Kurt as dirty, drug-crazed, irresponsible, and they saw Frances Bean as a potential ward of the state. It's a strange, familiar drama, about a woman who can't or won't live within the rules: Hester Prynne and little Pearl. And as always, it will be interesting to see what little Pearl finds to rebel against, a few years down the road. ▬

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Second Sight

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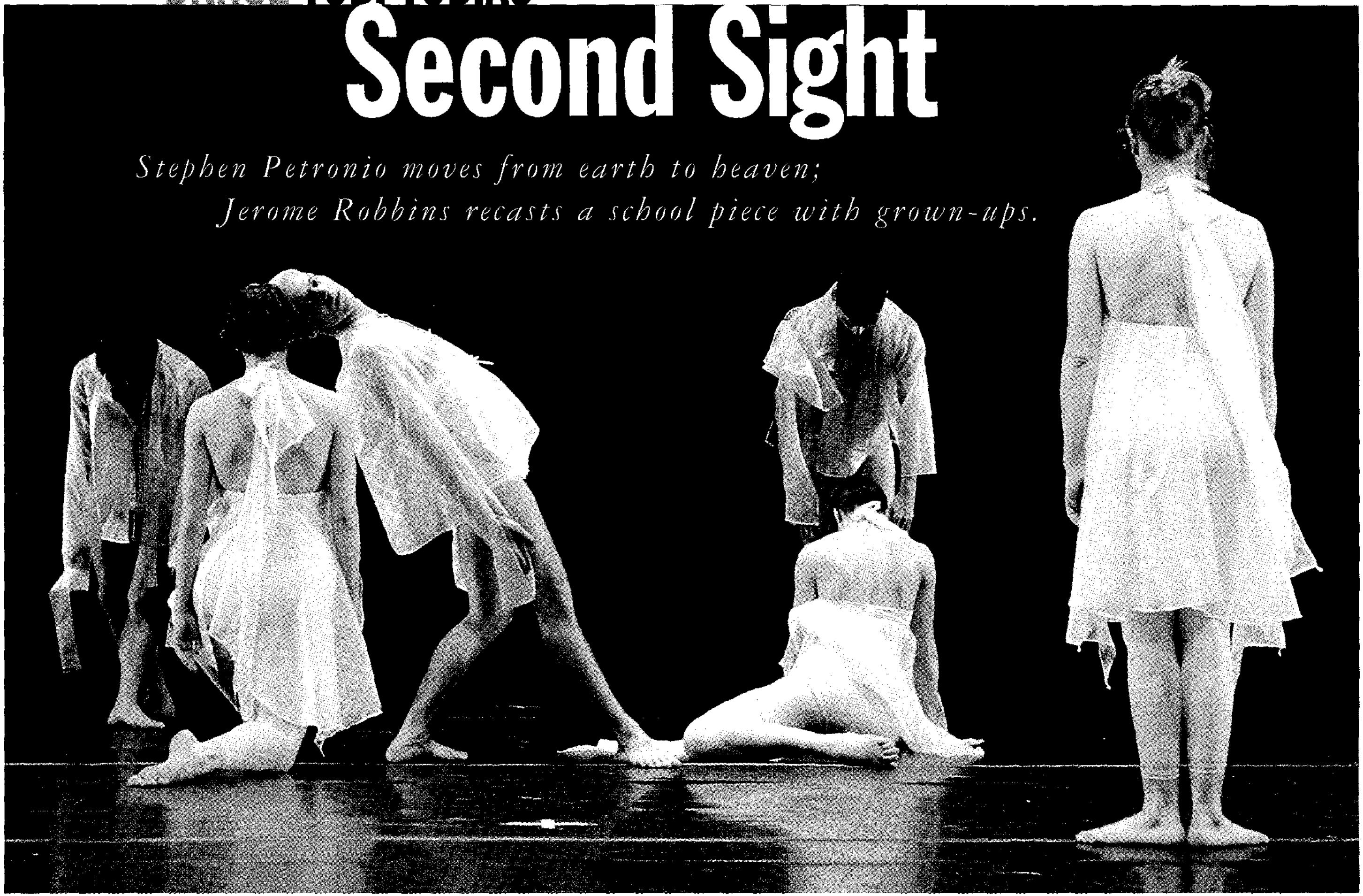

The Stephen Petronio Company in Petronio's new work, *Lareigne.*

Stephen Petronio GAVE A RETROSPECTIVE TINGE to his tenth-anniversary season at the Joyce with the fine 1986 *Walk-In.* Less ego-flaunting and crazy-to-shock than some of his later pieces, it still has the Petronio hallmarks: physical and emotional disjunction, skewed balance, and ruthless speed punctuated by enigmatic pauses.

Walk-In opens with a lone woman (Rebecca Hilton) rooted to a spot way off to the side of a nightmarishly dark stage, her head, shoulders, and arms—the only parts of her that move—caught in an alleyway of light. Physically marginalized, she seems to be having a tactfully subdued nervous breakdown. Petronio succeeds her and sets the piece in motion as if it were an infernal machine. (The group work that follows explores the dual theme of frenetic, dangerously off-base action and halts in which you sense time moving on inexorably without anything overt happening to mark it.) Overall, the panorama suggests a crowd of contemporary urbanites revealing the nature of their existence—its roiling chaos, its anguish and despair, its impenetrable isolation. This is not a pretty sight, but it feels like a true one.

Petronio's brand-new *Lareigne* might be a companion piece to *Walk-In.* The activity in the recent work is similar to that of its predecessor—incessantly recharged energy punctuated by odd, suspended intervals. The scene has shifted, though, from the here and now to a celestial terrain. The dancers perform with an impersonal air, as if they'd been transported to a world in which individual temperament and individual concerns are irrelevant. They're like the components of a galaxy whose workings are complex and turbulent, but which is governed by a sense of sublime, even divine, order.

Manolo's costumes contribute significantly to the empyrean effect. The seven dancers wear sheer white open shirts with dangling strips of the same cloth, or tunics pieced together from uneven lengths of the stuff; the light fabric, activated by the wearer's motion, swirls around the body like a wind-whipped cloud. On the dusky stage, the figures look like moonlit ghosts—a postmodern unisex incarnation of the Wilis in *Giselle* or the Elf Maidens that haunt *A Folk Tale.* Needless to say, Petronio's Elysian Fields haven't entirely sublimated the impulse to kinky sexiness. Under their loose wraps, the men wear gleaming-white front-laced corsets with pockets constructed to thrust their genitals into prominence—equal-opportunity Wonderbras.

WHEN JEROME ROBBINS CREATED HIS *2 & 3 Part Inventions* for eight advanced students at the School of American Ballet, I wrote (June 20, 1994) about its beautiful simplicity and freshness, qualities decidedly suited to its adolescent interpreters. (J. S. Bach designed the piano studies to which the ballet is set as a teaching device for his young son.) Now the dance has been transferred to the school's parent company, the **New York City Ballet,** in residence at the New York State Theater through February 26. Something has been gained and something lost.

The professional crew is on the young side, but these seasoned dancers have a more adept and polished technique as well as a confidence onstage that the originators of their roles lacked. Indeed, the pros suddenly appeared more mature than I'd ever seen them—as if they were serenely mid-career rather than thrillingly on the rise. I missed the tremulous radiance of the students, their hesitancy and eagerness, their uncertainty about their already remarkable abilities, their delight in being trusted

Photograph by Tom Brazil.

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with, as it were, the keys to the car.

I missed, too, the earlier perfect match of dancers to material. While the NYCB cast gives the piece a more full-bodied rendition that is admirable, this greater complexity of performance makes the choreography, in turn, look a little naïve in its materials and structure. Robbins has an instinctive affinity with the young and the ingenuous. Some of his best work—*Fancy Free* and *Interplay,* for example—can be marred by an oversophisticated rendition. Despite its claim to being an abstract exercise, *2 & 3 Part Inventions* has a subtext: It deals with the precocious dedication to an all-absorbing art that classical ballet requires of its trainees and the side effects of this intense, insular existence: the narcissism, the delayed emotional growth, the joy of accomplishment, and the camaraderie that shies away from erotic commitment. It's simpler for students to make these matters apparent by being themselves than for their older siblings, inhabitants of an enlarged world, to pretend to a state of innocence.

Richard Tanner, whose work has become a staple with the New York City Ballet for reasons that escape me, has set his latest effort to Carl Maria von Weber's attractive *Concerto No. 1 for Clarinet.* Though he calls it *Operetta Affezionata* ("An Affectionate Operetta"), it has none of the ebullient emotions and events of that genre. It is not about anything except steps—a busy excess of them, made, as one might expect from a follower of Peter Martins, as convoluted as possible. The music is hard to account for choreographically without some sort of plot, if only a subliminal one. It keeps hinting at delectable drama (as do the ballet's aristocrats-playing-bucolics costumes and the Romantic-landscape backdrop). Tanner has been perversely deaf to it at that level.

He sets up the hierarchical society typical of classical ballet, then seems to realize he's in the wrong period, and so gives it an odd twist: Between the ballerina and her cavalier (Wendy Whelan and Jock Soto) and a corps of sixteen evenly matched men and women, he inserts two airy male soloists (Ethan Stiefel and Damian Woetzel). The participants are given no meaningful relationship to one other, formal or emotional. When it comes to patterning, Tanner shuffles indecisively between the rigorous symmetry that promotes cool brilliance and the asymmetry that encourages sentiment. In the central pas de deux, which involves an inordinate amount of leaning backward and cute holds that belong to another tone entirely, he assigns Whelan a bit of mime out of *La Sylphide.* Soto doesn't seem able to decipher it in its present context, and neither can I. This small puzzlement points to a larger question: Why is the company presenting this lackluster piece, and why are we watching it? ▬

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THEATER **JOHN SIMON**

Venice Sinking

In the Public Theater's misguided 'Merchant,' Ron Leibman plays Shylock the same way he recently played Roy Cohn.

Laila Robins as Portia; despite sabotage, she gets a good deal out of the part.

JOHN GROSS'S MAGISTERIAL MONOGRAPH *Shylock: A Legend and Its Legacy* concludes, "I do believe that the ground for the Holocaust was well-prepared, and to that extent the play can never seem quite the same again. It is still a masterpiece; but there is a permanent chill in the air, even in the gardens of Belmont." The play, of course, is **The Merchant of Venice,** and, as revived at the Public Theater, it does not merely cast a chill; rather, it makes you wonder how Barry Edelstein could so miscast and misdirect the work as to make a total shambles of it.

The politically correct worriers are here, as usual, in error. If the Holocaust casts its shadow on *Merchant,* or vice versa, this (*pace* John Gross) is not a cause for worry. What *is* is the assumption that sweeping under the carpet, censoring, or expunging is the way to deal with history. Without reiterating the overexposed Santayana dictum, I ask: How can we learn from history if we eradicate it? The play depicts a state of affairs that was, in many ways still is, and—given the fallibility of human nature—is likely to persist. Instead of ignoring it, or, as in the present case, fiddling with it, let us squarely confront it.

Edelstein has no clear position about the Shylock question. His Venetian Jews wear a yellow circle on their clothes (as, at certain times in Venice, they did), but even that interests him only to the extent of having Shylock draw a similar circle on Antonio's chest to outline the incision he prepares to make. That you could scarcely get a pound of flesh from that is the least of our problems. Edelstein's portrayal of anti-Semitism is promptly undercut by his casting so many black and Hispanic actors as Venetian patricians, some even saying things like "a hangman's nyoose," under the illusion that this is upper-class English. This negates the notion of a monolithic—anti-Semitic and xenophobic—Venice. That this city-state is also antiblack is clear from Portia's comment when the Prince of Morocco chooses the wrong casket: "Let all of his complexion choose one so."

Edelstein's choice—which is no better—is to make the men of Venice flagrant or closeted homosexuals. (Perhaps pink triangles could have been artfully intermingled with the yellow circles.) This thread runs through the entire production, whether Salerio and Solanio avidly kiss in the piazza, or Lorenzo forgets about Jessica the moment they hit Belmont (the great, lyrical moonlight scene is one of this version's lowest points), or, at the happy resolution, Antonio and Bassanio go off arm in arm as Portia, abandoned, stares mournfully into the distance. Even if it could be demonstrated that this was Shakespeare's subtext, a subtext should not be turned into the text. A touch of bitters enhances a cocktail; bitters alone are unpalatable.

While all the men here are awful—some merely miscast or misdirected, others fundamentally bad—the women are surprisingly good. Laila Robins, one of our very best young actresses, manages to get a great deal out of Portia despite every kind of sabotage, not least from Catherine Zuber's costuming (why must Venice always be visualized in Pietro Longhi's eighteenth-century terms?), which renders her ridiculous in male drag. Gail Grate is a saucily sophisticated Nerissa, of keen timing and wit; Nina Landey, a most appealing newcomer, would be a fine Jessica if the director had allowed her to lighten up in places. These three manage to make this *Merchant* watchable—no mean achievement.

That good scenic designer John Arnone has, for once, made a botch of things, using gloomy or washed-out colors and having horse troughs stand in for the canals of Venice. Mimi Jordan Sherin's lighting scores a few good effects, but Michael Torke's music is, as ever to my ears, appalling. Which brings me, reluctantly, to Shylock. Ron Leibman has always been more like a force of nature than an actor, and has, with minuscule variations of degree, always given the same performance. It may have seemed logical to progress from *Angels in America*'s Roy Cohn to Shakespeare's Jew—from shyster to Shylock—but his work here does not find the right gradations even in excess. A hurricane without conviction is no hurricane at all. ▬

Photograph by Michal Daniel.

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

What Evil Lurks

'The Boys of St. Vincent' is powerfully, horrifyingly real; on 'Mystery,' Inspector Morse is up to more than his usual tricks.

NINE MINUTES INTO THE FIRST HORRIFYING HOUR of **The Boys of St. Vincent** (Sunday and Monday, February 19 and 20; 9 to 11 P.M.; A&E), the janitor at a Canadian orphanage tells the superintendent, "There are things in life that are broken and can't be fixed." By the time we're halfway through this nightmarish mini-series, what's broken beyond fixing has come to include not only those children who are abused in the care of the All Saints Brothers but the very idea of accountability. The police suppress a report of their investigation. The Catholic Church and the Department of Justice conspire at a hush-up. The orphanage superintendent himself, Brother Lavin, who used to insist that his special boy call him "Mother," is permitted to leave Newfoundland and the Church, for Montreal, where he fathers children of his own. So much for Boys Town.

When I first saw *The Boys of St. Vincent* a year and a half ago, at a screening of Banff International Television Festival prizewinners, most Canadians hadn't. Its broadcast up north had been delayed till the conclusion of a trial in the case that was one of the inspirations for director John N. Smith, who co-wrote the superb script (with producer Sam Grana and Newfoundland poet Des Walsh). More than a legal nicety, this delay amounted almost to a moral scruple. So powerful is the mini-series, trapped in dream speed, drugged with menace, painterly yet visceral, you want to lay about you with an axe. So mesmerizing is Henry Czerny as Brother Lavin, handsome, even dashing, princely but satanic, that you see him in your cutthroat mirror like an Evil Eye. So corrupt are the agencies charged with protecting these helpless and abandoned children, for whom there is neither appeal nor meaning, that you are orphaned yourself: bereft.

Part I, Sunday night, is medieval. Never mind the telephone, or the swimming pool where 10-year-old Kevin Reevey (Johnny Morina) discovers what being Brother Lavin's special boy really means. At St. Vincent, 1975 might as well be 1275—all Passion and agony in a Gothic vault of skeletal shafts, stained glass, and morbid candles; gargoyles and Gregorian chant. With a crucifix slung in the belt like a cudgel, in cassocks like black sails, these Brothers patrol the corridors, and tuck in the boys, as if they were cowboy-Templars. Obedience has nothing whatever to do with God. Power itself is sickly erotic. The only gravity is despair. In Part II, Monday night, we jump to 1990 to meet these damaged boys grown up around their wounds, and their corruptors at bay in the headlines. The modern imagination, in its characteristic official forms—a courtroom trial, a Royal Commission, a psychiatrist, and a call-in radio talk show—tries to come to grips with evil. I wish I could say there is healing. But the mind falls down like a torn black kite.

COMPARED WITH *The Boys of St. Vincent,* THE REST OF THE week on television seems almost an impertinence. A trickier than usual Inspector Morse "Mystery!," **Absolute Conviction** (Thursdays, February 16 and 23; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) sends John Thaw and Kevin Whately behind bars at what's supposed to be a model prison, where the warden (Diana Quick) is just the sort of harassed and handsome woman who will always hurt Morse's feelings, and the murderous behavior of a trio of convicted real-estate swindlers (one of them our favorite from *Scarlett,* Sean Bean) will cause the inspector, between draughts of Shakespeare and Schubert, to define capitalism in less than flattering terms, and everybody gets to play with computers, drugs, and telephone taps. . . . When Vietnam vet and freelance photographer Steve Allie Collura (Grant Show) signed up as a cop in 1972

Above: Brian Dodd in 'The Boys of St. Vincent.' Below: Henry Czerny, left, and Johnny Morina.

Photographs by Roger DuFresne/A&E.

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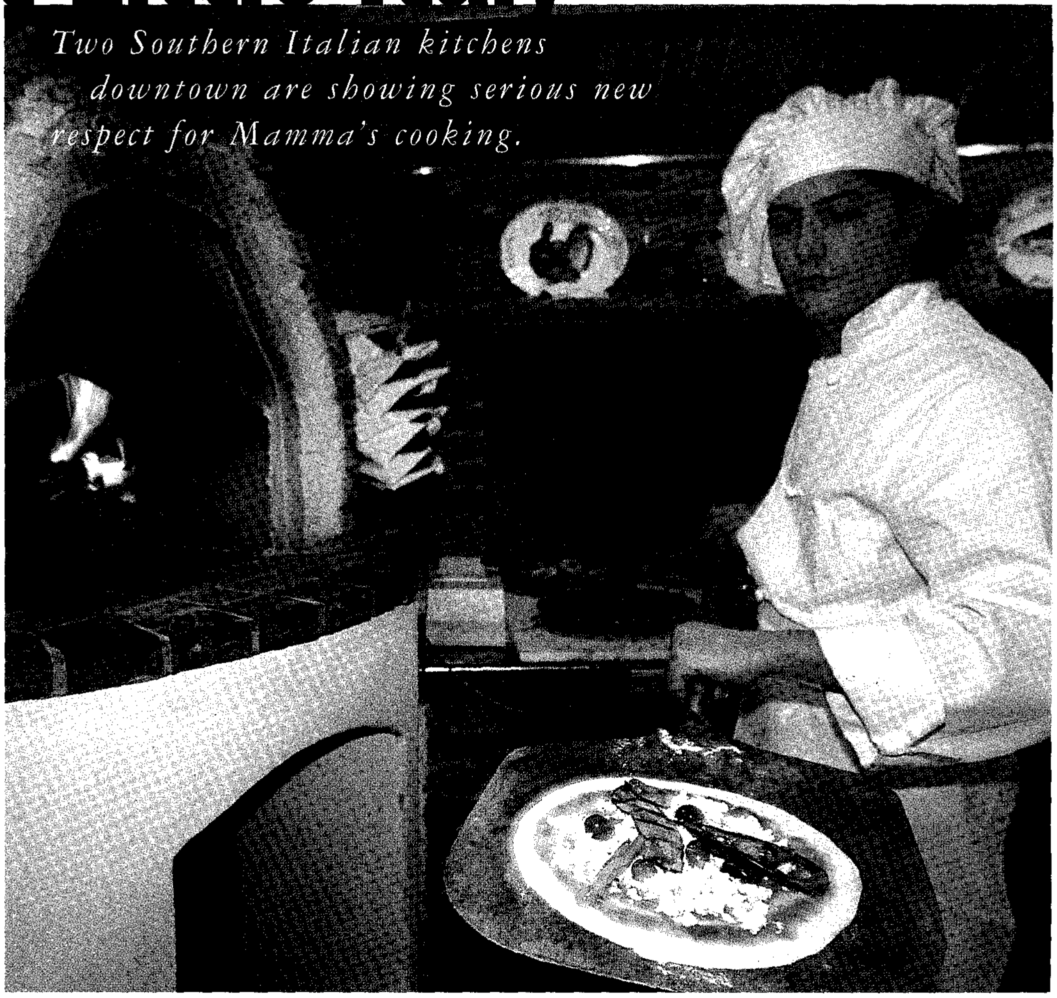
and went undercover in the crime family of Carlo Gambino (Robert Loggia), it's a shame that, while he was at it, he couldn't have cleaned up the Fulton Fish Market. In **Between Love and Honor** (Tuesday, February 14; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), he wastes his time, instead, falling for Gambino's beautiful blonde goddaughter (Maria Pitillo). When somebody leans permanently on Joey Gallo (Michael Nouri), Steve must make a tough-love choice. To this tired material—true-life; so what?—director Sam Pillsbury and his accomplished cast bring some energetic mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. But Loggia was more fun in a similar role in *Innocent Blood,* the vampire movie in which Anne Parillaud bit him in the neck and turned him into Super Capo. . . . **The Computer Wore Tennis Shoes** (Saturday, February 18; 8 to 10 P.M.; ABC), with Kirk Cameron, Anne Marie Tremko, Dean Jones, Larry Miller, Jason Bernard, and Paul Dooley, is yet another TV remake of a 1969 Disney movie for which the stencil even then was worn to tatters. Hit by lightning in a rainstorm in the middle of a computer lab, a sophomoric geek downloads the Internet directly into his head, becomes an overnight "genius," is obnoxious to his girlfriend and roommates, and learns his humble lesson. Would that any college cared as much about a bright student as all of them care about a high-school all-America point guard.

FOR A POET, AND I SAY THIS ADVISEDLY, Diane Ackerman seems to be a very nice person, a bit shy on-camera at the start, but warming up like a sixties folk singer. The savvy "Nova" folks have adapted her best-selling book *A Natural History of the Senses* into an agreeably chockablock five-part mini-series, **Mystery of the Senses** (Sunday through Tuesday, February 19, 20, and 21, 8 to 9 P.M.; Wednesday, February 22, 8 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13), that's part physiology, part anthropology, part Gaia, and part peekaboo. Not only do we listen at length to excitable scientists telling us what they do and don't know about hearing, smell, taste, touch, and vision—and improve our store of arcane facts on barn owls and truffles and perfume, on snuggling and brain surgery—but we get to go with Diane to Arizona for some Navajo sandpainting, and to Miami for some airport drug-sniffing dogs, and to the Arctic for some Inuit seal-shooting, and to New Zealand for some warlike Maori rugby rumbas, and to Oman to stick our nose in frankincense, and to Paris to kiss Rodin. In search of wisdom, metaphor, and kicks, we drop with Ackerman into a tub of mud, roll with her onto a Swedish massage table, sink with her underwater in a chic wet suit to glub-glub lobsters, and follow her intrepid lead into a locker room full of naked male athletes, the better to admire their musk. ■

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Not Little Italy

Two Southern Italian kitchens downtown are showing serious new respect for Mamma's cooking.



Enzo Sia taking a pizza out of I Trulli's brick oven.

WINE FLOWING AND food always on the table is what Nicola Marzovilla remembers about growing up in a small town outside Bari in Puglia, on the heel of Italy's boot. At age 11, Marzovilla landed in the Bronx, but the flavors of childhood—the sour sheep's-milk ricotta, the Sardinian dumplings, the figs stuffed with almonds—survived, vivid in his mother's cooking. These are the dishes he re-created later at his restaurant Tempo, and now at **I Trulli,** named for the cone-shaped stone huts unique to his countryside. "My mission," he says, "is to persuade New Yorkers that Southern Italy is not a sea of heavy tomato sauce." What a welcoming retreat he has created in a suite of rooms just off Park Avenue South. A bustling chef at the *trullo*-shaped brick oven flanks the enoteca, the wine bar at the entrance, with its blue-and-white-checked tablecloths, wine by the glass or bottle, and pizza, crostini, or small snacks any hour of the day. Nighttime crowds already fill the pale-yellow stuccoed dining rooms separated by a glass-enclosed fireplace. It's a following Marzovilla hopes will spill over into a spacious tiled garden come summer. And the pleasant scent of smoke escalates one day at lunch as he carries a log from the oven to the fireplace to satisfy my yen to sit by the fire.

Mouths too strictly attuned to the newish clichés of Italian *cucina* about town may not be quite ready for the intriguing rendition of Sicilian pesto on fusilli mataroccu, or for Mamma Dora's homemade malloreddus alla campidanese—odd little dumplings, slightly gummy, with bits of sausage and tomato and a hint of saffron. Make the leap and be happily surprised. Discover how bits of roasted almonds temper the bitterness of broccoli rabe on handmade ear-shaped orecchiette. And savor the lush veal-stuffed baked macaroni, and linguine tossed with lobster as well as small clams. But be forewarned that seafood cannelloni can be a salty, creamy mess, and rigatoni alla pastora may come drowning in a swamp of ricotta.

Arriving late for lunch—so far, quieter than dinner—we find Nicola and the chef tasting the new enoteca menu. He insists we try the pizza bread—nothing on it but salt and pepper, and a last-minute splash of olive oil. Delicious. But then, so is most of what emerges from the oven in terra-cotta baking dishes imported from Puglia: The tiny squares of Mamma's tomato-splotched focaccia. Oysters with pancetta, taleggio cheese, and crumbs. House-made game sausages with canellini beans. Portobello mushroom layered with potato and slices of day-old bread. Everything is deftly seasoned, though just four tiny stuffed artichoke hearts seems stingy for $9. Indeed, the premium price on oven-roasted starters (*apristomaco* in Sicilian) means you may find that your dinner for two runs $100 or more, everything included.

Trulli
Cucina Meridionale

True, you could easily make an antipasto of the free olives and that irresistible bread with the mixed ricotta I Trulli offers instead of butter. Or you can begin with the less pricey items: the salad of slivered artichoke hearts and marzolino cheese or the vibrant minestrone. Tripe served with triangles of polenta, simple and good, is not quite heated through one night. And another night's special pheasant has spent too long on the rotisserie. But swordfish blanketed with chopped leeks is rare as requested, and a thick veal chop arrives moist in a robust Sicilian wine sauce. As is often the deal when you send back a dish because it isn't rare enough, the venison chops on a second try have been swiftly seared and barely cooked at all—but it's the best venison I've tasted so far this season. And rare and tasty sliced steak on grilled country bread served with a side of fava-bean-and-bitter-dandelion purée makes a hefty lunch; after a shared pasta, it's easily enough for two.

The music of Italian conversation that carries from a nearby table and Marzovilla commanding his amiable crew makes you feel as if you're on the Adriatic coast; indulge yourself with grappa or a sweet moscato wine. I'm not sure everyone will like the odd melt of aged pecorino on the dessert pears. Best try the espresso custard or zuppa Inglese—candied-fruit-studded custard in a handsome frosted-glass goblet. And usually there are cookies, and sometimes almond-stuffed figs, and Nicola himself with memories of growing up in Puglia.

I Trulli, 122 East 27th Street (481-7372). Lunch, Monday through Friday, noon to 3 p.m.; dinner, Monday through Thursday, 5:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m., Friday and Saturday till 11 p.m. A.E., D.C., M.C., V.

The dining room at Ponte's.

THEY'RE NOT PLAYING THE theme from *The Godfather* anymore at what used to be called Ponte's Steak House in TriBeCa. If all you know about wiseguys you learned at the movies, you may be too young to know about Ponte's. Back in the old days, it looked like a funeral parlor and drew a raffish family following. As lawyer Lou Diamond recalls, he was just sitting down at his regular Friday table some years ago. The room was abuzz; it was the week the press was covering congressional hearings that focused on the murderous legend of Greg Scarpa. A hapless former attorney had testified about his client's cool, how he would wine and dine a guy and then shoot him before dessert. Suddenly Scarpa strolled into the room, spotted his new lawyer, Diamond, and called out: "Lou, come sit with us."

"I said, 'Only if I can leave before dessert,' " Diamond tells it. "It was quieter than in that ad for E. F. Hutton. Guys sat there with spaghetti hanging outta their mouths. Dino, the guitarist, was playing the theme from *The Godfather.* He stopped in the middle of a chord. [Owner] Joe Ponte was sweating. Total silence. The cords stood out in Greg's throat. And then he laughed. And everyone laughed."

That era's gone, says manager Timothy Gaglio, who came from Coco Pazzo and mad.61 with maître d' Carlo Mariani to push the old place into the nineties. "A lot of the old customers aren't going out for meals these days." And those who do are stunned by the newfangled ways at **F. illi Ponte** (the Sicilian way of indicating sons and daughters), as it says on the awning and the expensive napkins from Frette of Milan. What would Greg Scarpa make of seafood ravioli, the venerable Dino banished for a piano bar, licorice jelly beans for the taking in the antique coffee dispenser near the exit, and, *caro Dio,* tirami su?

Once, there was a solid, windowless wall on the West Street side, no hint of the river. Now we sit on sedate brocade chairs, gazing out at a magical illuminated New Jersey through giant windows, eating too much bread, especially the rich semolina, stunned as the busboy keeps replacing the giveaway plate of salami, olives, and Parmesan chunks as fast as we sweep it clean. The walls have been stripped to the brick, the floors paved with handsome imported marble, the beams bared and some split for windowsills.

There are dozens of floorwalkers here, now and then even a Ponte (they run a paper-recycling business by day and own a lot of this Zip Code). Some of the old-timers have to be persuaded to order something more adventurous than a Pinot Grigio. If they insist on clams oreganata and won't take smoked swordfish instead, out come the clams. And the food can be surprisingly good. It's easy to overindulge before you even order, especially when Mariani moves through the room, dispensing spectacular *caponattina*—the Sicilian word for caponata—that tangy mix of eggplant, peppers, and olives.

Given a kitchen capable of wonderful grilled baby octopus with arugula on toasted country bread (a starter) and first-rate spinach-and-ricotta ravioli with minced peppers and eggplant, I wish the fried-calamari appetizer were crisper and better-seasoned, the spaghetti with lobster less watery, the baby chicken not overcooked. But luscious lobster-and-asparagus risotto, linguine with clams, pappardelle with bits of rabbit, and a mammoth rib steak cooked to perfection seem to more than make up for the flubs. With the luxury of that view and the freewheeling largesse, it's only slightly annoying to discover that somehow, we've still managed to spend $150 to feed two (although we did it for $100 on an earlier, more abstemious outing).

Forget the cheesecake; it's a wedge of glue. Go for sorbets, rich chocolate cake, or sensational poached pears in a wine sauce that strikes a balance between tart and sweet. If you stop at the lounge, where a fine pianist is backed by a bass and a sax (Wednesday through Saturday), you may linger—on down cushions—with a shot of grappa and a cigar from the fancy humidor. Descending the stairs on the way out, turn right for a handful of M&M's or Good and Plenty for the road.

Lincoln Town Cars are double-parked and the dining room is busy at lunch—lots of Wall Street bigwigs, the manager reports, drinking expensive wines—"We order the $80 and $90 Brunellos every week." Long ago, this was a cheap longshoremen's hotel, and the original bar has been refinished and moved to the café in what was an old Ponte's storeroom, with its own modest menu (items $10 to $19). We have pizza in mind, settling on my favorite, the focaccia split and filled with robbiola cheese, then drizzled with truffle oil—a borrow from Pino Luongo. "We learned *a lot* from Pino," says Mariani, passing our way with the *caponattina* bowl. There are plans to break through a wall upstairs to create a wine "cellar" and a private dining room. They've got the *Wine Spectator*'s Excellence Award on their minds. They show off the antiques, the grandfather clock that will be fixed one day soon, the free valet parking. "You could leave money in the car; no one would take it," Mariani boasts.

Ponte's, 39 Desbrosses Street, near the West Side Highway (226-4621). Lunch, Monday through Friday, 11:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.; dinner, Monday through Thursday, 5:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m., Friday and Saturday till 11:30 p.m. A.E., D.C., M.C., V. ■

Photograph by Steven Freeman

LEONORE FLEISCHER **FEBRUARY 20, 1995**

SALES & BARGAINS

If you want *to go to Chelsea: pre-Victorian antiques, vintage fabrics, and designer eyewear.*

Abbey Road

THE LIGHTING DEPARTMENT OF THIS large home center is holding a sale on lamps by famous makers. Prices quoted below are for lamps without shades (except where noted): Biedermeier-look lamps by Robert Abbey for floor and table, were $140–$279, now $85–$165; Robert Abbey *faux*-gold with black base torchère, including opaque-glass shade, was $250, now $150; Robert Abbey *faux*-gold or black Arts and Crafts–look torchère with glass shade, was $200, now $130; Norman Perry Etruscan-style table lamp, was $450, now $295; Bradburn ceramic-ginger-jar table lamp, was $415, now $295; Stiffel solid-brass lamps (all prices include shades) such as antique-finish brass ceiling fixture with large opaque-glass hanging bowl shade, was $1,059, now $600; Stiffel three-light floor lamp, was $540, now $375; Stiffel brass-and-ceramic table lamp, was $350, now $185; Tre Ce Luce modern Italian ceiling fixture, was $359, now $240; Norman Perry verdigris-finish chandelier, was $1,129, now $740. A.E., D.C., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; free delivery. *Gracious Home, 1220 Third Ave., at 70th St. (517-6300); Mon.–Fri. 8 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m.–7 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 3/7.*

See Change

THIS EYEWEAR BOUTIQUE, WHICH ALWAYS discounts its famous-maker frames, is now having a sale. Guess lightweight zyl-plastic spring-hinge frames, were $65 here, now $45; famous Italian designer's best-selling metal frames, were $180 here, now $130; Safilo men's lightweight spring-hinge metal frames, were $110 here, now $80; Geoffrey Beene plastic tortoise frames, were $80 here, now $55; Esprit thin lightweight metal spring-hinge frames, were $95 here, now $70; Laura Biagiotti metal and enamel women's frames, were $85 here, now $50; Safilo men's titanium double-bridge spring-hinge frames, were $170 here, now $145. Also, thin lightweight polycarbonate safety and sports lenses, were $85–$250, now $55–$130; and No-line bifocal lenses, were $160–$400, now $120–$250. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Chelsee Eyes, Inc., 20 W. 20th St., Suite 804 (242-4823); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–4 p.m., evenings and Sats. by appointment; 2/15–3/15.*

Victorian Secret

EVERYTHING IN THIS ECLECTIC COLLECTION of antique and vintage pieces, pre-Victorian to the 1950s, is at least 20 percent off. Tapestry wing chair and matching ottoman, was $1,295 for both, now $795; Art Deco dining table with heavily lacquered black top, was $3,000, now $2,250; mirrors, were $145–$900, now $75–$665; vintage and contemporary fabrics such as toiles, damasks, and chintzes, were $28–$185 per yard, now $8–$65, such as a 6-yd. piece of crewel-embroidered wool, was $300, now $225. M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; everything sold as is; delivery arranged at additional cost. *The Chris Ellis Collection, the Chelsea Antiques Building, 110 W. 25th St., twelfth floor (647-1700); Mon.–Sun. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Photo Finish

PICTURE FRAMES OF EVERY SIZE, MATERIAL, and type are on sale here for one week only. There's also a special group of one-of-a-kind manufacturer's closeouts and floor samples, now up to 70 percent off. For example (all measurements are for picture sizes, not outer frame sizes): 2-in.-by-3-in. and 3-in.-by-4-in. pewter frames, were $95, now $47; 5-in.-by-7-in. Italian sterling-silver frames, were $150, now $70; 8-in.-by-10-in. inlaid-wood frames, were $98, now $34; 4-in.-by-6-in. and 5-in.-by-7-in. Italian inlaid-wood frames, were $40, now $32; 8-in.-by-10-in. leather or lizard-skin frames, were $98, now $29; reproductions of antique sterling-silver frames, were $100, now $78; mini–sterling-silver frames with marcasite or enamel, were $175, now $105; large photo albums, were $60, now $48; photo boxes, were $24, now $10; 16-in.-by-20-in. collaged frames, were $135, now $85; 4-in.-by-6-in. photo albums, were $40, now $25. M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final. *Framed on Madison, 740 Madison Ave., near 64th St. (734-4680); Mon.–Sun. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 2/19.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions for "Sales & Bargains" to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale.*

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MISSONI, Dble. Br., Navy/Gray, Merino Wool
Was 1495. Now 595.
PRINCIPE, Merino Wool Black Tuxedo
Was 1095. Now 375.
INGHIRAMI, Merino Wool or
100% Cashmere Jacket
Was 595.-1250. Now 275.-495.
ZANELLA, Merino Wool or Super 100 Pants
Was 295. Now 125.
PRINCIPE, Super 100, Merino Wool Suits
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(Continued from page 48)

write, and you won't be hindered by your appearance. But then, it's a two-way infohighway in that respect: That 18-year-old babe might actually be a 45-year-old man in the throes of a midlife identity crisis. Close encounters with cyberpartners take place every other Monday at the stylish Art Bar (52 Eighth Avenue, near Horatio Street).

DOWNSIDE: The chance that you may be interfacing with a member of your high-school's AV club. Unbidden messages can choke your E-mail.

The Bar at the Sign of the Dove

WHEN AND WHERE: Wednesdays and Thursdays after 10 P.M. for intraborough love connections; weekend nights for the outer-borough contingent. 1110 Third Avenue, at 65th Street; 861-8080.

WHO: Hugging the bar are cuff-linked gentlemen in Italian suits and ladies with furs in the coat check. Age range is 35 to 55.

THE DAMAGES: At $8.50, the "green eye-opener" (vodka, triple sec, orange juice, and blue curaçao) is the specialty of the house. Show off by ordering a bottle of Veuve Cliquot ($60). The bar menu offers such upscale fare as "Portobella" mushroom quesadillas ($8 each)—a welcome reprieve from the usual Buffalo wings and fried calamari.

UPSIDE: A live jazz trio is kind to the ears; soft lighting is kind to the face.

DOWNSIDE: The weddings invariably going on upstairs could depress you.

OVERHEARD: A regular customer to the maître d': "Who here's got money tonight?"

Suds Cafe Laundromat

WHEN AND WHERE: Saturdays and Sundays, 4 P.M. to 10 P.M. 141 West 10th Street; 741-2366.

WHO: Heteros and gays, ages 20 to 30, wearing jeans and Army-Navy surplus. With all the low-key flirting that goes on here, it's like that Lee Jeans Laundromat commercial come to life.

THE DAMAGES: $1.50 per load in the washer, 25 cents for nine minutes in the dryer.

UPSIDE: There's a nineteen-inch TV, a Pac-Man video game, and a coffee bar with cappuccino ($1.75) and muffins ($1). Weather permitting, everybody mingles in the backyard while the machines are sloshing away.

DOWNSIDE: It's a laundry.

Don Hill's

WHEN AND WHERE: Thursdays after 11 P.M. 511 Greenwich Street, at Spring Street; 219-2850.

WHO: Tom Jones, Sofia Coppola, Zoe Cassavetes, 20- to 30-year-old B-models and stylists in plastic skirts, mohair coats, and moon boots. Lots of hip-hoppers in shredded denim jeans and stocking caps.

THE DAMAGES: $10 admission. Domestic beers are $4; Absolut and cranberry, $6.

UPSIDE: Dim lighting and dancing in the old Canal Bar space make for a certain immediate intimacy; you never know whom you're going to be pushed into.

OVERHEARD: A Long Island twentysomething assessing a gyrating blonde across the room: "There's white trash here." A downtown homeboy, nearby, glancing over at the twentysomething and her gang: "There's Long Island in the house."

The Hampton Jitney

WHEN AND WHERE: Fridays after 5 P.M. and Saturday mornings in July and August. Most people get on at 41st Street between Lexington and Third Avenues; call 1-800-936-0440 to reserve a seat.

WHO: 20- to 50-year-old residents and visitors to the East End. The women dress in romantic, flowery dresses. The men, wearing khaki pants and oxfords, carry cellulars even as they prepare to morph into country squires who buy their corn at the Green Thumb vegetable emporium in Water Mill.

THE DAMAGES: $20 one-way; $36 round-trip.

UPSIDE: People tend to take the same jitney week after week; figuring out your new love interest's schedule is half the game. Once aboard, you'll have a country-home-owning captive audience for hours (depending on the traffic)—plenty of time to debate the merits of the Barefoot Contessa's lobster salad.

DOWNSIDE: *You* can be the captive audience of some tiresome Hamptons tagalong who wants to infiltrate your cocktail-party circuit.

Jury Duty

WHERE: The selection room at 60 Centre Street, the New York State Supreme Courthouse.

WHO: Everyone from lowlifes who could frankly use the $15 per diem pay to professionals who somehow found themselves unable to evade county clerk Norman Goodman's net.

UPSIDE: For two weeks, you're tossed together with urbanites from vastly different social circles, and this can result in unlikely pairings. Lunch breaks make for nonthreatening first dates.

DOWNSIDE: It can be like *No Exit,* and the benches are murder. ■

SALES & BARGAINS

Shake Your Booties

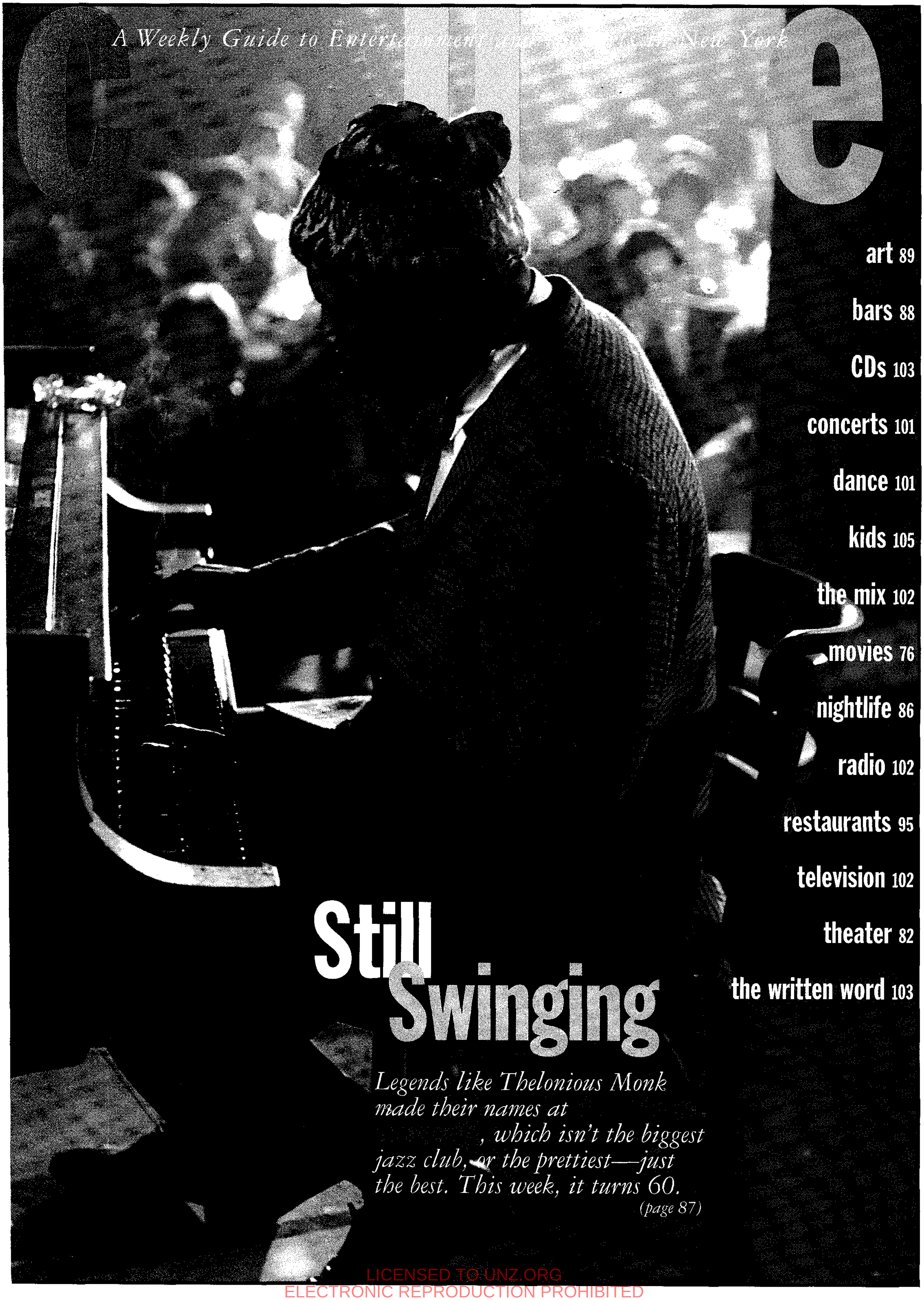
MOST OF THE MEN'S AND WOMEN'S SHOES at this store are made in Italy and sell for below retail. Men's shoes and ankle boots, sizes 7–13M, retail $135–$175, $85 and $95 here. Women's shoes, sizes 5–11M, $120–$275 retail, now 30–40 percent off. Leather bags imported from Italy are also low-priced, such as a pouch/backpack, was $323 here, now $250; quilted patent-leather drawstring with handles and chain strap, was $345 here, now $265. All prices here include sales tax; A.E., ATM, Disc., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final. *Union Square Shoe Warehouse, Inc., 23 E. 17th St. (645-1190); Mon.–Sat. 11 a.m.–6:30 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Au Bon Pan

THIS BUSY NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSEWARES store sells for below retail. Oneida stainless-steel flatware with colored plastic handles: retail $50 for a twenty-piece service set for four, here $39.99; five-piece completer set, retail $25, here $19.99. Le Creuset cookware: $6\frac{1}{2}$-qt. oval Dutch oven, retail $200, here $129.99; $5\frac{1}{2}$-qt. round Dutch oven, retail $180, here $119.99 ; $1\frac{1}{2}$-qt. wood-handled saucepan or a rectangular baker, retail $100, here $49.99; 8-in. skillet, retail $50, here $24.99. Cuisinart commercial cookware from France, including a 2-qt. covered saucepan, $3\frac{1}{2}$-qt. covered sauté pan, and 7-qt. covered stockpot, retail $105, $147, and $168 respectively, here $69.30, $97, and $110.88. A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final. *S. Feldman Housewares, Inc., 1304 Madison Ave., near 93rd St. (289-7367); Mon.–Sat. 9 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 3/11.*

Tog Wild

THIS FACTORY MAKES FASHION-FORWARD clothing for children in infant sizes up to size 14 (plus some things for adults). Now it's selling new spring merchandise at factory prices: cotton/Lycra patterned bike pants, retail $22–$28, here $9; cotton/Lycra tank tops, retail $18–$22, here $12; cotton/Lycra tennis shorts, retail $30–$32, here $15; cotton baby tees, retail $30, here $13; silk-screened tees, retail $16–$18, here $9; boys' swim trunks, retail $26, here $8; girls' bathing suits, retail $28–$60, here $14–$30; stretch-jersey dresses, retail $68–$80, here $35–$40; two-piece stretch-jersey pants sets, retail $100, here $50. Cash only; all sales final. *Les Tout Petits, 600 Grand Ave., Ridgefield, N.J. (201-941-8675); call for directions; Wed. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Thurs. and Fri. 10 a.m.–4 p.m.; 2/15–2/17.* ■



A Weekly Guide to Entertainment [illegible] New York

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Still Swinging

Legends like Thelonious Monk made their names at , which isn't the biggest jazz club, or the prettiest—just the best. This week, it turns 60.

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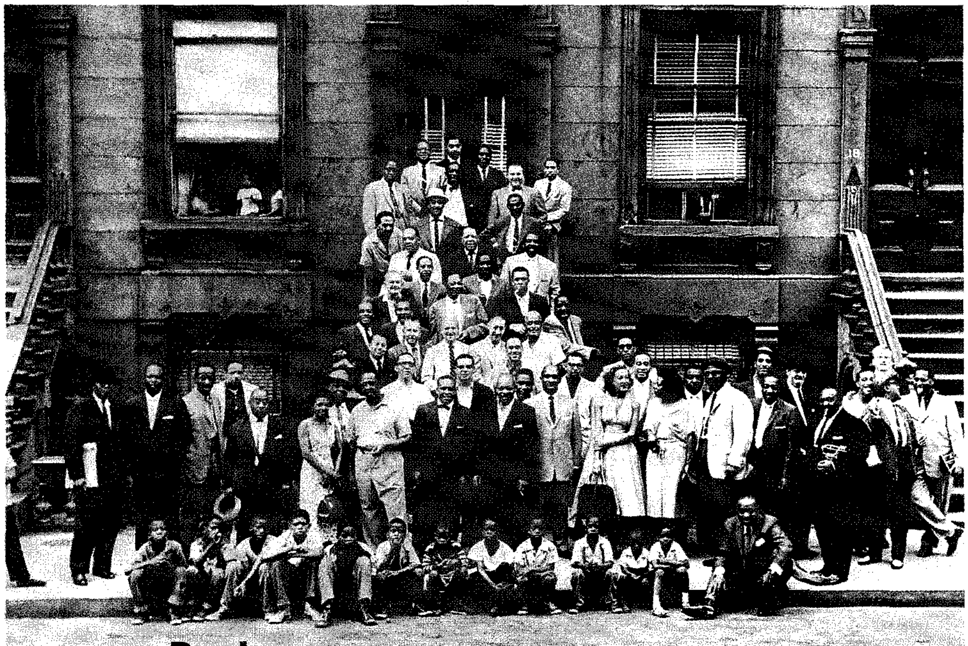
movies

Newman Hustles...TV Movies



Preview

Jazz on a Summer's Day

In the summer of 1958, *Esquire* brought together most of the notable jazz musicians around, including Thelonious Monk, Sonny Rollins, and Count Basie—many of whom played the Village Vanguard (see page 87)—for this family portrait. Almost four decades later, the amiable documentary *A Great Day in Harlem* (opening February 17) looks back on that memorable day, and in the process evokes the spirit of the era.

New Films

Bad Company—Ellen Barkin and Laurence Fishburne star in this movie about CIA agents, rogue CIA agents, and ex–CIA agents. Written by Ross Thomas and directed by someone named Damian Harris, it's the kind of naïvely sinister movie in which the sleek and vicious characters come very close to one another and say quietly and with great distinctness, "You're going to feel more pain than you ever have in your life." It remains to be said, however, that Spaulding Gray, too mischievous to go straight, plays a wealthy corporate head as a neurasthenic whiner in pajamas who needs a good slap across the kisser now and then. Some of the other people on the set should have been treated the same way. (Denby; 2/13/95) (1 hr. 48 min.; R) *Village East; 23rd St. West Triplex Embassy II–IV; Sutton; 86th St. East; Columbus Circle.*

★**Before Sunrise**—A young American, Jesse (Ethan Hawke), and a French student, Céline (Julie Delpy), meet on a train and spend a night in Vienna talking about the droopy subjects—parents, boredom, love affairs, death—that self-serious young people always talk about. Charming and often funny and sweet, this meeting of privileged soul mates, directed and written (with Kim Krizan) by Richard Linklater, has a grave delicacy, evoking Eric Rohmer at times, but with a softer, warmer American hopefulness. Hawke has a soft touch of mustache and beard, like a suburban Galahad, and Delpy, pale and slender with golden hair, has the atavistic beauty of a princess in a tower. They are lovely together. Their characters haven't been pulled into careers yet; they don't have political passions or even a strong sense of rebellion, and they know that they are faintly comical. The movie suggests that even if you have nothing to rebel against, it's still hard to become a human being and not (the eternal worry of intelligent youth) part of the machine. Hence the soulfulness, untested by experience—soulfulness that, in this case, is a form of grace. (Denby; 2/6/95) (1 hr. 40 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; First and 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...*A ★ denotes a current release that* New York recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...*Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.*

Billy Madison—Though Adam Sandler's strangely amusing song in *Mixed Nuts* didn't gain much attention before the movie disappeared, he has another chance to leave his mark on the big screen with this vehicle. Here he plays a spoiled rich kid who must go back to school and complete all the work from first to twelfth grade in six weeks in order to gain his inheritance and win the respect of his father (which is the sort of thing that people who are gaining an inheritance have the time to be concerned about). Directed by Tamra Davis. (1 hr. 28 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; Chelsea; National Twin; First and 62nd St. Cinema; 86th St.; New Coliseum; 62nd and Broadway.*

Boys Life—A compilation of three short films about young men coming to terms with their sexual orientation, *Boys Life* is well made, well acted, funny, and happily free of the angst that usually typifies the portrayal of gays in movies. All are notable first and foremost as promising and entertaining debuts, rather than for any strides they may make in advancing onscreen portrayals of gays. That's just a bonus. (1 hr. 30 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Boys on the Side—Yet another movie in which two women *don't* have a lesbian relationship. This one centers on a group of friends taking a car trip across the country, talking, joking, bonding, and laughing (but not loving). With Whoopi Goldberg, Mary-Louise Parker, and Drew Barrymore. Directed by Herbert Ross. (1 hr. 55 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Murray Hill Cinema; 19th St. East; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

The Brady Bunch—The squeaky-clean clan—groovy clothes and wholesome attitude intact—is dropped smack-dab in the Los Angeles suburbs of the present. You don't want to like it, you don't need to see it, and yet you can sing the opening song of this flick without batting an eye. Isn't the grave-robbing of our ironically hip past out of hand? But if it's funny, won't you want to go? With Shelley Long as Mom. Directed by Betty Thomas. (1 hr. 29 min.; PG-13) *Embassy 1; UA East.*

Bullets Over Broadway—Some of this beautiful-looking twenties comedy is very funny: Dianne Wiest gives a classic performance as the boozy, aging Broadway diva Helen Sinclair; but it's not a satisfying movie. John Cusack, the nominal hero—an eager young playwright with a tin ear—is a sellout. Why care about this guy? What's fatally missing from the movie is any love for the way of life being mocked. There's too much contempt—contempt joined strangely with self-exculpation. If we believe what Allen's saying, any kind of stupid behavior can be justified as necessary in the service of art. What can't be justified, however—not even by Woody's sleight of hand—is bad art. With Chazz Palminteri and Tracey Ullman. Cinematography by Carlo Di Palma. (Denby; 10/17/94) (1 hr. 39 min.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; Cinema 3.*

Clerks—In Kevin Smith and Scott Mosier's defiantly and at times hilariously low-rent Jersey comedy, two hyperarticulate guys waste their days at a convenience store. The guys are guys and nothing but guys. They play roller hockey and curse a lot, and they talk coarsely of women, whom they nevertheless desperately need. A series of blackout comedy sketches shot mainly from the customer's point of view, *Clerks* is naggingly funny, a kind of talented-slacker demo tape. What comes next? (Denby; 11/7/94) (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Death and the Maiden—In Roman Polanski's adaptation of Ariel Dorfman's international theatrical success, Ben Kingsley gives a brilliant performance as a Latin American doctor who may be hiding his past as a torturer for a brutal military regime. Kingsley cloaks himself in conventional locutions and good-guy body language; all his character wants is not to be drawn out of his sheath of mediocrity. The person drawing him out is Sigourney Weaver, who plays a former victim of torture into whose hands he has fallen. Now that she has the upper hand, will she become a torturer herself? The material, with its drama of sadistic and

Photograph by Art Kane.

ethical instincts at war, its undertone of erotic loathing, is right up Polanski's alley, and he makes their intimacy fearfully exciting and unclean. Weaver's performance, though, is misconceived: She is physically powerful but flat and unconvincing. (Denby; 1/9/95) (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Village Theatre VII; Paris Theatre.*

★**Disclosure**—This intelligent and entertaining thriller is not really about sexual harassment: Director Barry Levinson and screenwriter Paul Attanasio have reshaped Michael Crichton's material into a fascinating movie about the paradoxes of modern paranoia. Tom Sanders (Michael Douglas)—an ace electronics engineer—loses the promotion he had hoped for to an old girlfriend (Demi Moore). The day she's promoted, Meredith improbably jumps Tom in her office, and when he pulls away, she accuses him of harassing her. What's going on—lust or calculation? What the movie promises, it delivers: narrative speed and tension, teasing ambiguity, a complexly enfolding structure of hints and appearances with as many corners and levels as an M. C. Escher drawing. With Donald Sutherland and Dennis Miller. (2 hrs.; R) *Criterion Center; New York Twin.*

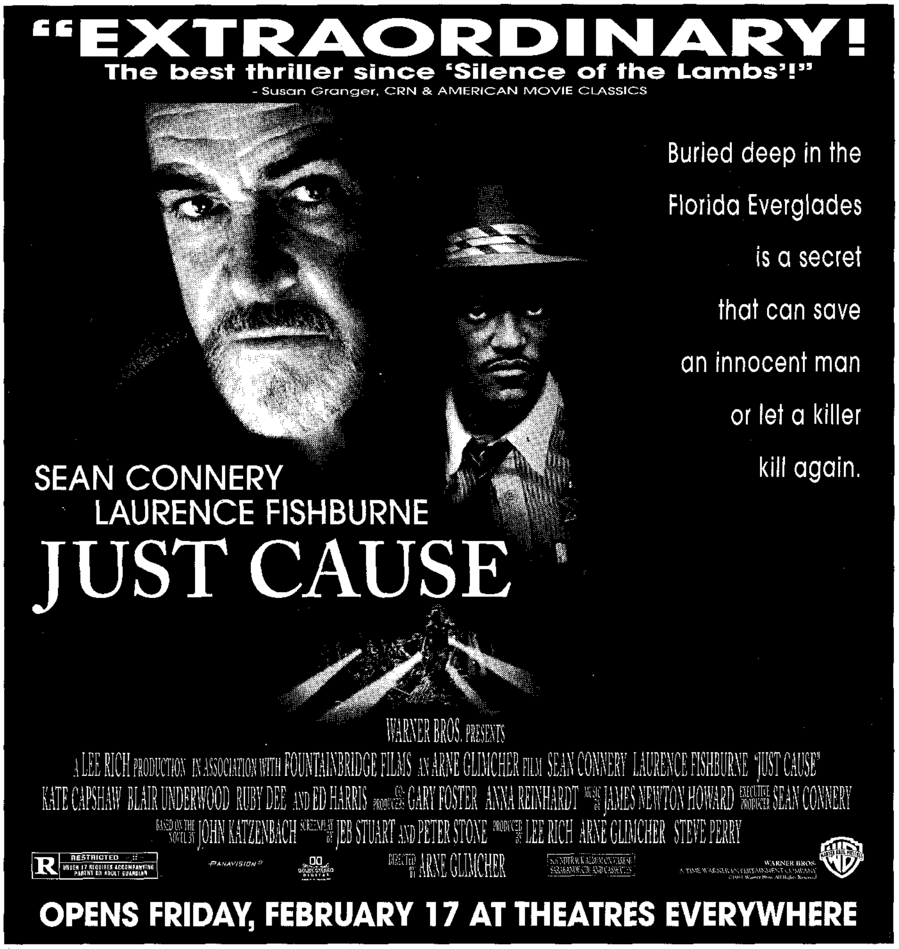
Dumb and Dumber—A crude, wallowing-in-the-mud, occasionally very funny comedy about two men who don't have a clue. Nothing works for these guys (Jim Carrey and Jeff Daniels). Unlike that other ninny, Forrest Gump, they don't receive love or respect; when they lose, they really *lose*, and they fall all the way into humiliation. With his chipped front tooth, monk's bangs, and sizable jug ears, Carrey bears some resemblance to Moe, the great slobbo of the Three Stooges. Spazzing around the sets, he may also remind you of the young, many-elbowed Jerry Lewis. But Carrey has a physical volatility that is all his own. (Denby; 1/16/95) (1 hr. 47 min.; PG-13) *Village East; Criterion Center; 59th Street East; Orpheum; Olympia Cinemas.*

A Great Day in Harlem—An amiable if unremarkable documentary about an *Esquire* photo shoot in the summer of 1958 that gathered together every notable jazz figure in sight. The historic photograph that resulted has seemed like a miracle—how else to explain one picture that groups together Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie, Charles Mingus, Thelonious Monk, Sonny Rollins, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, and many, many others? This film explains how it all occurred. While it doesn't answer some basic questions (where were some of the missing giants that day, and why didn't they make it?), or conduct terribly insightful interviews, or even *look* very good, it does boast rare performance clips and snatches of marvelous music. And the sheer wealth of talent identified in the photo is simply overwhelming. A pleasant little riff for jazz aficionados. (1 hr.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Heavenly Creatures—Based on the true story of the Parker-Hulme affair, this is the story of two girls who meet in New Zealand and develop an intense friendship that goes dangerously awry. Written and directed by Peter Jackson, it's an exceptionally ambitious movie that takes wild visual leaps when delving into the imaginations of the two girls and succeeds almost every time. It captures the vivid unreality of their insular and ultimately murderous world. One of the best-reviewed movies of the year, with stand-out performances by Melanie Lynskey and Kate Winslet as the girls. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Heavyweights—Fitness guru Ben Stiller arrives at a summer camp determined to whip into shape the chubby misfits. After a few weeks of what seems like starvation dieting and one too many pushups, the kids decide they like to be different and fight back. It's a Disney film from the people who brought you *The Mighty Ducks,* so lessons will be learned—even if they're not particularly original or interesting. (1 hr. 38 min.; PG) *Village East; 19th St. East; Embassy 2-4; Sutton; 86th St. East.*

Higher Learning—Director John Singleton overreaches again in this messy, overweening, poorly shot movie. He tries to take a look at life on college campuses and, effectively, in America. In one scene alone, Singleton manages to raise the issues of homosexuality, lesbianism, bisexuality, gay-bashing, cultural diversity, racial tension, skinheads, violence, murder, and police brutality. That must be some sort of record, but it's hardly worth the effort. Anyone who feels cheated by his quick artistic decline ("I've been had!"), can console themselves



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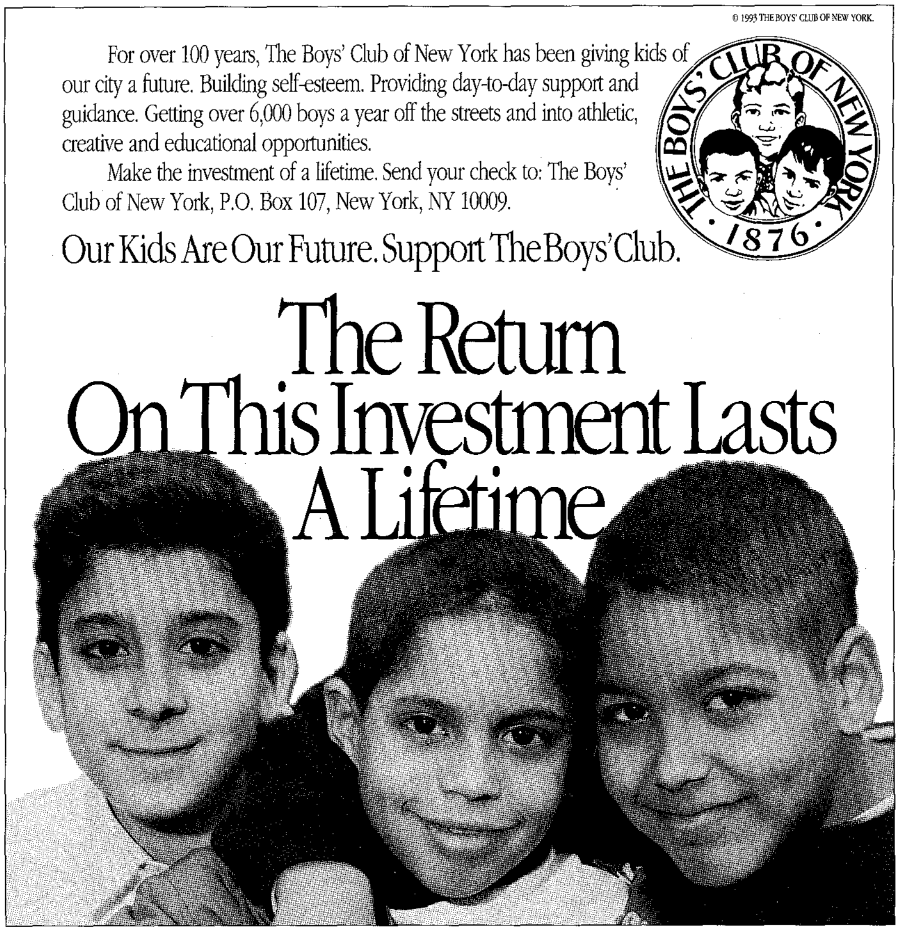

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with the prospect of *Dead Presidents,* coming this summer from Allen and Albert Hughes. (2 hrs. 7 min.; R) *Essex; Movieland 8th St.; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th St. Six.*

Highlander—The Final Dimension—In what's billed as the final chapter and "a direct sequel to the first *Highlander*" (in other words, just put *Highlander II: The Quickening* out of your mind), Connor MacLeod (Christopher Lambert) faces down Kane, the Master of Illusion (Mario Van Peebles). Directed by Andy Morahan. (1 hr. 34 min.; PG-13) *23rd St. West Triplex; Embassy 2–4; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; Nova; Olympia Cinema.*

★**Hoop Dreams**—An extraordinarily detailed and emotionally satisfying piece of work about American inner-city life, American hopes, American defeat. Two African-American teenagers stand at the center of this documentary, two boys who both want to be NBA players. That is their only desire. They have no fallback position, no middle ground, nothing else they would settle for. The movie follows them through the ups and downs of their high-school years and then into college, and much of it takes place off the courts, among coaches, parents, and friends who apply an annihilating pressure on the young men to succeed. Though graced by much sweet struggle and several euphoric moments, *Hoop Dreams* is nevertheless tragic in its implications. America is interested in making these boys into stars but not into men. (Denby; 10/24/94) (2 hrs. 51 min.; NR) *Quad Cinemas; Chelsea Cinema; Baronet/Coronet; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Immortal Beloved—No movie about Beethoven—or Homer or Michelangelo or Shakespeare—is likely to be anything less than kitsch, since the genius's work is sure to outclass whatever interpretive context the filmmaker can provide for it. Some subjects really should be left alone. Having said that, it should also be added that this movie (written and directed by Bernard Rose) is nothing like such florid miseries as *Song Without End* (the life of Liszt). Parts of it are stirring, even moving, and Gary Oldman is a fiery, sullen Beethoven. This is kitsch of a high order. (Denby; 1/9/95) (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; First and 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

In the Mouth of Madness—"Forget about Stephen King" is one of the recurring jokes in this movie about a mysterious author whose books are even more successful—both in sales and in their effect on readers. King just gives them sleepless nights, but *this* missing writer has written a novel that wreaks havoc on the lives of everyone who reads it. Sam Neill is the insurance investigator who has to track the author down. Directed by John Carpenter, currently at work on a remake of *Village of the Damned* starring Christopher Reeve. (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; Murray Hill Cinema; 19th St. East; Astor Plaza; Crown Gotham; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; 84th St. Six; New Coliseum; Nova.*

The Jerky Boys—Hey, liver lips. Yeah, you, jerky. Watch this movie and you'll catch the feature debut of John G. Brennan and Kamal Ahmed, two guys who turned obnoxious prank phone calls into a cottage industry. Shut up; I'm talking. Their two albums contain a handful of truly funny moments, sure, but can they be funny when they're *not* placing prank phone calls? And can they act? I just hope they're putting some of their paychecks in the bank, you hear what I'm saying, jerky? (1 hr. 22 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy I; 86th St. East; 84th St. Six; New Coliseum.*

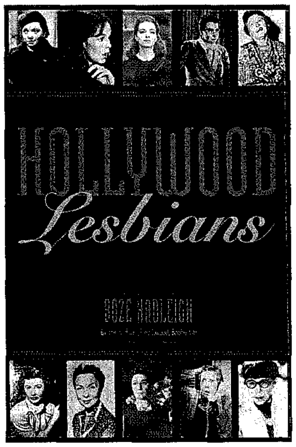
Just Cause—Director Arne Glimcher follows his unembarrassing but unsuccessful debut *The Mambo Kings* with this thriller starring Sean Connery, Laurence Fishburne, and Ed Harris. It's being marketed as an identical twin to *The Silence of the Lambs,* which is probably more or less than it deserves, depending on whether you made the film or plan to watch it. (2 hrs.; R) *Criterion Center; Gemini Twin.*

★**The Last Seduction**—The new neo-*noir* thriller directed by the talented John Dahl (*Red Rock West*) moves with the devastating energy of its viciously inventive dark lady—a lying, cheating tramp named Bridget Gregory, played by the amusingly tough Linda Fiorentino. Before it goes sour at the end, most of this little movie is fast and exhilarating—not radical in form like *Pulp Fiction* but erotically ravenous, exceptionally witty, and impressively knowledgeable about all the dirty deals and low maneuvers that keep a corrupt world going. (Denby; 10/31/94) (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Sutton.*

In Print

Boys on the Side

Any author who sets out to get at the truth in a Hollywood story has his work cut out for him, but Boze Hadleigh has elected to pursue a mission even more challenging than most. He has made a career out of documenting the history of prominent gay, lesbian, and bisexual figures in an industry that to this day prefers its non-hetero stars to stay in the closet. His latest book is *Hollywood Lesbians* (Barricade Books, $21.95), a collection of interviews with such lesbian and bisexual stars as Sandy Dennis, Barbara Stanwyck, Dame Judith Anderson, and Nancy Kulp (that's right—Miss Jane Hathaway of *The Beverly Hillbillies* never *really* had a crush on Jethro). His subjects' reactions to his questions are as wide-ranging as the eras they were raised in. "Sandy Dennis was a friend, so that was fun," Hadleigh says. "Nancy Kulp had a lot of humor. The way she put it was very smart. She did admit she was a lesbian, but in a roundabout way and without using the word." Others weren't quite so forthcoming, especially a frosty Barbara Stanwyck. "She was unwilling and hostile, and within two minutes of entering her home in Bel Air, I felt like, 'Well, why did she even agree to this?' " Others were significantly more open. Comic Patsy Kelly, for instance, blithely announced, "Yeah, I'm a dyke. So what? Big deal!"



MICHAEL GILTZ

Legends of the Fall—Edward Zwick of *Glory* directs this very old-fashioned tale from a Jim Harrison novella. It tells the story of three brothers—Brad Pitt, Aidan Quinn, and Henry Thomas—who all fall in love with the same woman (Julia Ormond, which makes it understandable). Their passion is played out against the backdrop of World War I and a towering, daunting father (Anthony Hopkins) who fights against conformity and embraces nature. The sort of movie where decades pass and everyone looks virtually the same; it's marked the box-office coming-of-age for Pitt. (2 hrs. 13 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea Cinema; 34th St. East; Movieplex 42; Ziegfeld; Beekman; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Little Women—Filled with generosity and high ethical and feminist sentiment, this latest adaptation of Louisa May Alcott's classic novel is about a mother and four daughters surviving in hard times; it's about the endurance of goodness; and it's so beautiful that one wishes it were more interesting. If only the longings of the March family were shaded by darker impulses; if only the feminist consciousness of the mother (Susan Sarandon) were sullied by doubt or error; if only the men (including Christian Bale and Gabriel Byrne) weren't always so gentleman-ly. It's a lovely movie, but also a complacent one. But Gillian Armstrong cast the right actresses, especially Winona Ryder as the ardent and ambitious heroine, Jo. With Trini Alvarado, Samantha Mathis, Christina Ricci, Eric Stoltz, and Claire Danes. (Denby; 1/9/95) (1 hr. 50 min.; PG.) *Chelsea; 34th St. Showplace; Manhattan Twin; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Madness of King George**—This marvelous movie, a full-scale historical re-creation based on Alan Bennett's play, is about the very human George III—the George of schoolboy jokes, the one who reigned for 60 years, taxed the colonies so unpleasantly, and occasionally went out of his head. Nigel Hawthorne renders the king as a virile, fiftyish sport with a bullying voice, a frantic gait, and sudden, convulsive movements. As George drifts off into madness, director Nicholas Hytner's movie moves off in two directions at once—outdoors, to the lawns and heaths around the royal castles, where George rages like a Lear beset by sunshine instead of storms; and indoors, into a greater physical intimacy with the king, whose fits and starts and digestive turmoils are subjected to the high quackery of the royal physicians. The flesh is tormented, the spirit harrowed, and something like poetry takes over. (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; 19th St. East; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Plaza.*

A Man of No Importance—Albert Finney stars as a bus company employee in a small town who stages theatrical productions and has a crush on the handsome driver he works with. He seems too old to deal with the feelings he has, and his attempts to meet someone in a bar prove quite unsuccessful—though not as disastrous as his staging of Oscar Wilde's scandalous *Salomé.* With Brenda Fricker. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza.*

Martha and Ethel—A documentary by Jyll Johnstone and Barbara Ettinger about the nannies Martha and Ethel. Though employees, nannies become intimate members of the families they work for; this film uses extensive interviews and archival footage to show the impact these two had on the children for whom they served as surrogate mothers, friends, and disciplinarians—not to mention how they dealt with the parents they were asked to displace. (1 hr. 20 min.; G) *Quad Cinema.*

Miami Rhapsody—Writer-director David Frankel, who's worked extensively in television, has delivered a flagrant copy of mid-period Woody Allen, but that's the least of what's wrong with it. Imitativeness is a pardonable fault in a new director. A more pressing difficulty is that the picture isn't very good. Gwyn (Sarah Jessica Parker) has a cute boyfriend (Gil Bellows) who wants to marry her. But everyone in Gwyn's family—her mother, father, sister, brother—is cheating, and Gwyn is too dismayed by all these infidelities to get hitched. Parker makes self-deprecating remarks and such jokes as "It's a good rule of thumb never to be older than your gynecologist." She delivers her lines clearly and with a comic's emphasis, but the jokes just pop out as if they had nothing to do with her. They sound like . . . lines. One thing happens and then another, and none of it matters emotionally, so the petty narcissism grows rancid and trivial. The next time out, Frankel needs to move toward realism—or all the way into farce. At the moment, he's still in television. With Kevin Pollak, who seems like a lesser Ray Sharkey; Paul Mazursky, who adds some heavyset melancholy as Gwyn's father; Mia Farrow, who may be present to take the sting out of the charge of Woody imitation by this sheepish acknowledgement of it; and Antonio Banderas, the only grown-up among them—and he isn't even photographed well. (Denby; 2/13/95) (1 hr. 35 min.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th St. East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave; Lincoln Square.*

Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle—A droll look at Dorothy Parker and her morose, but mordantly funny, life. With Jennifer Jason Leigh, Campbell Scott, and Matthew Broderick. Directed by Alan Rudolph. (2 hrs. 5 min.; R) *Plaza.*

Murder in the First—The final days of Alcatraz are illustrated in this true story about Henri Young (Kevin Bacon), an inmate whose lawyer (Christian Slater) brings to light the degrading living conditions of the prisoners living under a brutal prison warden (Gary Oldman). While director Marc Rocco's *Where the Day Takes You* was muddied, this is merely obvious, with unsurprising performances and a sanctimonious air throughout. (2 hrs. 2 min.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; 34th St. Showplace; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th St. Six.*

Nell—Raised in isolation by a hermitlike mother, Jodie Foster is a "wild child" who speaks a language that seems entirely of her own devising when she's discovered by concerned folk Liam Neeson and Natasha Richardson. They have divergent ideas about what's best for Nell: Neeson sees her as a natural wonder that shouldn't be sullied and wants to leave her alone; Richardson wants Nell locked up so she can be studied like some freak. Directed by Michael Apted. (1 hr. 52 min.; PG-13) *Manhattan Twin; Regency.*

★**Nobody's Fool**—An affecting chronicle of life in a dim burg where people stay forever, grimly attached to the boarded-up houses, the old bar, the lone diner. Paul Newman is Sully, forever unsettled, a lifelong screwup who lives as a boarder in the house of his former teacher (Jessica Tandy) and flirts with the wife (Melanie Griffith) of his sleazy, deadbeat boss (Bruce Willis). The movie is set Thanksgiving-to-Christmas, the season of joy, and Sully comes to terms with his past, forgiving his long-dead father and accepting forgiveness from his son. Director Robert Benton, displaying a gentle yet steady touch, achieves the mix of acerbity and sweetness, wit and sentiment, that eluded him in such earlier down-home films as *Nadine* and *Places in the Heart*. (Denby; 1/16/95) (2 hrs. 30 min.; R) *Waverly; 19th St. East; 34th St. Showplace; Guild 50; Tower East; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

★**Pulp Fiction**—Director Quentin Tarantino is in the editing room for the next few weeks editing his segment of the anthology film *Four Rooms.* Meanwhile, this movie has just become the highest grosser in Miramax history (surpassing *The Crying Game*) and can expect more bucks on the way once the Oscar nominations come in. When it hits $100 million, it will certainly rank as one of the most edgy critical and commercial successes since *Midnight Cowboy* won the Best Picture Oscar in 1970. (Denby; 10/3/94) (2 hrs. 29 min.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; 57th St. Playhouse' First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th St. Six.*

Queen Margot—Isabelle Adjani stars in this bloody tale of passion, romance, and the seductive power of revenge. Directed by Claude Berri. With Vincent Perez and Daniel Auteuil. (2 hrs.; NR) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

The Quick and the Dead—Sharon Stone is the Woman With No Name in this Clint Eastwood-style western about a mysterious, laconic woman who wanders into the town of Redemption looking for trouble. A good cast, with Sam Raimi hoping to break onto the A-list of directors with this high-profile gig. With Gene Hackman, Russell Crowe, and Leonardo DiCaprio. (1 hr. 43 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Murray Hill Cinema; 19th St. East; Movieplex 42; National Twin; First and 62nd St. Cinema; 84th St. Six; New Coliseum.*

Ready to Wear—Trivial. (Denby; 1/2/95) (2 hr. 12 min.; R) *Lincoln Plaza.*

Red—There are moments of great beauty in everything director Krzysztof Kieslowski does, but he's essentially a constructor of intricate puzzlers; an artificer, perhaps, but not an artist. In this movie, Valentine (Irène Jacob) and a young man, Auguste (Jean-Pierre Lorit), who is studying to be a judge, live around the corner from each other in Geneva, each impinging on the other's life, circulating in the other's aura, but they never quite meet—until a catastrophe brings them together at the end of the movie. (Denby; 11/28/94) (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; 68th St. Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

he Secret of Roan Inish—Young Fiona Coneelly comes to the Irish seaside to stay at her grandparents', where she hears the family legends and slowly watches them come to life; the hard part is convincing everyone else. A gentle tale of magic realism and storytelling by the usually acerbic director John Sayles. Cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Written by Sayles, based on Rosalie K. Fry's novella *The Secret of Ron Mor Skerry* (which doesn't seem that much harder to pronounce than *Roan Inish*). (1 hr. 42 min.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Square.*

Sex, Drugs, and Democracy—A look at how Holland has tackled the social issues of our day by enacting laws that would send Newt Gingrich into a fit: The Dutch have legalized prostitution, open sale of marijuana, equality for gays and lesbians, government-financed abortion, among other things. Director Jonathan Blank and producer Barclay Powers speak to everyone from brothel owners and hash dealers to priests and politicians. (1 hr; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Shallow Grave—A sharp, black-humored thriller about three roommates who stumble upon a dead body and a suitcase full of cash. Of course, they *should* turn it over to the authorities . . . but that wouldn't be any fun, would it? Unfortunately, it isn't fun for them anyway—before they can enjoy the loot, the three become wildly suspicious of one another, with the mousy accountant (Christopher Eccleston of *Let Him Have It*) going truly loony and setting up his bed in the attic next to the hidden cash. With Kerry Fox of *An Angel at My Table* and Ewan McGregor (a dead ringer for David Cassidy). Written by John Hodge. Directed by Danny Boyle. (1 hr. 32 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Lincoln Square.*

★**Strawberry and Chocolate**—Tomáz Gutiérrez Alea's film is mainly set in an old Havana apartment building whose chipped and gnarled walls offer a nostalgic reminder of the old Spanish Baroque colonial city—sinfully decadent glories, out of place in the austerely functional Communist state. In this peculiar ruin, three characters who seem stranded from a Tennessee Williams play—a flamboyant, intelligent gay artist (Jorge Perrugoría), a retired prostitute (Mirta Ibarra), and a handsome young virgin (Vladimir Cruz)—fall in and out of love and long for greater freedom. The movie doesn't have much of a story, but it's a touching plea for friendship, sex, and art. If the revolution isn't going to succeed, it seems to be saying, couldn't we at least have a little more of the old Cuban spirit of live and let live? (Denby; 2/6/95) (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza.*

Through the Olive Trees—Iranian director Abbas Kiarostami offers his spin on Truffaut's *Day for Night* with this wry tale of fimmaking in northern Iran. Screened at the New York Film Festival, it's the third part of a trilogy set in that locale. (1 hr. 43 min.; G) *Village East*

★**To Live**—Largely set in a small city in the north of China, it begins in the forties when Chiang Kai-shek is still in power, and takes a couple (Ge You and Gong Li) and their family and friends through the civil war, the Great Leap Forward, the Cultural Revolution, and into the seventies. Director Zhang Yimou is willing to admit that Communist idealism really meant something once, that the state forged a new kind of cooperative personality capable of kindness and generosity. But the revolution betrayed everyone, broke everyone's heart. It's a harrowing, comic, and spellbinding film. (Denby; 11/21/94)(2 hrs. 5 min.; NR) *Angelika 57.*

Vanya on 42nd Street—Over the years, Andre Gregory performed *Uncle Vanya* for select groups of friends. He, Wallace Shawn, and others explored the text again and again (using a David Mamet adaptation), finding new levels to the story that only repeated performances with a cohesive cast can bring. When one of the principals died, they decided to capture it on film and called director Louis Malle. (1 hr. 59 min.; PG) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Window to Paris—A comic fable about the residents of a building in St. Petersburg, Russia, who discover that a window in their apartment somehow allows them to cross over onto a rooftop in Paris. With entrepreneurial ingenuity that would make Armand Hammer proud, they soon find themselves carrying out a wildly ambitious transport of goods between the two cities. Directed by Yuri Mamin. (1 hr. 27 min.; PG-13) *Lincoln Plaza.*

The Wooden Man's Bride—Unexpected plot twists are the main pleasures of this Chinese drama, so the less you know the better. But if you're still reading, it's about a beautiful young woman heading for her marriage to a wealthy heir when the processional is attacked by the Whirlwind Bandits. She is whisked away and the groom-to-be accidentally kills himself when preparing to rescue her. A rough peasant, Kui, saves her through his courage, but the woman is forced to marry anyway . . . to a wooden likeness of her dead groom. Though director Huang Jianxin doesn't have quite the eye of his contemporary Zhang Yimou, this is a well-acted, low-key drama of considerable merit. Through 2/21. In Mandarin Chinese. (1 hr. 53 min.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Retrospective

Keep Your Eye on *The Hustler*

Don't let the fact that he's aging so nicely stand in the way of checking out what a knockout—as an actor—Paul Newman was in his prime. His early triumph as Fast Eddie Felson, the pool shark who was foolish enough to take on Minnesota Fats (Jackie Gleason) in *The Hustler*, screens February 20 at MOMA.

hotograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

movies

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Madness of King George; The Secret of Roan Inish; Heavenly Creatures; Clerks; A Man of No Importance; Strawberry and Chocolate.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Death and the Maiden; Bullets Over Broadway.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) Through 2/16: "Super Jackie: The Best of Jackie Chan" (see "Museums, Societies, Etc."). Opening 2/17: *Sex, Drugs, and Democracy.*

Essex—275 Grand St. (982-4455) *Higher Learning.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *The Wooden Man's Bride.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171) See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Movieland 8th Street—42 E. 8th St. (477-6600) *Higher Learning; The Jerky Boys; In the Mouth of Madness.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Boys Life; Martha & Ethel; Hoop Dreams; Red.* Opening 2/17: *A Great Day in Harlem.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Quiz Show; Miami Rhapsody; Queen Margot; Pulp Fiction; Dumb and Dumber; Murder in the First; Bad Company.* Opening 2/17: *Heavyweights; Through the Olive Trees.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Legends of the Fall; Immortal Beloved; Death and the Maiden; The Last Seduction; Before Sunrise; Boys on the Side; Shallow Grave; The Quick and the Dead.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Billy Madison; Nobody's Fool.*

14th–41st Streets

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Little Women; Hoop Dreams; Murder in the First; Legends of the Fall; Immortal Beloved; Before Sunrise; The Jerky Boys; Billy Madison; Pulp Fiction.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Boys on the Side; Quiz Show; The Quick and the Dead; In the Mouth of Madness.*

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *The Madness of King George; Nobody's Fool; Miami Rhapsody; Boys on the Side; In the Mouth of Madness; The Quick and the Dead.* Opening 2/17: *Heavyweights.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Demon Knight; Bad Company; Highlander.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Legends of the Fall.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Nobody's Fool; Little Women; Murder in the First.*

42nd–60th Streets

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *To Live.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *In the Mouth of Madness.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Hoop Dreams; The Madness of King George.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Vanya on 42nd St.; Hoop Dreams.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Queen Margot; Miami Rhapsody; The Jerky Boys.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *Bullets Over Broadway.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Higher Learning; Disclosure; Dumb and Dumber; The Professional; Boys on the Side.* Through 2/16: *Murder in the First.* Opening 2/17: *Just Cause; Forrest Gump.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *In the Mouth of Madness.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Secret of Roan Inish.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *The Jerky Boys.* Opening 2/17: *The Brady Bunch.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Pulp Fiction; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Bad Company.* Opening 2/17: *Heavyweights.*

57th Street Playhouse—110 W. 57th St. (581-7360) *Pulp Fiction.*

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Dumb and Dumber.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Nobody's Fool.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Little Women; Nell.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *The Quick and the Dead; Legends of the Fall; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Demon Knight; Higher Learning; In the Mouth of Madness.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *The Quick and the Dead; Billy Madison.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Death and the Maiden.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Last Seduction; Bad Company.* Opening 2/17: *Heavyweights.*

Preview
Here's the Story

Many decades ago, TV was perceived as a threat to the very existence of movies. But now it serves as an endless source of nostalgia-ready prefab story lines, a minor league that sends shows like ***The Brady Bunch*** (opening February 17), ***Star Trek—Generations***, and ***The Fugitive*** to the majors. Below is the latest batch on deck.

Movie	Prospects
1. *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers: The Movie* (July '95)	**They laughed at those Ninja Turtles too. But every kid under 10 already wants to see it.**
2. *Sgt. Bilko* (July '95)	**Steve Martin can step into Phil Silvers's shoes. But no one under 40 years old has even heard of the show, much less seen it. Needs a Nick at Nite tie-in, soon.**
3. *Mission: Impossible* (November '95)	**Tom Cruise's first franchise (akin to the James Bond or Jack Ryan series). It'll make jillions.**
4. *The Saint* (December '95)	**Ralph Fiennes would have been perfect. Not a sure thing, and the as-yet-undetermined lead will determine its fate.**
5. *The Honeymooners* (In preproduction)	**The cast could never measure up. Doomed.**

Photograph by Elliott Marks/Paramount Pictures.

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert; The River Wild; Interview With the Vampire; Junior; Oleanna; Eat Drink Man Woman.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Legends of the Fall.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Legends of the Fall.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Pulp Fiction; Immortal Beloved; Before Sunrise; The Quick and the Dead; Billy Madison.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Murder in the First.* Through 2/16: *Higher Learning.* Opening 2/17: *Just Cause.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Boys on the Side; Disclosure.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Legends of the Fall; Higher Learning; Dumb and Dumber; Murder in the First; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Boys on the Side; In the Mouth of Madness.*

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Red.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) at Park *Demon Knight; Billy Madison.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Bad Company; The Jerky Boys.* Opening 2/17: *Heavyweights.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Nobody's Fool.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) Through 2/16: *Immortal Beloved.* Opening 2/17: *The Brady Bunch.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Columbus Circle—2 Gulf+Western Plaza, Broadway and 61st St. (247-5070) *Bad Company.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *The Quick and the Dead; Murder in the First; Higher Learning; Pulp Fiction; The Jerky Boys; In the Mouth of Madness.*

Harlem Victoria V—235 W. 125th St. (222-8900) *Alma's Rainbow.* (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.").

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Tsahal; The Madness of King George; Red; A Man of No Importance; Ready to Wear; Strawberry and Chocolate.* Opening 2/17: *Window to Paris.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Shallow Grave; Little Women; Miami Rhapsody; Boys on the Side; Immortal Beloved; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Before Sunrise; The Secret of Roan Inish.* IMAX: *Into the Deep; The Last Buffalo.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Nobody's Fool; I.Q.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *The Jerky Boys; The Quick and the Dead; In the Mouth of Madness; Billy Madison.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Highlander; In the Mouth of Madness.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Dumber; Highlander.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Nell.*

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Billy Madison.*

Thalia—250 W. 95th St. (316-4962) *Sarraounia; Sankofa.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Hoop Dreams; Billy Madison; The Quick* *and the Dead; Boys on the Side; Demon Knight; Bad Company; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Dumber; The Jerky Boys; Highlander; In the Mouth of Madness.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Billy Madison; Highlander; Boys on the Side; The Jerky Boys; Higher Learning; Pulp Fiction; Demon Knight; Bad Company; Dumb and Dumber; Jungle Book; Richie Rich; Mouth of Madness The Quick and the Dead.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *The Jerky Boys; Billy Madison; In the Mouth of Madness; The Quick and the Dead.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Boys on the Side; Murder in the First.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Hoop Dreams; Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead; Boys on the Side; The Jerky Boys; Legends of the Fall; Highlander; Bad Company; Demon Knight; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Jungle Book; Dumb and Dumber; Disclosure; Richie Rich; In the Mouth of Madness.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *The Jerky Boys; Billy Madison; Boys on the Side; Before Sunrise; Murder in the First; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Legends of the Fall; The Last Seduction; Immortal Beloved.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Boys on the Side; In the Mouth of Madness; The Jerky Boys.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Boys on the Side; The Quick and the Dead; The Madness of King George; Red; Miami Rhapsody; Richie Rich.*

Commodore—329 Broadway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *In the Mouth of Madness; The Jerky Boys.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Hoop Dreams; Highlander; Higher Learning; In the Mouth of Madness; Dumb and Dumber.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Higher Learning; In the Mouth of Madness; The Jerky Boys; Hoop Dreams.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *The Quick and the Dead; In The Mouth of Madness; The Jerky Boys.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Hoop Dreams; The Jerky Boys; Demon Knight; In the Mouth of Madness; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Higher Learning.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Legends of the Fall; Billy Madison; Miami Rhapsody; Boys on the Side; The Quick and the Dead.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Dumb and Dumber; Boys on the Side; Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Higher Learning; The Jerky Boys; Hoop Dreams; Bad Company.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Murder in the First; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Before Sunrise; Dumb and Dumber; Miami Rhapsody; Boys on the Side; Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead.*

Oriental—1832 86th St. (236-5001) *In the Mouth of Madness; Murder in the First; The Jerky Boys; Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *The Quick and the Dead; Nobody's Fool.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Highlander; The Quick and the Dead; In the Mouth of Madness; The Jerky Boys; Billy Madison.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Boys on the Side; In the Mouth of Madness; The Jerky Boys; Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead; Dumb and Dumber; Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *The Quick and the Dead; Hoop Dreams; Murder in the First; The Jerky Boys; Boys on the Side; Miami Rhapsody.*

Center—42-17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; The Jerky Boys.*

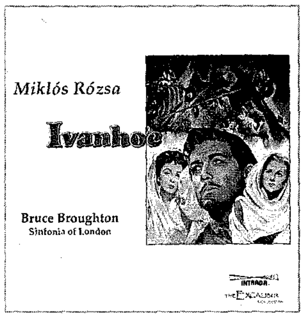
Cinema 5—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Hoop Dreams; In the Mouth of Madness; The Jerky Boys; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Dumb and Dumber.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Dumb and Dumber; The Jerky Boys.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Little Women; Boys on the Side; Hoop Dreams; Immortal Beloved.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Higher Learning; In the Mouth of Madness; Hoop Dreams.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Legends of the Fall; Dumb and Dumber; The Jerky Boys; Boys on the Side; Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Demon Knight.*



Recordings

Epic dramas set in the Middle Ages don't get much play these days, but *Ivanhoe* is worth reexamining. The bruising melodrama features an exceptionally beautiful Elizabeth Taylor and, even more compellingly, this bold, rousing Oscar-nominated score by Miklós Rózsa. (Intrada; $15.95.)

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Highlander—The Final Dimension; The Quick and the Dead; The Jerky Boys; In the Mouth of Madness.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Madness of King George; Miami Rhapsody.*

Fresh Meadows—190-02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Nobody's Fool; Legends of the Fall; The Quick and the Dead; Miami Rhapsody; Disclosure; Billy Madison; Madness of King George.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *In the Mouth of Madness; The Jerky Boys; The Quick and the Dead.*

Main Street—72-66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Nobody's Fool; Disclosure; Murder in the First; Billy Madison.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Legends of the Fall; Murder in the First; Disclosure; Billy Madison.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Nobody's Fool; Legends of the Fall.* Through 2/16: *Before Sunrise; Dumb and Dumber.* Opening 2/17: *Billy Madison.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Legends of the Fall; Miami Rhapsody; Nobody's Fool; Before Sunrise; Boys on the Side; The Last Seduction; Billy Madison.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Legends of the Fall; The Lion King.* endendend

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *The Quick and the Dead; In the Mouth of Madness.*

Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Higher Learning; The Jerky Boys; In the Mouth of Madness; The Quick and the Dead; Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Murder in the First; The Jerky Boys.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Nobody's Fool.*

Utopia—187-02 Union Tpke., at 188th St., Flushing (454-2323) *Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Boys on the Side; Billy Madison; In the Mouth of Madness; The Jerky Boys; Legends of the Fall; The Quick and the Dead.* Opening 2/17: *Just Cause; Forrest Gump.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Higher Learning; The Quick and the Dead; The Last Seduction; Boys on the Side; The Jerky Boys; In the Mouth of Madness.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *The Jerky Boys; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Dumb and Dumber; Boys on the Side; Miami Rhapsody; Before Sunrise; Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead; Murder in the First.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—2/18–3/5: "Shirley Temple, Child Star." Shirley Temple never played Little Orphan Annie—which seems strange, to say the least. But she did tackle numerous other classic characters and they can all be seen in this retrospective. 2/18: *Bright Eyes* (1934) and *Dimples* (1936). 2/19: *The Little Colonel* (1935). 2/19–2/24: *The Littlest Rebel* (1935). If you know *why* Temple never made a Little Orphan Annie movie, call 212-880-0897 and you could win a jar of Ovaltine! 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Anthology Film Archives—2/17: Thirteen short films by Robert Breer. 2/18: *The Visual Diary of Yasunori Yamamoto,* program #25 (1979-1986); *Une Femme Douce* (1969), directed by Robert Bresson; *Scenes From Under Childhood* 1969–1970), directed by Stan Brakhage. 2/19: Seven films by Stan Brakhage; *Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors* (1964), director Sergei Paradjanov's first film to be shown in the U.S. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Film Forum—Held over: *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* (1965). (1994). See also "Movies." Through 3/16: "Buster Keaton 100," a thorough and thoroughly amusing retrospective of the deadpan comic. 2/14–2/15: *Our Hospitality* (1923), *Neighbors* (1920), *The Haunted House* (1921), and *The Frozen North* (1922). 2/16–2/17: *The Three Ages* (1923); Keaton/ Fatty Arbuckle shorts. 2/18–2/20: *Seven Chances* (1925), *The Electric House* (1922), *One Week* (1920), and *The High Sign* ((1921). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

The Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—2/16: Illinois Jacquet hosts "Jazz on Film," a compilation of clips tracing the evolution of the big band in jazz featuring Cab Calloway, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Duke Ellington, and others. $10. Through 2/23: "Nelson Pereira Dos Santos: *Cinema Novo's* 'Spirit of Light.' " Highlights include *How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman* (1971) on 2/14, 2/15, and 2/18; *The Amulet of Ogum* (1975) on 2/16–2/18; and his classic *Memories of Prison* (1984) on 2/20 and 2/21. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.

French Institute—2/21: *L'Enfer* (1993). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $6.

Harlem Victoria V—See also listing under "Movies." *Ashakara.* 235 W. 125th St. (222-8900); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 2/28: "Seven by Rossen." A look at the angry and socially conscious writer, director, and producer Robert Rossen, responsible for some of Hollywood's most appealing antiheroes. Much of Rossen's work stands the test of time because cynicism ages more gracefully than other worldviews. Think of him as a sharp-eyed flip side to Frank Capra: He, too, recognizes the black hearts of people but—unlike Capra—doesn't always find reason for hope. 2/17: *Johnny O'Clock* (1947). 2/19: *Body and Soul* (1947) and *All the King's Men* (1949). 2/20: *Lilith* (1964) and *The Hustler* (1961). Through 2/28: A tribute to the French director Marcel Pagnol, one of the early influences on neorealism and whose childhood memoirs served as the basis for *My Father's Castle* and *My Mother's Glory.* 2/14 and 2/16: *Cigalon* (1935). 2/16 and 2/18: *Angèle* (1934). 2/16: *Regain* (1937). 2/17: *Merlusse* (1935). 2/17, 2/19, and 2/20: *Topaze* (1933). 2/18: *Jofroi* (1933). 2/19: *Letters From My Windmill* (1955). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); free with museum admission.

Super Jackie: The Best of Jackie Chan—Through 2/16. Wildly fun, with physical, even *beautiful,* action sequences. *Project A* (1983) and *Project A II* (1987) on 2/13. *Operation Condor* (1991) and *Super Cop* (1992) on 2/14. *Dragons Forever* (1988) and *Island on Fire* (1991) on 2/15. *Police Story* (1985) and *Police Story II* (1988) on 2/16. Cinema Village 12th St., 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $7.

theater

Bukowski...Chekhov...Irving Berlin

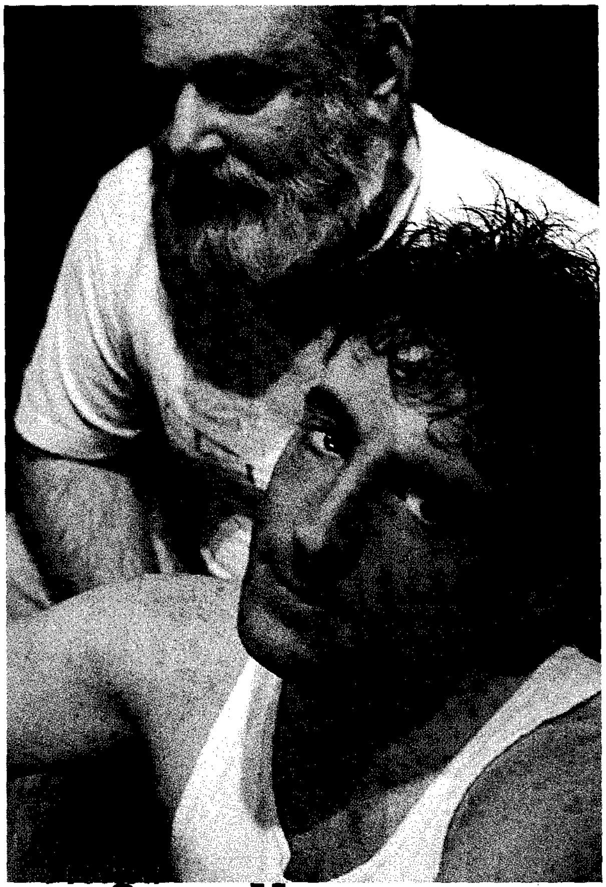
Broadway

Previews and Openings

Love! Valour! Compassion!—Terrence McNally's bittersweet drama about eight gay men who come together at a country home over the course of several holiday weekends. With Nathan Lane, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, Anthony Heald, Randy Becker, John Benjamin Hickey, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews; opening 2/14 at 6:45. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square*, in which a domineering and oppressive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia de Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the most devastating failure of his career with his single, disastrous foray into dramatic writing, would doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Philip Bosco, Cherry Jones, Frances Sternhagen, and Jon Tenney; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. In previews; opening 3/9. $20–$42.50. Tue.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin.') Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Now in previews (Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2; $29.50–$67.50) at the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh.



Crazy, Man

Ben Gazzara played him straight in 1983's *Tales of Ordinary Madness*, one of the most pretentious films ever made; Mickey Rourke, with a more ironic reading, came off much better four years later in *Barfly*. The latest take on the life of Charles Bukowski is Paul Peditto's *Buk*, beginning previews Friday at HERE Performance Space with Sean P. Reilly and Harvey Perr portraying the poet, misogynist, hipster, and very heavy drinker in youth and age.

Photograph by Chris Peditto

Now Playing

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Susan Egan plays the girl; Terrence Mann plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $20–$65. Evening shows begin at 7:30. Dark Mon. and Tues. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Blood Brothers—Willy Russell's musical about twins who, separated at birth, eventually meet and fall in love with the same girl; directed by Bill Kenwright and Bob Tomson. With Helen Reddy stepping into shoes previously filled by Carole King and Petula Clark. $45–$65. Opened: 4/25/93. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, begins its fourth year on Broadway this week. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy*, about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed, by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock and roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Brooke Shields as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Dark Wed. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 min.*

An Inspector Calls—A stunning Royal National Theatre production of J. B. Priestley's 1947 mystery thriller about a wealthy British family and its involvement in the suicide of a young girl. Winner of four 1994 Tonys, including Best Play Revival. Gradual turnover for this long-running drama has finally subsided, with the current cast including Nicholas Woodeson, Roy Cooper, Maxwell Caulfield (!), Siân Phillips, Harry Carnahan, and Susannah Hoffman. $45–$55. Opened: 4/27/94. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins. No intermission.*

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A one-man show written and performed by Mason, who jokes ruthlessly and effectively about every touchy social issue and racial minority imaginable. $32–$49.50. Opened: 4/5/94. *John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Based on the Manuel Puig novel about two men in a South American prison—a gay window dresser and a revolutionary—who find some tentative common ground. It won seven Tonys, including Best Musical. Vanessa Williams, who scored something of a personal triumph in the title role, wraps up a thrice-extended run on 3/18; Maria Conchita Alonso steps in 3/20. Book by Terrence McNally; music by John Kander; lyrics by Fred Ebb; directed by Harold Prince. With Howard McGillin and Brian Mitchell. $35–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 5/3/93. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel will soon ease into its ninth year on Broadway, sturdy as ever. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$65. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial*

Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, nearing the 3,000 mark and edging into seventh place among the longest running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened.$15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The School for Husbands/The Imaginary Cuckold—Actor Brian Bedford—a Tony winner for his performance in Molière's *The School for Wives* in 1990—stars in a Molière double bill at the Roundabout. In *The School for Husbands,* he plays the overbearing guardian of a beautiful young woman who tries to keep her tucked away so he can marry her himself, while she does everything she can to reach the man she really loves. In the farce *The Imaginary Cuckold,* Bedford is half of a middle-aged bourgeois couple entangled with young lovers in a series of complications and jealously vivid misunderstandings. Translated by Richard Wilbur; directed by Michael Langham. With Suzanne Bertish, Remak Ramsay, David Aaron Baker, Patricia Dunnock, Cheryl Gaysunas, Reg Rogers, and the ever-rising Malcolm Gets. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Exceptions: 2/15, and 2/18 at 2 and 7:30; 2/14, and 2/17 at 7. Extended through 3/17. *Roundabout Theatre Company, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvingly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetratingly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. (Simon; 11/28/94) Though she remains with the show until July, Close will take a two-week break 3/7–3/19. $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Tommy—The Who's angry rock opera about alienation and rebellion now ends by embracing the nuclear family. With such a famous musical source, the surprise here is that the real draw is director Des McAnuff's slick, cinematic staging. $20–$67.50. Dark Tues. Opened: 4/22/93. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Camping With Henry and Tom—Robert Prosky, Ken Howard, and John Cunningham as Thomas Edison, Warren G. Harding, and Henry Ford in Mark St. Germain's fantasy of what the conversation might have been like on a celebrated series of camping trips shared by those three pillars of the new American century in the early 1900s. With costumes by last year's Tony winner Ann Hould-Ward (*Beauty and the Beast*), which is itself reason enough to buy a ticket. Begins previews 2/7 for a 2/20 opening; $27.50 until then, $37.50 thereafter. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Circus Life—Murray Schisgal, the American theater's laureate master of wry middle-class comic shtick, has written a farce about two men—law partners and lifelong pals—who fall in love with the same woman. She used to work in a circus and is facing murder charges, so you can just imagine, can't you? With Mike Burstyn, Keith Langsdale, and Tresha Rodriguez. Directed by Larry Arrick. Now in previews for a 2/27 opening; $25 until then, $35 thereafter. Tue.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

The Compleat Works Of Wllm Shkspr (abridged)—105 minutes. Everything. Yow. Performed, briskly, by Christopher Duva, Peter Jacobson, and Jon Patrick Walker, who did well with it at Serious Fun! in 1993. Now in previews; opening 2/27. Tues., Sat. at 8; Wed and Sat. at 2:30; Sun. at 3. $19.95 through 2/28; $25 thereafter. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Heavy Breathing—A one-man show, written and performed by Scott Carter, about literature, pornography, and asthma. Directed by Jim Fyfe. Previews begin 2/16; opens 2/19. $15. Thur.–Sun. at 8. *William Renfield Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (279-4200).*

Holiday Heart—A 12-year-old girl struggles to survive an inner-city childhood with the help of her (unconventional) guardian angel. By Cheryl L. West. Directed by Tazewell Thompson. $40. Now in previews; opens 2/21. Through 4/9. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Jack's Holiday—It's a busy February for Mark St. Germain, who opens not only a straight play (*Camping with Henry and Tom*) downtown this month but also this A.S. (After Sondheim) musical about a serial killer on the loose. Music and lyrics by Randy Courts; book and lyrics by Mr. St. Germain. $35. Now in previews; opens 3/5. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Wilder Theater at Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Silence, Cunning, Exile—A new play by Stuart Greenman about the life of Diane Arbus, the photographer who, inspired by Joseph Mitchell's profiles of small-time eccentrics and grotesques in *The New Yorker,* made them her subject—and opened up a hole or two in her own soul as well. Directed by Mark Wing-Davey, who also staged Howard Korder's scathing *The Lights* at Lincoln Center season before last: *this* guy's no stranger to urban horror. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. Sun. at 3. Opens 2/19. *Public Theater, Martinson Hall (260-2400).*

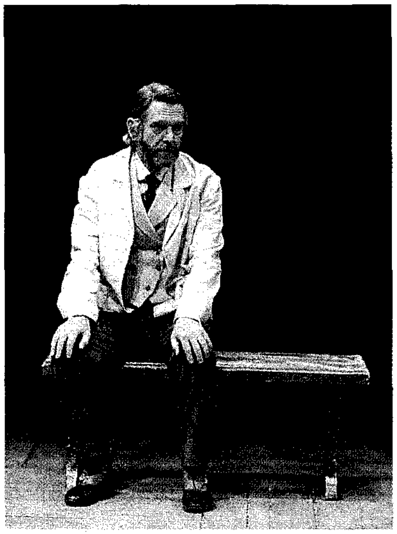
Uncle Vanya—Tom Courtenay plays the title role in Circle in the Square's staging of what is, perhaps, Chekhov's most poignant and affecting play— not his most polished, but for that very reason commanding a rude pathos uniquely its own. Also featuring Amanda Donohoe (star of *L.A. Law*) as Yelena, and directed by Braham Murray, a respected British artist making his Broadway staging debut. $45. In previews for a 2/23 opening; Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun at 3. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway at 50th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

After-Play—Four old friends reunite for an evening out to the theater and dinner, during which—naturally—they hash over past events and make some surprising revelations. The playwriting debut for Anne Meara, one half of the husband-and-wife comedy team Stiller & Meara. Directed by David Saint. With Barbara Barrie, Merwin Goldsmith,

Talent
Slavic Soul

The plays of Chekhov have marked several defining moments in the career of Tom Courtenay: Two days after graduating from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in 1960, the young working-class actor from the north of England began rehearsing his first professional job at the Old Vic as Constantin in *The Seagull,* a role that led to film stardom within a year.



Thirty-five years later, Courtenay is currently in previews at Circle in the Square in the title role of *Uncle Vanya,* perhaps the playwright's most heartbreaking study of provincial loneliness. This time, *Vanya* is the vehicle of what Courtenay calls his "rediscovery" (he's been lionized for it in Britain), following more than a decade of critical neglect after the 1982 triumph of Ronald Harwood's *The Dresser,* the last time he was seen onstage in New York. "It was time for me to do Vanya," he says. "There are certain things about it that are quite personal to me. I know what it is to be overlooked."

Courtenay thinks Russian work—including his most recent solo piece, *Moscow Stations,* based on the books of dissident Soviet writer Venedikt Yerofeev—in contrast with the distinctly cerebral main line of British acting and writing, comes "less from the head, more from the heart, the gut; lower than that, if you like." His own proletarian background, he adds, is a great help in realizing the atmosphere common to most Russian plays "because of the directness of emotion and expression the two things share. In neither of them do people come into a room and say, 'Oh, how totally nice to see you; you look marvelous.' They say, 'My *God,* you look awful.' "

RANDALL SHORT

Photograph by Gerry Goodstein.

Larry Keith, Rue McClanahan, Rochelle Oliver, Lance Reddick, and John Vennema. $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Manhattan Theatre Club, City Center Stage II, W. 55th St. between Sixth and Seventh Ave. (581-1212).*

All in the Timing—Six snappy one-acters by David Ives that are idiosyncratic and astringent—the laughter is steady and has an educated ring. An Outer Critics Circle–award winner for playwriting. Directed by Jason McConnell Buzas. $35–$37.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8.; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 2/17/94. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Andrew, My Dearest One—A new comedy by Mary Mitchell, it focuses on two lonely New Yorkers (Brenda Smiley and Jason Tyler White) living on the edge of isolation. They meet when one—a tense, anxious woman who was once a percussionist for the New York Philharmonic—begins making a series of late-night prank calls to people selected randomly from the phone book. When she reaches a lonely young artist, they strike up a conversation and begin speaking regularly on the phone. $27.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 3/12. *Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (279-7200).*

Beauty's Daughter—A one-woman show from Nuyorican graduate Dael Orlandersmith. In it, she plays Diane, a poet with a dark angel for her muse, as well as numerous other characters. Directed by Peter Askin. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (840-3074).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. Matt Goldman, Phil Stanton, and Chris Wink are the blue not-so-meanies. Directed by Marlene Swartz. $25–$40. Wed. at 5 and 8; Thurs. at 8; Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 5. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Body Shop—A musical about six dancers working in a small-town joint and how their lives and the life of the owner are turned upside down by a Hollywood director. Book, music, and lyrics by Walter Marks. Directed by Sue Lawless. $30. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (741-0391).*

Carmen—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company presents an astonishingly dark, searing, and emotionally ravaging take on...well, no, not really. It's actually another brazenly silly production, this one tackling the story of "a woman with a thousand stars in her eyes and a thousand men in her past." Led by Everett Quinton. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 7. Through 2/26. *Ridiculous Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square (691-2271).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$45, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

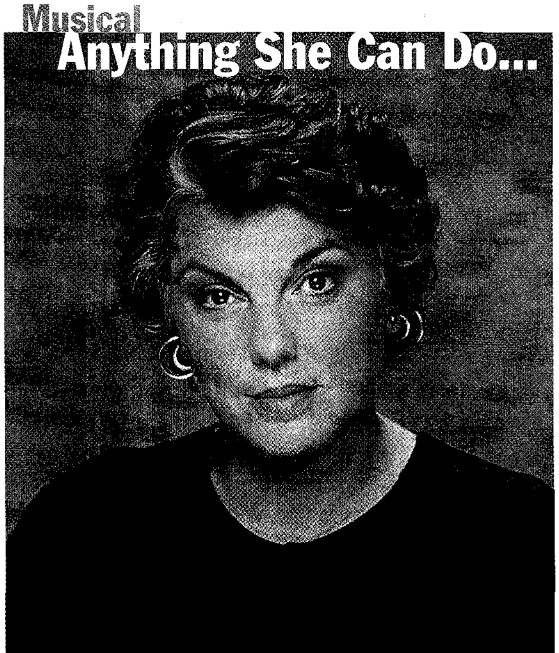
Hapgood—The New York premiere of Tom Stoppard's play about the head of a British government espionage agency who becomes entangled in a web of intrigue, family duty, twins, and nuclear particle physics. Already well-received in London, it's directed by Jack O'Brien and stars, naturally, Stockard Channing. With Clifton Davis, David Lansbury, Brian F. O'Byrne, Yaniv Segal, Josef Sommer, David Strathairn, and Michael Winther. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Through 2/19. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

I Sent a Letter to My Love—A musical set in a small town during the fifties, it follows the paths of a brother and sister who try to find romance in the personals column of their local paper. Marks the theatrical debut of singer-composer Melissa Manchester. Book by Jeffrey Sweet; music by Manchester; lyrics by Manchester and Sweet. Directed by Pat Birch. With Bethe Austin, John Hickock, Robert Westenberg, and the incomparable Lynne Wintersteller. $27.50–$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Through 2/19. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 3 and 6. Opened: 8/18/94. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Musical

Anything She Can Do...



Following the success of *Gypsy,* continues in her new sideline as Ethel Merman redux this weekend, playing the Hostess With the Mostes' in *Call Me Madam,* the latest in City Center's series of great American musicals in concert.

Loot—Joe Orton was writing plays about homosexual lust, prosthetics, and necrophilia back when those subjects were thought to be, you know, unusual. The Independent Theatre Company's production of his best-known script begins 2/8 and runs through 3/18. Wed.–Sat. at 8. $12, TDF accepted. *House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St., south of Houston (353-3088).*

The Merchant of Venice—Whether one considers it patently anti-Semitic or simply too richly complex to be fodder for simple-minded debate, it's inarguable that Shakespeare's play provides one of his most challenging and intellectually interesting roles. Taking on Shylock is Ron Leibman, who reached a new career high playing another controversial Jewish figure—Roy Cohn—in Angels in America. Directed by Barry Edelstein. $35. Tues.–Sun. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through 2/26. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Missing Persons—A new, substantially rewritten version of Craig Lucas's 1981 piece about a woman and her family trying to come to terms with one another and the past. Directed by Michael Mayer, who helmed the well-received production of Angels in America in Chicago, the first stop on its national tour. $22–$28. Tues.–Sun. at 8; Sat. at 2. Through 2/25. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (645-1242).*

Nunsense 2: The Sequel—After nine years, the long-running Off Broadway show *Nunsense* has metamorphosed into this sequel, which continues the tale of the Little Sisters of Hoboken and their attempts to mount a talent show. Written and directed by Dan Goggin. $35–$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/21/94. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Oedipus at Colonus—In the Pearl Theatre Company's production of the middle, rarely performed play of Sophocles' Theban Trilogy, Robert Hock is featured as the blind king who comes to spiritual transcendence through suffering. Directed by Shepard Sobel. $20–$25. Tues., Thur., and Fri. at 8; Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sat. at 5 and 9. Through 3/18. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Marks Place off First Ave. (598-9802).*

The Old Lady's Guide to Survival—In a new comedy by Mayo Simon (screenwriter for Judy Garland's last film, *I Could Go On Singing*), June Havoc—onstage 79 years and counting—comes to grips with old age, the affliction memorably described by Everett Sloane in *Citizen Kane* as the only one you don't look forward to being cured of. With Shirl Bernheim as Shprintzy. Directed by Alan Mandell. $30-$35. Tues. at 7; Wed.—Sat. at 8; mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theater, 130 West 44th St. (997-1780).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Public Enemy—Kenneth Branagh's play about a young man obsessed with James Cagney. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Through 2/28. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (757-3318).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect.$22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., between 7th and 8th St. (307-4100).*

The Sugar Bean Sisters—Three women living amongst the swampland and sugarcane fields of Watchalahoochie, Florida (the boonies, basically), await the twenty-fifth anniversary of a UFO landing in their backyard. Written by Nathan Sanders and directed by Evan Yionoulis. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about contemporary Jewish life in America; conceived, directed, and choreographed by Helen Butler. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened: 6/12/94. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church (*81 Christopher St.*); then a reception at 147 Waverly Place, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7; Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 *(279-4200).*

The Truth Teller—A comedy from the ever-prolific Joyce Carol Oates concerns Hedda, the daughter of an affluent family who creates havoc when she makes a surprise visit to the upstate home. Other family members are called Nora, Maggie, Tiny and Biff. Directed by Gloria Muzio. $32.50–$35 Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Circle Rep, 159 Bleecker St. (239-6200).*

Vita and Virginia—A delicious and absorbing duologue Eileen Atkins has extracted from the letter between Virginia Woolf (Atkins) and Vita

Sackville-West (Vanessa Redgrave). You will find it easy to gather into your hearts Vita, Virginia, Vanessa, and Eileen in a delirious *ménage à quatre,* for all four of them are articulate charmers, perceptive and impassioned, witty and mischievous, and damn good company. "Effortless luxury" best describes these performances, by turns thrilling, hilarious, and wrenching as we follow almost two decades of correspondence and friendship. Like the two writers, the two actresses are perfect foils for each other. Zoe Caldwell has directed simply and stylishly on Ben Edwards's English-countryside set. Don't assume this to be an academic exercise about two literary lesbians; it is the glowing conjuration of a world of love and wisdom, banter and profundity, sunlight and sadness. (Simon; 12/5/94) $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

You Should Be So Lucky—A new home and an extended run for Charles Busch's latest romp, a typically outrageous tale of a West Village electrologist whisked away on a Cinderella-type adventure. Written by Busch; directed by Kenneth Elliott. With Nell Campbell, Julie Halston, and Stephen Pearlman. $35–$37.50. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

The Young Man From Atlanta—The Signature Theatre Company continues its season devoted to the works of Horton Foote with the world premiere of this show about a couple confronting the death of their only child. Directed by Peter Masterson. With Ralph Waite, Devon Abner, Christine Burz, Frances Foster, Carlin Glynn, Seth Jones, Michael Lewis, and James Pritchett. $15. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 2/26. *Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. (279-4200).*

Off-Off Broadway

Alice Out From Under—Down the rabbit hole with comedian and performance artist Fia Perera as she meets (and performs) "fifteen zany characters who help her triumph over life's obstacles." Yes, well. Directed by Wynn Harmon. $7, plus two-drink minimum. 2/20, 3/6 at 9:30; 2/27 at 6:45; 3/13, 20, 27 at 8:30. *Don't Tell Mama, 343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

The Cherry Orchard—With the former Soviet Union obviously undergoing a dramatic transformation, it seemed appropriate for the Jean Cocteau Repertory to stage a new production of Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard,* under the direction of Eve Adamson. $24. Thurs.– Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 3/3/95. *Jean Cocteau Repertory, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Dancing at Lughnasa—Brian Friel's bittersweet, Chekhovian memory play about a family of sisters wasting away their lives in the provinces, here called County Donegal. Directed by Steven Keim. $10. Thur.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 2/19. *Sanford Meisner Theater, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 23rd St. (924-8699).*

Gardenias in Winter—The lives of five women are altered when their sister suffers a massive stroke. Written and directed by David Wesner. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 2/26. *Lamb's Little Theater, 130 West 44th St. (768-9117).*

The Green Turtle—In Patrick Gabridge's new drama, two elderly people meet each other in a diner and attempt to "only connect." Directed by Michael MacKenzie Wills. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Through 2/18. *The Theater Row Theatre, 424 West 42nd St. (473-4473)*

Henry VI—The Theatre for a New Audience follows last season's *Titus Andronicus* with an even more ambitious staging of Shakespeare's three-part epic with the same design team and a cast of 22. It's been distilled into two evenings by director Barry Kyle. Both parts (*Part I: The Contention* and *Part II: The Civil War*) are now in previews; they premiere on 2/25 (Part I at 2 and Part II at 8). Through 4/8. Call for detailed performance schedule. *Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

I've Got the Shakes—A new theater piece by Richard Foreman, in which Madeline X feels certain she is destined to teach but doesn't know exactly what to impart. Don't expect a straightforward narrative; expect striking images and moments and a sense of theater à la Robert Wilson. Foreman has received numerous awards and encomiums, including six Obie Awards and recognition for his "outstanding record of accomplishment" by the National Endowment for the Arts. With Jan Leslie Harding, Mary McBride, Rebecca Moore, and Michael Osano. $10–$15. Tues. and Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/9/95. *Ontological-Hysteric Theater at St. Mark's Church in the Bowery, 131 E. 10th St., second floor (533-4650).*

Mr. Shakespeare and Mr. Porter—In the Medicine Show company's revue, five Shakespeare plays meet 32 songs (a number of them unpublished) by Cole Porter. Directed by Barbara Vann; musical director, Sandra Sprecher. $10. Fri., Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3, through 3/4. *Medicine Show, 552 W. 53rd St. (262-4216).*

Much Ado About Nothing—A new version of Shakespeare's tale; directed by Brenda Lynn Bynum. From the Oasis Theatre. $15. Thur.-Sat. at 7:30; Sun. at 5. Through 2/19. *Playground Theatre, 230 E. 9th St. (673-3706).*

Napoli Milionaria—In Naples during World War II, the poor but honest family of Gennaro Joive learns to survive by trading on the black market. But when Joive returns from a German labor camp, he finds his family transformed by greed: His son is a thief, his daughter is a tramp consorting with soldiers, and his wife has grown rich through sordid dealings. Written by Eduardo De Filippo, one of Italy's most popular playwrights. This first English translation of the play is by Tori Haring-Smith. Directed by Robert Hupp. From the Jean Cocteau Repertory. $24. Thur.-Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 4/16. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. (677-0060).*

One Woman Shoe—David Sedaris, the apartment-cleaning NPR commentator, has collaborated with his sister Amy on a new show. In it, no one is allowed to receive any government assistance (welfare, food stamps, and such) until she learns to put on a one-woman show. Directed by Mike Napier. $12. Mon. at 8; Thur.–Sun. at 10. Through 2/18. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Regrets Only/Knowing the Questions—Two solo pieces by San Francisco performance artist Jamie Berger. Directed by Roberta D'Alois. $8 (Wed., Thur., Sun.) and $12 (Fri., Sat.). Opens 2/15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 3/11. *Miranda Theatre Company, 259 W. 30th St. (268-9829).*

Sexual Psychobabble—Four farces by Lissa Moira and Richard West: *Poetic Injustice, A Space For Seduction, Sexlax,* and *Low Accommodations.* $10. Thur.–Sun. at 8:15 through 2/26. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., btwn. 9th and 10th Sts. (254-1109).*

Slight Return—Kyle deCamp plays a woman trapped in a hotel room during an earthquake, or maybe just in her own mind, in John Jesurun's latest multimedia meditation on the nature of consciousness. $12, TDF accepted. 2/16-26, Thur.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 3:30. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

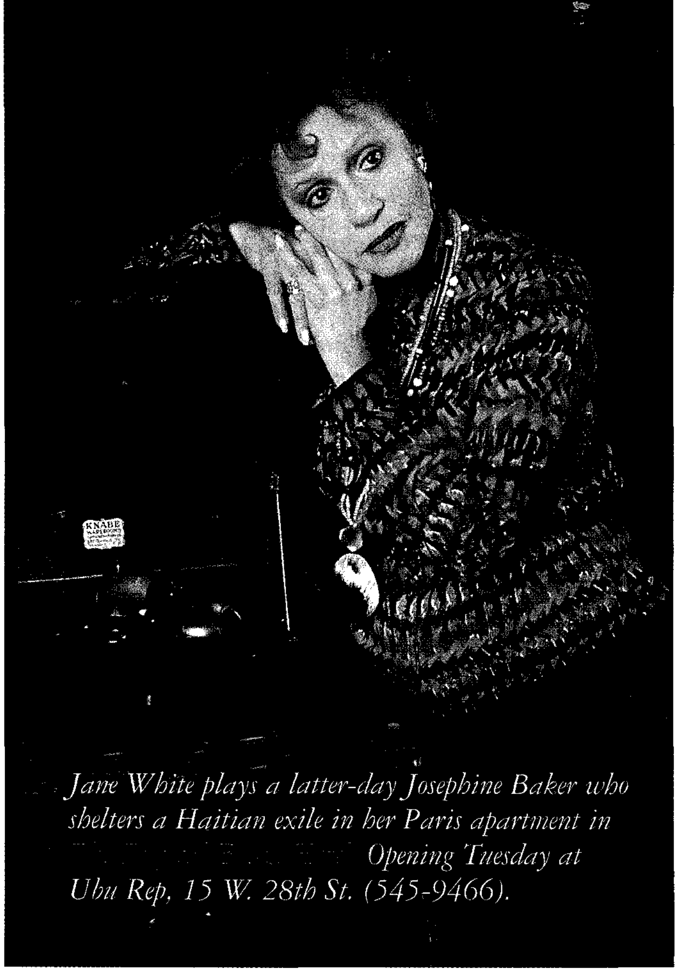
Thoughts Modern—A ten-day marathon of new plays, featuring—this gets complicated, so hang on—four main-stage programs, each consisting of two full-length plays and four one-act plays, plus three programs of late-night solo performances. 2/16–2/26; Tue.–Sun. at 8 (main stage) and 10:30 (late-night). Individual main-stage admission is $10, which entitles you to hang around for the late-night program for an additional $5; otherwise, the latter is also $10. Passes for admission to all performances: $20. Call for schedule and details. Presented by Zena Group and One Dream. *One Dream, 232 W. Broadway, entrance on N. Moore bewteen Varick and W. Broadway (431-0051).*

Theatron '95/'96—A series of Monday-night readings featuring new work by contemporary Israeli playwrights. 2/13: *Difficult People,* by Yosef Bar-Yosef. 2/20: *Games in the Backyard,* by Edna Mayza. 2/27: *Hefetz,* by Hanoch Levin. 3/6: *Exile in Jerusalem,* by Motti Lerner. All at 7:30. Free; reservations required. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7150).*

Tiny Closets—A "Repression Era" evening of three one-act plays by William Inge—*The Tiny Closet, The Boy in the Basement,* and *A Murder*—written in the early 1950s but which, because of veiled references to homosexuality and necrophilia, went unpublished for a decade. Presented by the Peccadillo Theater Company. $10. 2/15–3/3, Tue.–Sun. at 8. *Kraine Theater, 85 E. 4th St. (460-0982).*

Uncle Bob—A new two-character play written by Austin Pendleton. With George Morfogen and Adam Stein; directed by Kelly Morgan. $12 in previews; $20 after opening. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 7. *Mint Theater, 311 W. 43rd St., 5th floor (315-9434).*

Preview
Siren of the Tropics



Jane White plays a latter-day Josephine Baker who shelters a Haitian exile in her Paris apartment in Opening Tuesday at Ubu Rep, 15 W. 28th St. (545-9466).

Photograph by Jonathan Slaff.

Courtney...Carnaval...Krauss

Previews

Straight Outta Nawlins

Louisiana's party-rocking ReBirth Brass Band hit it big when most of its members were still in junior high. Older and funkier, they play Maxwell's February 18.

Concerts

Slayer—Speed metal from hell (or L.A., anyway). Hardheads from Henry Rollins to Public Enemy have paid tribute to these death-metal icons, the latter even sampling them for the brilliant "She Watch Channel Zero?!!" Now they're thirteen years into it, surrounded by satanic clones, and worshiped unconditionally by the dark minions of Beavis & Butt-head. Slayer plays with Biohazard and Machine Head. 2/17–2/18 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St., bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (307-7171). $18.50*

Hole—The unsinkable Courtney Love holds New York hostage for two nights, leading her band Hole. They play with Motel Shootout. 2/15–2/16 at 8 P.M. *Roseland (307-7171). Sold out.*

Carnaval '95—A great lineup for the festival brings expert revelers from New Orleans, Brazil, and Trinidad. From the Crescent City, there's the wonderful Dirty Dozen Brass Band. From Brazil, there's samba queen Dandara, and from Trinidad there's the Silhouettes Steel Orchestra and the steel pan emissary Rudy King. 2/19 at 7 P.M. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400). $18–$20.*

2nd Annual Brazilian Carnival Ball—Another more Rio-centric bash happens a day earlier, with the sixteen-piece Brazilian Energy providing the music and 18 scantily clad dancers shimmying on catwalks to provide the, er, ambience. 2/18 at 9 P.M. *New York State Armory, Lexington Ave., bet. 26th and 27th Sts. (819-9078). $40.*

Dave Matthews Band and Big Head Todd & the Monsters—With the Ugly Americans. 2/23 and 2/24 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland (307-7171).*

Manhattan School of Music Jazz Orchestra—2/14 at 6:30 P.M. *World Financial Center Winter Garden, West St. bet. Vesey and Liberty Sts. (945-0505).*

Clubland

A.K.A.—Funk-minded jazz kids and elder rap statesmen congregate here on 2/17, when Jazzhole plays with the Last Poets. The Poets' conga-powered verses lit up late-sixties black politics and even served as the soundtrack for a documentary on Malcolm X. Today, they're led by the spellbinding original member Umar Bin Hassan, whose classic incendiary raps like "Niggers Are Scared of Revolution" are still a thrill to hear live. Jazzhole's cast of showstopping singers and assorted hornfolk will doubtless flow over the small stage, but they're also a thrill, in a more sprightly, upbeat kind of way. 2/18: Chucklehead. *77 W. Houston St., bet. W. Broadway and Wooster St. (673-7325).*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes, and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 2/17: Jerry O'Sullivan, uilleann pipes man extraordinaire. 2/24: Father Charlie Coen. *43 Murray St. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—"When Bad Love Happens to Good People," features wry, world-weary folksingers Christine Lavin, David Buskin, Julie Gold, and Robin Batteau, playing un-Valentine's Day music on 2/14. 2/17–2/18: Alison Krauss and Union Station. 2/21: The great soul singer Darlene Love performs a special one-hour set. Sets at 7:30 and 10:30. *15 W. 4th St. (228-6300). $.*

Brownie's—Quite cozy, for all the bare brick and Alphabet City street cred. Low-rent rock bands and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, eighteen years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. Sundays and Mondays are audition nights and are usually better spent elsewhere. 2/17: Boss Hog; Railroad Jerk. 2/18: Crisis; Pegboy. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A new big-budget venue dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the Midwestern blues capital. 2/15–2/16: Joanna Connor. 2/17–2/18: Magic Slim & the Teardrops. 2/22–2/23: Big Time Sarah. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. 2/15: "Night of the Living Dub." 2/16: Saturnine 60. 2/17: Papa Jube, Djevo, and the dub poet Oku Onuora. 2/18: John Zorn's Pueblo. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Harvey Sid Fisher, whose resume distinguishes him as "one of L.A.'s top 10,000 photographic models," takes New York on 2/22. His self-produced video to *Astrology Songs*—featuring the tuxedo-clad crooner lip-synching songs to the Zodiac, a different dancing girl miming each sign—triumphed on public access cable, fostering a nationwide video trade and cult following that includes such disparate members as cheese-metal band Cinderella and Dianne Ladd. 2/17: Mingus Big Band. *380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—The "Second Annual Valentine's Day Benefit" features David Johansen, D Generation, Clowns for Progress, Rogue's March, and others. 2/15: 24-year-old folk-punk Ani DiFranco sings and strums with a scampering ferocity—her guitar style a hyperactive offshoot o West African music and her lyrics an assertively feminist mix of riot-grrl esprit and grandmothe wisdom. She plays with Roge Manning. 2/17: From Goo Homes; Everything. 2/22: The Rake's Progress The Caulfields. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—Betty, a high-energy trio of downtown performance divas, holds forth on 2/15 while J Mascis, alternative-rock guitar god of Dinosaur Jr., plays solo. 2/16–2/18: The Loung Lizards. 2/20: David Murray Big Band, conducte by Butch Morris. 2/22: One of the greatest an most underappreciated drummers in jazz, Pau Motian, leads a trio. The avant-minded but ever-swinging drummer has brought such importan figures as Joe Lovano and Bill Frisell to the fore and his freewheeling bands are always breakin new ground. This time out he shares a bill wit former sideman Frisell. Shows at 8 and 11. *7 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219 3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—Kenny Neal is a second-genera tion bluesman from Baton Rouge and star of th Broadway show *Mulebone.* He plays on 2/16 Shows at 9. *1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369 BLUES).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's Indie-Rock Central o CBGB West, this is the site of many of rock's recen groundswells. 2/16: J Mascis. 2/18: The ReBirt

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expec shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Michael P. Smit

Brass Band. Shows at 10 Fri. and Sat., 9 Sun.–Thurs. $6–$8. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064). $.*

Mercury Lounge—Erstwhile *Beatlemania* member, new wave pundit, and reconstructed songwriter Marshall Crenshaw returns, playing his wonderful pop songs, 2/16–2/17. 2/18: Kay Hanley—the Belinda Carlisle–meets–Juliana Hatfield–ish singer of Letters to Cleo—credits a lost childhood friend for her band's name and the Throwing Muses and the Cocteau Twins for her vocal influences. Her Boston band specializes in the sort of sugar-coated, punk psychedelia that made the Muses so big, but tempered by barn-door-size hooks. 2/20: The quirky, subversively avant bar band, the Sub Dudes. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar—A regular Wednesday- and Saturday-night home to the rollicking hip-hop-driven Irish band Black 47, which is a lot better here after a few pints than on record or on the road. $10. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210). $.*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the new home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 2/18: The Sextet Offensive. 2/20: The "Anti-hootenanny," hosted by anti-folk linchpin Lach. Shows nightly at 8. *94 Ave. A, at 6th St. (473-7373). $.*

Sounds of Brazil—Probably the city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies-funk dance night Soul Kitchen, preceded by the poetry-and-rap jam "Flippin' the Script." Thursday nights, it's Giant Step, the long-running throwdown of saxophone-, guitar-, and turntable-playing musicians. 2/15: Fattburger. 2/17–2/19: Brazilian Carnival, with Moraes Moreira. Most live shows start at 9. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—Despite the ringing walls and mid-stage column, this is one of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock. 2/17: Johnny "Guitar" Watson; Little Buster and the Soul Brothers. 2/18: Buckwheat Zydeco; Brian Mitchell. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. *Nota bene:* Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 2/17: Groove Collective; The Source. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A two-tiered, Art Deco-ish club whose fine jazz musicians rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Probably the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two stars in one evening and, as its empire expands (most recently taking Indonesia with the Blue Note Jakarta), charges accordingly. 2/14–2/19: Tito Puente's Golden Latin Jazz All-Stars, including Mario Rivera, Dave Valentin, Charlie Sepulveda, Hilton Ruiz, and the great Mongo Santamaria. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—A smallish, dark-paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Through 2/18: Pianist Kenny Barron and bassist Paul West. 2/19: Craig Handy Trio. 2/20–2/25: Peter Leitch; John Hicks; Rufus Reid. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. Through 2/19: Duffy Jackson, son of Woody Herman bassist Chubby Jackson, has played with the big bands of Count Basie, Artie Shaw, Lionel Hampton, and Illinois Jacquet. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

55 Bar—A smoky West Village watering hole where the electrified post-bop guitarist Mike Stern plays most Mondays and Wednesdays. Shows at 11. *55 Christopher St. (929-9883).*

Five Spot—A palatial ballroom and host to many a jazz great. 2/14: Diana Krall sings music for Valentine's Day. 2/15–2/16: Andy Milne Quartet. 2/17–2/18: Irene Reid. *4 West 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium—Mondays through February, "Five Star Guitars Play the Music of Charles Mingus," with a rotating roster of New York fret-burners—David Fiuczinski, Russell Malone, David Gilmore, and others. Through 2/18: Sonny Fortune Quartet, featuring pianist Mulgrew Miller. 2/19: Kendra Shank. 2/22–2/26: Bobby Hutcherson Quartet. Sets Sat. at 9:30, 11, and 12:15 a.m. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121).*

Metropolis (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. Wednesdays, jazz D.J. Ben Duncan hosts a jam session, with free eats from 10 to 11. 2/17–2/18: Supersound, led by drummer Charli Persip. 2/21–2/27: Bobby Watson and Horizon. The 40-year-old former Jazz Messenger has been tearing it up lately, with a gruff alto tone and surprising hard-bop acrobatics. Although younger and older names are grabbing more ink, this is the state of the art. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their gigs in Broadway orchestra pits. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that's liquor-license-free and so stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 a.m. Nightly jams start round about 2 a.m. and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 a.m. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Through 2/26: Joe Bushkin Trio. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky 59-year-old institution is revered by fans around the world. This week it turns 60. Through 2/19: Art Farmer plays with Jerome Richardson, Ron Blake, Geoff Keezer, Kenny Davis, and the exciting drummer Marvin "Smitty" Smith. 2/21–2/26: Vanguard 60th Anniversary Celebration, featuring Shirley Horn (2/21), Dick Gregory (2/22), Allen Ginsberg (2/23), Bobby Short and Jimmy Rowles (2/24), Professor Irwin Corey and Jimmy Rowles (2/25), and Pete Seeger (2/26). Sets at 9:30, 11:30, and 1 a.m. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and surprisingly avant jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quintet. *125 MacDougal St. (800-831-2326).*

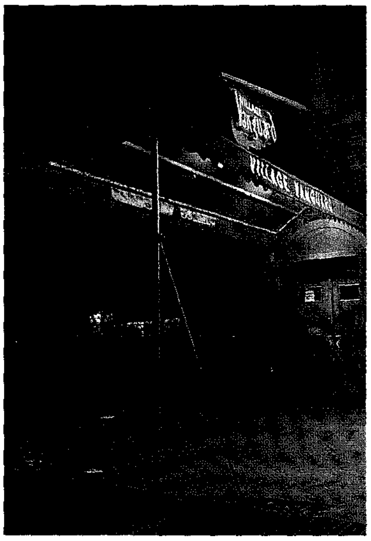
Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Boston comedy circles produced Jay Leno and many other greats who came through this club. Wednesdays, Rod Reyes hosts All-Star Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Institution

Live at the Village Vanguard

It is, to say the least, quite a lived-in room. Over the small stage, there's a broken light fixture, courtesy of Charles Mingus, who marked one off night by smashing his bass into the ceiling. Behind are the smoke-drenched burgundy curtains—the sole beneficiaries of Miles Davis's early stage persona. Then there's the nonfunctional kitchen, a matrix for jazz literati that parallels the late-twenties Algonquin. And then there are the cramped tables, the dim lights, the perilously steep stairs, the autographed photos of just about every jazz great that ever breathed. The Village Vanguard, which turns 60 this week, isn't just the oldest jazz club in the world, it's the *most* jazz club. And it remains the greatest, purest, most authentic venue for that art form on the planet.



This anniversary—the first big one without founder Max Gordon, who died in 1989—isn't solely about jazz, however. In carrying on the tradition, Gordon's widow, Lorraine, is celebrating the club's origins as well. "I'm trying to re-create what Max did in the early days," says Lorraine, 72, whose first husband was Blue Note Records founder Alfred Lions. "It's the kind of people who had a part in forming the backbone of the Vanguard. Poets, folk singers, and comedians, as well as jazz musicians." So for a poet, why not Allen Ginsberg (February 23)? And for a folk singer, how about Pete Seeger (February 26)? And if you want comedians, how about Professor Irwin Corey (February 25) and Dick Gregory (February 22)? So beloved is the Vanguard that even Bobby Short is venturing out of Cafe Carlyle to play here, with Jimmy Rowles, on February 24. And Shirley Horn is here on the 21st. Also, look for upcoming performances by Betty Carter, Cecil Taylor, Ron Carter, and other stars specially booked by major jazz labels to help celebrate the Vanguard legacy. Since even the Vanguard's corner, at Seventh Avenue and Perry, is being renamed after him, the founder should feel well served. "Max loved parties," Lorraine confirms. "And I bet he's smiling somewhere about this one."

CHRIS NORRIS

Photograph by Mitchell Seidel/Photoreporters.

Caroline's Comedy Club—The big-budget site of A&E's series *Caroline's Comedy Hour,* right off Times Square. 2/15–2/19: James Stephens III. 2/19–2/20: "All Star comedy Round-Up," featuring "The Legendary Wid." 2/23–2/25: Jeff Dunham and Peanut. Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—The cozy subterranean home to some of New York's top comics. Through 2/19: Larry Amoros; Ray Romano; Dave Attell; Kevin Brennen. 2/20–2/26: Jeff Ross; Ray Romano; Gregg Rogell; Dave Attell; Linda Smith; Mario Cantone. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Every Wednesday, the interactive comedy group Short Order Theater takes over, improvising sketches and songs based on audience suggestions. Mon.–Thurs., shows start at 9; Fri., at 8:30, 10:45, and 11; Sat., at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this is now one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 2/13–2/19: Sean Donnellan; Ben Creed; Rich Ramirez; Al Romero; Mike Robles; Scott Bruce; Danny Curtis. 2/20–2/26: Nancy Redman; John Rizzo; Danny Curtis; Ben Creed; Scott Bruce; Quentin Heggs; and Glenn "Mr. Bullhorn" Super. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

New York Comedy Club—2/18: Wanda Sykes Hall; Bill McCarty; Mike King. 2/19: Buddy Flip's Variety Show. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9 P.M., with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45 P.M. *241 East 24th St., bet. Second and Third Aves. (696-5233).*

Rebar—Mondays, "Eating It: The Alternative Comedy Experience" sics live comedians on bar patrons as they sit in the shadows. *127 W. 16th St. (627-1680).*

Stand-Up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Westbeth Cafe—Michael Conway, Mary Huner, Jill Kinney, and Robert Sabin perform sketch comedy. 2/16–2/17. Shows at 8:30 P.M. *151 Bank St. (206-0904).*

West End Gate—Mondays, the Winged Nuts improvise comedy. Tues.–Wed., Bob & Mitch host a stand-up night. Sun., it's Tom Soter's Improv Comedy. *2911 Broadway (666-8687).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Guitarist and singer John Pizzarelli regales the Oak Room with swing classics in a subdued mood, helped out by his brother Martin and Ray Kennedy on bass and piano. Through 2/25. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Blue Angel—*Les Incroyables,* a Parisian musical revue. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Wed. at 2. *321 W. 44th St. (262-3333).*

Cafe Carlyle—Eartha Kitt is back in business, purring her trademark numbers through 2/18. $40 cover; no minimum. 8:45 and 10:45 nightly. *35 E. 76th St. (570-7189).*

Cafe 44—Singer Priscilla Hood on Tues, Sat., and Sun. at 6. No cover. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Cleopatra's Supper Club—*Cleopatra's Follies,* a continuous revue. $10–$15; $15 minimum. Wed.–Sun. at 9. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Danny's Skylight Room—Various performers nightly. $6–$15, plus $10 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—Various performers nightly. $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Eighty Eight's—Mondays through 3/13 at 8, Marilyn Volpe singing the songs of Cy Coleman in a show called "You Fascinate Me So." $12; two-drink minimum. Weeknights, first performance at 8; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30; Sun. all day. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—Sunday nights through February at 9:30 and 11, the actor Michael Moriarty is at the piano with bassist Scott Lee; on Valentine's Day, Mary Cleere Haran sings about love at 9:30, 10:45, and midnight. Music charge: $3–$5; no minimum. *33 University Place (228-8490).*

Bluegrass Diva

Though she isn't a household name north of the Mason-Dixon line, bluegrass singer-fiddler Alison Krauss, 23, deserves to be. When, in 1993, her crystal-clear voice and inventive way with other people's songs got her inducted into the Grand Ole Opry, she was the first bluegrass artist to be so honored in 29 years. She plays the Bottom Line February 17 and 18. Come early: Both shows are likely sellouts.

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. Tue.–Sat.: "You Keep Coming Back Like a Song," a musical memoir of Irving Berlin. Nightly at 9 and 11. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Celebrating her fiftieth anniversary in show business, Rosemary Clooney raises the highest rafters in town through 3/4: Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11. $40 cover, no minimum. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quartet is in residence Fridays at 10:30 through 2/24 playing jazz and swing with various guest vocalists. On Friday, Karen Mason, understudy for Glenn Close in *Sunset Boulevard,* sings the songs of Burton Lane. *234 W. 44th St., Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

The Supper Club—Marc Lauren in "In Another Place and Time," a compilation of French and American standards. After a special Valentine's Day opening at 9, the show plays Wed. eves. at that hour through 3/15. $15 cover. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Bars

Alligator Alley—Jägermeister on tap and Billy Joel's "Only the Good Die Young" blasting on the jukebox while a gaggle of twentysomething women dressed for bed by themselves in leggings and oversize sweatshirts sing along. *485 Amsterdam Ave., at 84th St. (873-5810).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

C. J. Bentley's—Got a thing for a man out of uniform? This is a cop pickup bar, so don't be surprised if, mid-flirt, you discover a wedding band in the officer's hip pocket. Added bonus: Disco never died here. *7110 Third Ave., at 79th St., Brooklyn (718-745-0748).*

Dama—Man-about-downtown Jean-Claude Iacoveli and three fellow Eurocharmers have opened a playroom for themselves and their elegant and oversexed young trendies—some of whom (for fun, not profit) dance nearly naked. Though unnecessary, oysters are served until 3 A.M., or until they run out. *9 Seventh Ave. So., at Carmine St. (675-2638).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping, downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

Great Jones Cafe—Must have sold auto parts in a past life. Now it's an elbow-banging, "sorry pal," putatively southwestern watering hole. Stay long enough to recover from a Cajun martini. *53 Great Jones St., nr. Bowery (674-9304).*

Les Poulets—The roar on Wednesday night at this almost exclusively Puerto Rican nightclub is welcome relief from the self-congratulatory murmur of the typical Flatiron feedery. *16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000).*

Mare Chiaro—The bartender is deaf, and the owner has been known to dance about in his underpants. The Little Italy that existed before tourists were invented. *176 Mulberry St., nr. Broome St. (226-9345).*

Oak Bar—The perfect place to take your parents, unless you're paying. What are those bird-legged ladies talking so intently to those round old men about, anyway? Jackets aren't required, but you'll feel naked without one. *Plaza Hotel, 59th St. and Fifth Ave. (546-5320).*

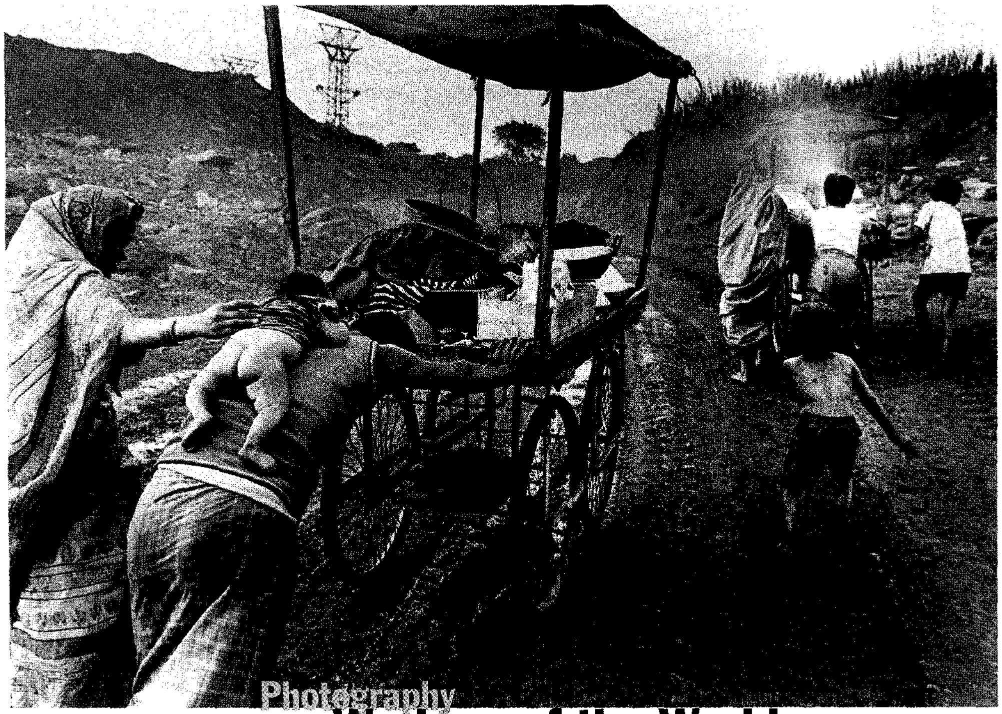
Peter's Waterfront Ale House—Beef jerky on the bar and a regular crowd that actually eats it. Great beer selection complete with weekly specials and a hip, if harried, wait staff—don't let their silly red uniforms fool you. *136 Atlantic Ave., nr. Clinton St., Brooklyn (no phone).*

S.T.—To the interloper this up-to-the minute East Village storefront will be like landing in a bar in Berlin without a working knowledge of German. The huddling young giddies pack this booze-up beyond capacity and make it so crowded that not only can you taste the alienation in the air; you can smell it. Heads up for the dartboard as you come out of the bathroom. *634 E. 11th St. (no phone).*

205 Club—A social club for hipsters. A couch, a pool table, a D.J. after 10:30, and the best pinball machine in creation first-timers feel like long-time members. One tip: Get your partner to order his or her bourbon on the rocks before you order yours neat. The bartenders seem to feel compelled to match the level of the first drink, leaving you with one crippling can of Makers Mark. *205 Chrystie St., at Stanton St. (473-5816).*

Photograph by Alan Messer.

Agnes Martin...Selgado's *Workers*



Photography

Workers of the World

In 1987, the Brazilian photographer Sebastião Salgado began traveling around the world—to Brazilian gold mines, factories in China, and shipyards in Poland—to capture these powerful and timeless images of laborers. At ICP Midtown.

Openings

"Conspiratorial Laughter" celebrates the personal and professional friendship of **Man Ray** and **Marcel Duchamp** through photographs, books, catalogues, works of art, and ephemera (opens February 18 at Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Avenue).

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Joseph Beuys—Signed posters and multiples from the gallery's collection and from Dutch and German collections; through 3/11. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

Robert De Niro—A survey of expressionistic paintings from the seventies and eighties by this second-generation New York School artist (1922–1993); through 3/4. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Mundy Hepburn—Constructed from homemade glass, these sculptures, some of which evoke surreal underwater flower beds, have painterly phosphor coatings and involve the use of gaseous-plasma technology; through 3/11. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

Roni Horn/Nayland Blake—When the artist first began making these text-based drawings in gouache and watercolor in 1984, she recorded literary quotes and references as well as her own writing. Her most recent works are based on her own writings from the book *Pooling Waters*/Video-based works from the past five years. Through 3/11. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Paul Rotterdam—New abstract paintings; through 3/11. Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave. (734-3670).

Hedda Sterne—Delicate abstract paintings with a sense of spatial infinity; 2/18–3/31. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (772-9555).

Albert Urban—Color screenprints with musical and theatrical themes from the thirties and forties by this German artist (1909–1959) who began his artistic tutelage under Max Beckman and Willi Baumeister at the Frankfurt Kunstschule; through 3/18. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (772-8810).

Don Van Vliet—Recent abstract paintings and works on paper by the former Captain Beefheart; through 3/18. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

57th Street Area

William Baziotes—Of these seemingly serene biomorphic paintings, the artist, who had a horror of being misunderstood, once wrote, "My work is like the Caribbean—Above the Blue Sky and Below the Blue Water—beneath the sharks . . ."; through 3/4. Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Christian Boltanski—Among the artist's new pieces are *Human*, an installation that consists of 1,000 small archival photographs of criminals and victims, Nazis and Jews, mixed together anonymously, and a work in which archival photographs have been printed on transparent vellum and delicately hung on two long nails, allowing the paper to flutter gently in air currents and produce quivering shadows on the wall; through 3/11. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Earl Cunningham/Grandma Moses—Paintings by two American self-taught artists; through 3/18. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

Morris Louis—Abstract paintings from the artist's "Unfurled" series of 1960 that are distinguished by their gentle, poetic coloring and sinuous, slightly columnar form; 2/17–3/18. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

R. B. Kitaj—New autobiographical paintings by this American-born artist who has lived and worked in England for more than three decades and currently has a retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum (see "Museums"); through 3/4. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Agnes Martin—This group of ten paintings of thinly layered yellows, pinks, blues, and whites is the first work produced by the artist in her new Taos, New Mexico, studio; 2/17–3/18. Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Philip Pearlstein—The composition of the artist's unflinchingly realist figure paintings has become increasingly complex in recent years, as this show—Pearlstein's first with the gallery—demonstrates; through 3/4. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Jane Rosen—Works that deal with the relationship between painting and body through the use of specific imagery and accumulative layerings of fiberglass, pastel, and pigment on wood; through 2/25. Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Charles Sarka—The illustrator, who worked for *Collier's*, *Harper's*, and *Cosmopolitan* and died in 1960, made these small-scale works on paper in graphite, colored pencil, and watercolor during his travels to Egypt, Spain, Morocco, the Caribbean, and Tahiti; their subject matter includes human figures, animals, and landscapes; through 3/4. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (838-0333).

David Smith—On loan from private collections and the collection of Candida and Rebecca Smith, the paintings and sculpture in this exhibition were made between 1940 and 1950 and reflect the artist's deep involvement with music; 2/15–3/25. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Christopher Wilmarth—A selection of sculpture and drawings by this artist who died in 1987; 2/18–3/25. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

Helen Miranda Wilson—Inspired by the poems and pictures engraved on the windowpanes in the artist's childhood home, these recent small-scale paintings depict the rooms the artist lives in, her own body, the food she eats, and the surrounding sky and landscape; through 3/4. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Beatrice Wood/Kurt Weiser—New glazed chalices by this artist who was part of the Dada movement and will turn 102 on March 3/Ceremonial vases and teapots painted with images of lush tropical

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photograph by Sebastiao Salgado/Magnum Photos.

vegetation. Through 3/4. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (246-2205).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Alighiero e Boetti/Richard Long—Works by both artists that have never been exhibited in the United States, including Boetti's silk embroidery of 1982 *The Thousand Longest Rivers in the World* (which had its debut in Documenta 7, Kassel) and Long's *Somerset Willow Line*, a site-specific sculpture of 608 willow branches; through 4/29. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Germaine Brooks—Paintings that probe into the psychological aspects of portraiture without relying on specific narratives or subjects; through 3/4. Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. (941-1609).

Thom Cooney Crawford—Built up with layers of paint and burlap, these vividly colored abstract paintings depict an opening or entry as a central image; through 3/4. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

David Diao/Bill Komoski—A new series of paintings titled "The Bitter Tea of General Yen"/New paintings. Through 3/11. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

Luciano Fabro—A recent installation titled *Il giorno mi pesa sulla notte* ("The day weighs on me at night") by the Arte Povera artist; through 3/1. Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (966-9310).

Aaron Fink/Peter Hristoff—New large-scale paintings that depict an overscaled object as a central image/New works on paper; through 3/28. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Robin Hill—Monumental drawings on wax-saturated paper and a floor installation of 4,000 pigmented plaster elements; through 3/11. Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway (941-0012).

Konrad Kaletsch/E. E. Smith—Sculptures that combine bridges, oil drums, water, and other symbols of industrial culture/Whether they depict a huge closeup of an eye or images of celebrities bracketed with anonymous figures, these photographs and photo silkscreens explore the relationship between object and viewer in photographic representation. Through 3/11. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

Gudrun Mertes-Frady—Paintings that are an intense exploration of color in all its permutations, associations, and meanings; through 3/11. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838).

Wendy Miller—Abstract paintings inspired by the hand-painted advertisements on billboards and walls seen by the artist on a trip to the Indian state of Karnataka; through 3/18. Arstark, 568 Broadway (431-7334).

Tom Nakashima—Painted screens that depict scenes of action on one side and scenes of contemplation on the other; 2/18–3/18. Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. (431-4224).

James Nares—The painter uses oversize flexible brushes on prepared linen to create the perfect gesture, which then seems to organically dictate a second stroke, and then possibly a third; through 3/4. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Susan Norrie—A new group of paintings that use the concept of the island and sea literally and metaphorically; inspired by Michelangelo Antonioni's film *L'Avventura*, about a woman missing on an island; through 3/15. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Tom Otterness—Three separate groups of drawings and new figurative sculptures that utilize modular chain-link forms and are cast in aluminum, bronze, or carbon steel; 2/18–3/25. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

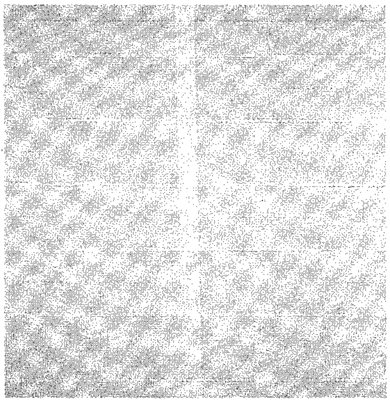
Elsa Rady/Tristano di Robilant—Groupings of porcelain forms bolted to polyurethaned aluminum shelves constitute this artist's investigation into the formal and emotional possibilities of the "still life"/Large-scale sculpture; through 3/11. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

David Reed—In order to suggest the intimate relationship a viewer can have with his paintings, the artist has displayed his new gestural abstract paintings in his own video-and-installation re-creation of Scottie's bedroom from the Hitchcock film *Vertigo;* 2/18–3/19. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-54540).

Talent

Purely Martin

Though she'd probably bridle at the comparison, Agnes Martin often seems like our last O'Keeffe: a self-contained, uncompromising painter who made her reputation in New York, then traded Manhattan's noisy verticality for the flatness of New Mexico and never looked back. And Martin's metaphysical musings on her work tend to obscure her more practical, O'Keeffe-like side. She may not visit New York much, but her latest canvases come to Pace Wildenstein every few years, as they have this week.



Photograph courtesy of Pace Wildenstein.

Martin's paintings have been analyzed to death, yet it is their inscrutable character that chiefly attracts us. They have their spiritual counterpart in the abstract sublime of Barnett Newman, Ad Reinhardt, and Mark Rothko, but physically they share more with the minimalist sculptures of Carl Andre and Donald Judd. Though she's hardly a Romantic, Martin's delicate hues can bring to mind the skies of Turner's late paintings. Best of all, at 82, she tells anyone who asks what few artists would dare admit—that her paintings are her search for transcendent beauty.

Edith Newhall

Ross Rudel—Abstract but suggestively erotic wall sculptures made with stained wood, enamel paint, and stretched nylon and rubber; through 3/4. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Jeffrey Saldinger—Self-portraits in oil on linen that depict the artist with various facial expressions, from the unflattering to the comical; through 3/18. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Ray Smith—Portraits of American writers painted on canvas and on wood panels; 2/18–3/18. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Marjorie Strider/Don Hazlitt—Recent paintings in which images and, in some cases, objects are integrated into a swirling impasto texture/Abstract paintings that combine elements of Surrealism, formalism, and expressionism; through 3/4. Zarre, 48 Greene St. (966-2222).

Antoni Tàpies—In his recent paintings with sand-and-marble-dust-textured surfaces, the Catalan artist continues to synthesize personal and universal symbols; through 3/4. Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

John Von Wicht—Prints and paintings by this WPA muralist who died in 1970, at Berman/Daferner, 568 Broadway (226-8330), through 4/22, and Teller, 568 Broadway (941-7335), through 3/18.

Jeffrey Wasserman—New abstract paintings that reveal traces of imagery; through 3/4. Maynes, 225 Lafayette St. (431-3952).

Thomas Weaver/Peter Levinson—Works that combine painted patterns reminiscent of floral wallpaper motifs with computer-manipulated photographic images of derelict urban landscapes/A site-specific installation titled *Period Room*. Through 3/4. Condeso/Lawler, 524 Broadway (219-1283).

Other

Susan Leopold—A site-specific installation that challenges traditional notions about public and private space through the use of cameras, video monitors, wooden windows, and detection mirrors; through 3/4. Rotunda, 33 Clinton St., Brooklyn (718-875-4047).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (744-8181). Traditional and contemporary paintings, prints, paper cuts, jewelry, and pottery depicting the twelve animals of the Chinese zodiac; through 3/4.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). "Contemporary Landscape: Topography and Landscape," with paintings, works on paper, and photography by Berlind, Blondes, Duesberry, Hannock, Innerst, Santlofer, Zwack, others; through 3/25.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). An exhibition of works from the seventies by Richard Diebenkorn, Helen Frankenthaler, Lee Krasner, Agnes Martin, Joan Mitchell, Sean Scully, and Frank Stella, guest-curated by Jeffrey Hoffeld; through 3/4.

York—21 E. 65th St. (772-9155). Paintings by nineteenth-century folk artists; through 3/4.

57th Street Area

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "Neo-Dada: Redefining Art 1958–1962"; through 3/18.

Frumkin/Adams—50 W. 57th St. (757-6655). California "funk" art from the sixties by Arneson, Brown, DeForest, Gilhooly, Hudon, Neri, Saul, Wiley; through 2/28.

Haime—41 E. 57th St. (888-3550). "Works on Wax" by Hutchison, Jaime-Mena, Seborovsky, Kounellis, Nelson, Martin; through 3/4.

PaineWebber—1285 Ave. of the Americas (713-2885). "Common Ground Uncommon Vision: The Michael and Julie Hall Collection of American Folk Art" comprises masterpieces from the eighteenth through the twentieth centuries; through 4/14.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). An exhibit of works made between 1910 and 1970 by African-American artists, which will travel to the Long Beach Museum of Art, Long Beach, California; through 4/8.

Sheehan—41 E. 57th St. (888-4220). Prints from the sixties by Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Indiana, and Andy Warhol; through 3/4.

Takashimaya—693 Fifth Ave. (350-0115). "Material Dreams," with works made from fabric by Gerber, Feng, Hodges, Semmes, Swanger; through 3/12.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Alexander Editions—476 Broome St. (925-2070). New publications by Baldessari, Judd, Lawler/McCollum, LeWitt, Long, Scully, Zaugg; through 3/4.

Apex—291 Church St. (431-5270). Curated by Sam Hunter, "Transformations" features works by Myslowski, Nagasawa, Risley, Stein; through 3/4.

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). "Triple Feature," with works by Bocanegra, Lee, Pelosini; *Global Village* installation by Howard McCalebb in collaboration with the City Kids Foundation and Satellite Academy; through 3/4.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-1434). Works by Raimund Kummer and Osvaldo Romberg; through 4/6.

Cristinerose—395 W. Broadway (431-1862). "Revealing Desire," with works by nine women artists—Elizabeth Berdann, Robin Kahn, Lauren Lekso, Carolee Schneeman, and others—whose works deal with representation of the body; through 3/11.

Gagosian—136 Wooster St. (228-2828). A benefit exhibition for Tibet House New York, with works by Baechler, Bochner, Bourgeois, Clemente, Schnabel, Serra, Sonnier, Taaffe, Winters; through 3/4.

Karg/Baer—100 Greene St. (334-0436), by appointment only. Works by Acconci, Antoni, Barney, Burden, Gilbert & George, Kustera, Mendieta, Nauman, Rainer, Ray, Schneeman, Wilke; through 4/14.

Merians—76 Greene St. (334-9099). "Oblique," an exhibit of works that investigate systems by Coughlan, Fernandez, Kim, Ku, Libermann, Magnuson, Seager; through 3/4.

Perlow—560 Broadway (941-1220). Paintings and drawings of the city at night by Brittel, Jacquette, Katz, Kleemann, McPherson, Moore, Naujokas; through 2/28.

Thorp—103 Prince St. (431-6880). "Duck" looks at works about the anxieties of our times, by Darger, Prince, Rainer, Warhol, Weegee; through 3/11.

Zwirner—43 Greene St. (966-9074). Recent works by Kelley, McCarthy, Nauman, West; through 3/14.

Other

Morris—530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753). An inaugural exhibition with works by Adams, Baynard, Beyt, Dayton, H. Marden, Phelan, Ray, Storey, Therrien, Walz, Wolfe, others; through 3/12.

Storefront for Art and Architecture—97 Kenmare St. (431-5795). "Warchitecture–Sarajevo: A Wounded City," a multimedia exhibition documenting the destruction of architecture in Sarajevo; through 3/18.

Photography

Baron/Boisanté—50 W. 57th St. (581-9191). Sequential photographs by Laurie Anderson, Giovanni Anselmo, Anna and Bernhard Blume, Jennifer Bolande, Sigmar Polke, Not Vital, others; through 3/11.

Manuel Alvarez Bravo—The Mexican photographer's nudes in platinum/palladium and silver gelatin prints from the thirties to the present; through 3/25. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Susan Derges/Edward Maxey—Two series of color photograms of frogs showing the development of life from spawn to frog/Black-and-white abstractions of the American flag; through 2/25. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Alain Fleischer—Conceptual sculpture installations, a video projection piece, and large-format photographs; 2/16–3/18. Baum, 588 Broadway (219-9854).

Nan Goldin—New photographs made over the past two years during visits to Tokyo, Berlin, and Salzburg, and screenings of *The Ballad of Sexual Dependency* (screenings take place Thurs. through Sun. at 1, 3, and 5); through 4/16. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (861-9455). Thurs.–Sun. 12–6.

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "William Klein: In and Out of Fashion"; through 2/26.

I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Workers, An Archeology of the Industrial Age–Photographs by Sebastião Salgado"; 2/17–5/26.

Richard Misrach—Photographs that continue the artist's investigation of man's intervention with nature, including works from the series "Desert Canto XV: The Salt Flats" and "Desert Canto XII: Clouds (Non-Equivalents)"; 2/16–3/18. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Ray Mortenson—Large-scale photographs of the small lakes and ponds of the Hudson Highlands; through 3/4. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Genevieve Naylor—A survey of works by this photographer who worked in fashion and photojournalism and who covered the Korean War for *Look* magazine; through 3/19. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

New York Hilton—53rd St. and Sixth Ave. "The Photography Show 95," an exposition of vintage and contemporary fine art photography sponsored by the Association of International Photography Art Dealers; 2/17–19. Call (202)986-0105 for information.

Ben Shahn—An exhibit concentrating on the painter's photographic works, including images documenting the effects of the Great Depression in New York and the rural South and Midwest, the Alfred Dreyfus affair, and the Sacco-and-Vanzetti case; through 3/25. Hunter College, 695 Park Ave. (772-4068).

David Seidner—These images of meticulously posed and lighted male and female nude figures with blank facial expressions evoke photographs of sculpture while also suggesting the objectivity of medical photographs or Muybridges's motion studies; through 3/4. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Ray Charles White—Portraits of artists and art world figures; 2/16–3/16. Thicket, 44 Lispenard St. (343-2846).

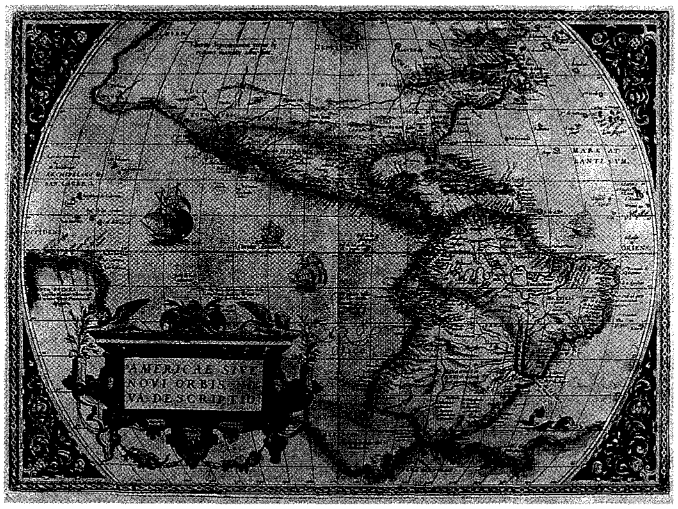
Robert Yarber—Recent photographs of nocturnal landscapes; through 3/11. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Revivals! Diverse Traditions: 1920–1945." More than 160 objects by American craft artists. Through 2/26. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Brooklyn Museum—"Thomas Cole: Landscape Into History." More than 60 paintings by the father of the Hudson River School. Through 4/2. . . . "Grand Reserves: Rediscoveries and Recent Acquisitions at the Brooklyn Museum." Through 3/26. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation". Through 9/10. . . . "Leon Polk Smith: Selected Works 1943–1992". Through 5/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy.,



Auction **A rare complete copy of Abraham Ortelius's *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum* (above, his map of North and South America), published in Antwerp, Belgium, in 1574, doesn't come up for sale very often—so expect it to be one of the stars of Swann Galleries' "Maps & Atlases, Color Plate Books, Natural History" auction this Thursday.**

Photograph courtesy of the Swann Galleries.

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Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Elaine Lustig Cohen: A Modern Graphic Designer." Through 5/23. . . . "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 8/20. . . . "Good Offices and Beyond: The Evolution of the Workplace." Through 2/26. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Andy Warhol, *The Last Supper Paintings*." Through 6/18. . . . "Alighiero Boetti and Frédéric Bruly Bouabré, *Worlds Envisioned*." Through 6/18. . . . "James Coleman, Projected Images: 1972–1994." Through 3/12. 548 W. 22nd St. (431-9232); Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery & Study Center—"Narelle Jubelin: Soft Shoulder." Mixed-media works by an Australian artist that address the effects of international commerce and travel on local culture; through 3/11. New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (998-6780).

Guggenheim Museum—1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Antoni Tàpies." The first large-scale exhibition of the Spanish artist's paintings to appear in the United States since 1977, with works dating from 1946 through 1991. Through 4/23. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Jewish Life in Tsarist Russia: A World Rediscovered." Through 3/5. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art— "R.B. Kitaj: A Retrospective." Paintings by the American-born artist who has lived in England for more than three decades and whose themes include his years as a merchant seaman, the history of film, and his Jewish heritage. 2/17–5/14. . . . "I Tell My Heart: The Art of Horace Pippin." An exhibition of paintings by the black folk artist (1886–1946) that was organized by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Through 4/30. . . . "American Still Life: 1915–1950." Works from the museum's own collections of American art. Through 4/30. . . . "French Prints From the Bibliothèque Nationale." Through 3/19. . . . "Thomas Eakins and the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Through 2/26. . . . "Lucie Rie/Hans Coper." Through 5/21. . . . "Painting and Illumination in Early Renaissance Florence, 1300–1450." Through 2/26. . . . "Greek Gold: Jewelry of the Classical World." Through 3/26. . . . "The Kilenge of New Britain: Photographs by Philip Dark, 1964–1970." Through 7/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Aldine Press 1495–1995: An American Homage." Through 4/9. . . . "The Collector's Eye: Gifts From the Collection of Julia Parker Wightman." Through 4/2. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Exhibition-ism: Museums and African Art." Through 3/5. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. noon–6; $4, $2 children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Visionary Art of Minnie Evans." Paintings and drawings spanning the years 1935 to 1981 by this self-taught artist from North Carolina whose mandalalike images of surreal creatures, multiple eyes, and beautiful women's faces were inspired by visions from her dreams. Through 4/2. 2 Lincoln Sq. (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Kandinsky: Compositions." The Russian artist's monumental "Composition" paintings and related works on paper executed between 1910 and 1939. Through 4/25. . . . "Jacob Lawrence: The Migration Series." The epic 60-panel work that depicts African-Americans' post–World War I flight from the rural South to the industrial cities of the North. Through 4/11. . . . "Projects: Nancy Rubins." Through 3/14. . . . "Max Beckmann Prints." Through 5/9. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Photographs by Jacob Riis, who documented New York's poor and homeless in the late-nineteenth century, and by the contemporary photographers Martine Barrat, Fred Conrad, Mary Ellen Mark, Margaret Morton, and Jeffrey Scales. Through 9/3. . . . "Centuries of Sentiment: Valentines Past and Present." Through 2/28. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments." Through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"An Installation of Works by Paul Cadmus." Through 2/19. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. noon–5 (Fri. to 8); $3.50, $2 seniors and students, free Fri. 5–8.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Andres Serrano: Works 1983–1993." Through 4/9. . . . "Valeska Soares: Discontinuous Teasers." Through 4/9. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed.–Fri. and Sun. noon–6, Sat. 12–8; $4, $3 artists, seniors, students.

New York Public Library—"La Fontaine." An exhibit of the French poet's books of fables, comedies, librettos for operas, and other works. Through 4/15. . . . "Lawrence Weiner: Books and Other Printed Matter." Through 4/8. . . . "Peter Koch, Printer." A retrospective of works by this designer, printer, and publisher, from the "Cowboy Surrealism" of his early years in Montana to commercial and commissioned work and his increasingly innovative explorations of the uses of printing and the book form itself. Through 3/28. . . . "Garbage! The History & Politics of Trash in New York City." Through 2/25. . . . "e e cummings @100: An Anniversary Exhibition." Through 4/15. Central Research Building, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Tues. and Wed. 11–6, Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Sam Gilliam: Recent Monoprints." Through 5/14. . . . "Emma Amos: Paintings and Prints, 1982–1992." Through 5/14. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum—"Black Male: Representations of Masculinity in Contemporary American Art." Through 3/5. . . . "Collection in Context: Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney: Printmakers' Patron." Through 3/12. . . . "From the Collection: Photography, Sculpture, and Painting." Through 2/26. . . . "Recent Photography Acquisitions." Through 2/26. 945. Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed. and Fri.–Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $7, $5 students and seniors ($3.50 Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum at Philip Morris—"Jacob Lawrence: The War Series." Through 3/31. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Thurs. to 7:30; free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1000). 2/15 at 10 and 2: "19th-Century European Paintings, Drawings, Watercolors, and Sculpture." On view from 2/10. 2/17 at 10 and 2: "19th-Century Furniture, Sculpture, Porcelain, and Decorative Objects." On view from 2/11.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). 2/21 at 10: "Modern Art." On view from 2/17. 2/21 at 2: "Contemporary Art." On view from 2/17.

Doyle—175 E. 78th St. (427-2730). 2/22 at 10: "English & Continental Furniture, Decorations & Paintings." On view from 2/18.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 2/15 at 10:15: "Clocks." On view from 2/9. 2/16 at 10:15 and 2: "19th-Century Paintings." On view from 2/11.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 2/16 at 10:30: "Maps & Atlases, Color Plate Books, Natural History." On view from 2/11.

Restaurants

Verjus...New Veal...Oak-Planked Salmon

Ask Gael

A Fun, No-Frills Bistro

How about a laugh while I eat?

Zut! Its silly straw-hat chandelier and whimsical animals prowling above the bar will give you a giggle as you tuck into delicious bistro fare. No New Age nuances here, just splendid roasted beets with truffle oil, smoked salmon and roe on a potato galette, skate in red-wine butter with capers, and zippy coq au vin with chickpea spaetzle. By the team behind El Teddy's. (139 Duane Street; 513-0505.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Boom—Postmodern Asian in a rain-forest setting. Fans like the energy and are pleasantly surprised by how good the food is. *152 Spring St. (431-3663). (E) AE.*

Can—Pole position on SoHo's main drag. Inventive French-Vietnamese cuisine in an elegant, minimalistic dining room. *482 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-6333). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. *218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. Ironing-board tables in the booths that line the east wall, and tile floors. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Fraunces Tavern Restaurant—A landmark pub with a museum upstairs that's a must for your historically minded out-of-town friends. *54 Pearl St., nr. Broad St. (269-0144). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings, with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host-owner Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. *2 World Financial Center, on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and TriBeCa Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, off White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., bet. Sullivan and Thompson Sts. (966-3518). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An original 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Vegetarian Paradise—Vegetarian Chinese cuisine with a new menu. Completely vegan. The mood, like the walls, is pink. Predictably, there's no smoking allowed. *33 Mott St. (406-6988). (I) ($)*

Zoë—Charmingly hosted, megadesigned, and packed at lunch. Contemporary American dishes: crispy-noodle-wrapped shrimp, wood-oven- braised lamb shank with herb gnocchi, spit-roasted monkfish with lobster-potato home fries. *90 Prince St., bet. Broadway and Mercer St. (966-6722). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Zutto—Japanese in a Zen-like setting of mahogany and brick walls. Very soothing spot for good sushi. *77 Hudson St., nr. Harrison St. (233-3287). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare, served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. *1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. *11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant Frenchish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, promenade level (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Liberty Cafe—A hangar-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the Peking, Ambrose, and Waverley, moored along the Seaport Museum. *Pier 17, promenade level (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by the magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beers, and televised sports. *Pier 17, promenade level (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17, second floor*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

(227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the eponymous builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. *11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. *Pier 17, second floor (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, promenade level (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Baby Jake's—If hipster food isn't grilled, it's fried. Try the po'boys. Innovative booth deployment in the front of the room gives you a window view. *14 First Ave., nr. 1st St. (254-baby). (M) AE only.*

Grotta Azzurra—No joke. This Southern Italian spot has been around since 1908; that's four generations in the Davino family. May be old-fashioned, but the cozy, cavelike nooks are ideal for that special someone you don't want to be seen with. *387 Broome St., at Mulberry St. (925-8775). (M) ($)*

Haveli—A standout on a block so thick with Indian restaurants that you lose track of where you've been unless there's something pretty special going on. *100 Second Ave., at 6th St. (982-0533). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse decorated with vintage posters—Hirschfelds, copies of the Saturday Evening Post—and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomy and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good pub food keep them coming back. *190 W. 4th St. (633-BARK). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cafe Melville—This exposed-brick West Village café is cozy and comfortable without being claustrophobic. *110 Barrow St., at Washington St. (924-0110). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Caribe—Good jerk washed down by pretty great tropical drinks. The sun shines all the time here. *117 Perry St., at Greenwich St. (255-9191). (I) MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-0890). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Eclectic—Traditional American food with a hint of Provence, served in the most romantic of settings. Bring a date. *38-40 Carmine St. (807-1939). (I) AE, TM.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). Also 58 E. 34th St. (689-1019). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Le Pescadou—Cozy and casual French with accents from Provence. Oyster fans will find five varieties every day. *18 King St. (924-3434). (M) AE only.*

Murami—Neighborhood Japanese eatery with a dab of downtown. The limited à la carte sushi offering is augmented by imaginative specials. *546 La Guardia Pl., nr. Bleecker St. (979-7055). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Old Homestead—You can find New York's oldest steakhouse even if you're blocks away from the city's meat market: Just look for the larger-than-life cow on the façade. Wood panels and original stained glass decorate the dining room. There's a $150 cut of Kobe beef on the menu and an extensive wine list. Valet parking. *56 Ninth Ave., at 15th St. (242-9040). (M) AE, CB, DC, V.*

Rincon de España—Intimate and rustic Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl. *319 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Trattoria Pesce Pasta—Good old Italian comfort food. The attraction of this spot? Specialties that include lots of fish dishes and a casual dining room with a well-worn feel. *262 Bleecker St. (645-2993). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Zinno—An unexpected coupling of Northern Italian fare and live jazz. Sets end early, so you can catch a few and relieve the baby-sitter at a reasonable hour. *126 W. 13th St., nr. Sixth Ave. (924-5182). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Zutto—Japanese in a Zen-like setting, with mahogany and brick walls. Very soothing spot for good sushi. 77 Hudson St. (233-3287). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—Larry Forgione was one of the first chefs to devote a restaurant strictly to American fare. American harvest offerings in a barn-size space. Try game from upstate purveyors. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Italian fare buttressed by delightful outdoor tables. *488 Third Ave., nr. 33rd St. (685-3828). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark brick pub always pleases. *156 E. 34th St., nr. Lexington Ave. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Burke & Burke—Gourmet sandwiches, soups, and salads that are perfect to tote. The tables at some locations make for easy lunch dates. *485 Madison Ave., nr. 52nd St. (366-4020). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Christine's—Polish diner-café. Open late for simple peasant fare. Try the delicious, simple chicken and a zesty sauerkraut soup. *(I) 462 Second Ave., at 26th St. (779-2220). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Crystal Fountain—As the name promises, this restaurant features a large fountain in the center of its dining room, with water that moves magically against gravity. Continental fare and proximity to Grand Central attract a business-and-tourist crowd. *Grand Hyatt, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (850-5998). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hunan Fifth Avenue—Midtown-style Chinese food, business lunches and all. Dinner is a quieter scene. *323 Fifth Ave., nr. 32nd St. (686-3366). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with —surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. *10 E. 38th St. (447-1854). (M) AE, DC, V.*

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting. *134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The Deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's Cucina Regionale—Casual Sicilian dinner for the neighborhood. Family tables for as many as fifteen, and couples in the window seats. Let Eb take care of you. He's the headwaiter and has been at Nino's for nineteen years. Ask about the portobello mushrooms and the rigatoni alla siciliana. *517 Second Ave., at 29th St. (213-1838). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. So., bet 28th and 29th Sts. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare, brought to you in

Tribute

The Foie Gras Queen

When she was growing up in the heart of Gascony's foie gras country, Ariane Daguin used to help out the family business by *force-feeding the geese and ducks that her father,* a chef, would then turn into foie gras at his two-star restaurant in the Hôtel de France. As a teenager, she longed to get a hands-on job alongside her dad, but he wanted her up front, looking after the customers. "Women don't have a place in the kitchen in France," explains Daguin. So at 17, she packed up and moved to New York. And if the lavish weeklong celebrations in honor of her company D'Artagnan's tenth anniversary are any indication (her dad and more than 100 other notable French foodies joined 2,000 guests for a lavish celebration at Grand Central Terminal Monday night, where activities included a prune-bobbing contest judged by none other than Julia Child), Daguin's self-imposed exile was a boon for every American who has ever craved food that is authentically French.

Back when Daguin and her business partner, George Faison, started D'Artagnan in a one-room office in New Jersey, fresh foie gras was rarely found on any restaurant menu—it was considered contraband and had to be smuggled into the country. But top restaurants were demanding it, so Daguin marketed it, as well as wild game such as Scottish pheasants and grouse, venison, hare, and buffalo. Soon, she and Faison had established a reputation as *the* source for items that were once considered delicacies—confit de canard, cassoulet, terrines—and that are now, thanks to D'Artagnan's influence, so readily available as to be considered almost workaday. Still, for all her influence, Daguin still feels she has a thing or two to teach us about French cooking. "I've tried to bring some of my traditions to America," she says. "Good chefs in France use every part of the body as an ingredient. American chefs are extravagant in what they throw away; their food budgets are very high and they tend to just buy prime pieces. It's more politically correct to use the whole animal." GILLIAN DUFFY

Photograph by Renato Rotolo

a festive, high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day, warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink, made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pigalle—What it lacks in size, it more than makes up for with style and food. A bistro with a heavy French accent. *111 E. 29th St. (779-7830). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and an opera trio on Saturdays. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *180 Third Ave., at 17th St. (777-9288). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

Secret Harbor Bistro—A neighborhood lunch crowd from the outskirts of the fashion district. At dinner, local residents with hotel guests stop in for generous portions of American food with an Italian accent. *303 Lexington Ave., at 37th St., in the Shelburne Murray Hill Hotel (447-7400). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Steak Frites—Only a few places manage not to get lost in this bustling intersection of restaurant rows. A menu complete enough to hit the nail on the head and almost small enough to do everything well. *9 E. 16th St. (463-7101). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stella del Mare—A surprisingly good hideaway for fresh seafood and intimate settings. *346 Lexington Ave., nr. 39th St. (687-4425). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge are what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lola's—A lively front room gives way to a vast and airy back room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. Regulars swear by the onion rings. Yes, that was Luther Vandross. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

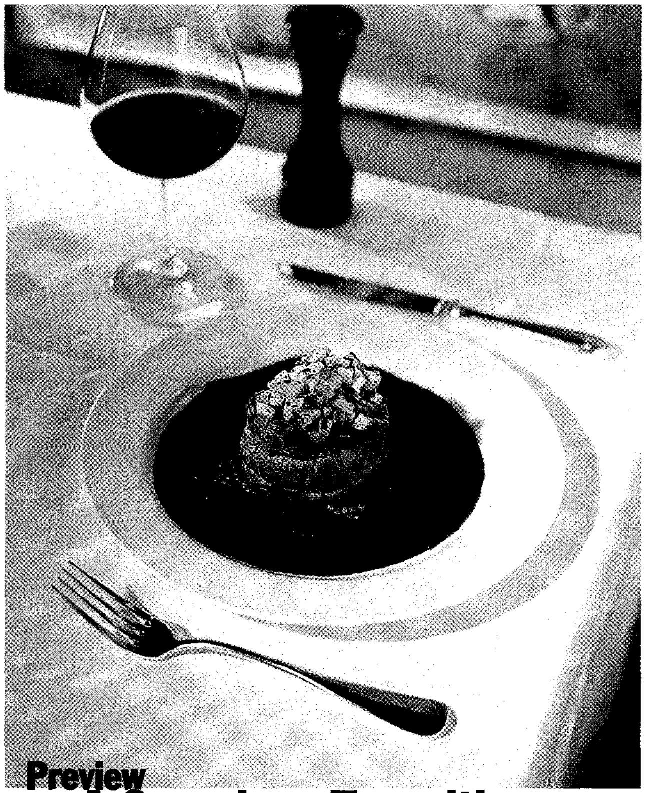
Man Ray—Popular with those on their way to the Joyce Theatre for its reliable and very current American offerings. *169 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (627-4220). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is—you guessed it—Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Rocking Horse Mexican Cafe—Mexican-themed café, with plenty to do and plenty to drink at the tables. The dining room's gold walls are adorned with art that customers have drawn at the tables. *182 Eighth Ave., nr. 20th St. (463-9771). (I) AE, MC, V.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Zip City—Pub grub and award-winning microbrew to wash it down. Collegial—if collegiate—atmosphere. *3 W. 18th St. (366-6333). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



Preview

A Seamless Transition

Chris Gesualdi quietly stepped in to replace Debra Ponzek as executive chef at Montrachet (239 West Broadway) last spring and is beginning to make his presence felt with dishes like this medallion of veal wrapped with caul fat.

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brasserie—Upbeat rendition of French-bistro classics 24 hours a day. Choose from the newly renovated dining area or grab a quick bite at the counter. *100 E. 53rd St. (751-4840) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little café in the back, one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chiam Inn—Hong Kong–style Cantonese fare served in a spacious wood-paneled dining room. Be bold. The menu will reward you. *160 E. 48th St. (371-2323). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Christ Cella—Sixty-nine years old and counting. This steakhouse is run by the third generation of the Cella family. The place specializes in steaks and lobster. A jacket and a tie are required. *160 E. 46th St. (697-2497) (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Colors—The American fare with Italian and Swiss around the edges for the nine-to-fivers in the office tower above. A secluded all-glass dining room is hidden from view by the palm garden in the lobby of the Atrium Park Avenue building. The bar is busy between outbound trains after work, and the kitchen stays open until 9:30 for working dinners. *237 Park Ave., at 46th St. (661-2000). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term power lunch got its start in the seventies, and many of those same moguls are still deciding the fate of Third World countries—and that of the Times best-seller list—over Perrier and paillard. The Pool Room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—That's a sky at your feet, and those are hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (homemade pasta, grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. The Scotto family attracts a mostly business crowd. It's packed at lunch and for dinner. Yes, that was Al Roker. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—The original owner, Henri Soulé, gave the place cachet, and Truman Capote immortalized it in his wicked tale of life among Manhattan's thin-and-rich set. The menu is studded with French classics served amid a series of clubby, romantic rooms, painted with scenes from the Riviera. *5 E. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, MC, V.*

La Mangeoire—A Cote D'Azur native son, chef Patrik Bruot delivers the Mediterranean flavors of southern France to a rustic room in midtown. *1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling environs to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by personal chefs in the private teppan grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *1004 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (980-4131). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Shinbashi–An—Midtown Japanese. But this one's elegant and soothing, with dramatic lighting. Don't wear mauve or you'll clash with the walls. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. and 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to people-watch and dance. Wednesdays through Saturdays, there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V*

Tse Yang—Food from Beijing and Shanghai served in an opulent dining room. Aquariums abound, so you can preview your dish before you order. *34 E. 51st St. (688-5447). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Festival—Lunch inside this glamorized luncheonette with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 p.m. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Barbetta—Impressive and old-world, this theater-district favorite has space, with a regal dining room and a romantic garden. Serving Northern Italian food. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come and find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cafe Un, Deux, Trois—This casual French bistro has all the hustle and bustle of its Parisian cousins. Good, hearty regional food at moderate prices. *123 W. 44th St. (354-4148). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

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Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Because of its muraled walls and abundant greenery, many feel as if they're walking into a castle when they enter this Italian restaurant. But this is no monolithic Italian: Each week, a regional dish from a specific European country is served as the special. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse—all marble and pewter, with blazing chandeliers—and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/7262). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Opinions vary but are always strong. Gentrified, dependable Cantonese. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th. St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. *15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Koyote Kate's—A Tex-Mex restaurant complete with tables hand-painted with a Native American theme. Lots of steak and chops, pasta, and fresh seafood; caters to a twentysomething crowd with a live band every night. *307 W. 47th St. (956-1091). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Langan's—American food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during precurtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and surroundings. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/2995). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A quiet place with two private rooms for parties. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M*—Gilbert Le Coze, who died this past summer, influenced a generation of chefs with the way he prepared seafood. His carpaccios used all manner of fish, and his trademark dish of roasted monkfish with cabbage appeared on menus everywhere. But nobody did it quite like Gilbert. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Patio—Tapas bar and light fare for hotel guests and after-work diners. *119 W. 56th St., in the Parker Meridien (245-5000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 246-0373). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro, reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Marlowe—A little cultural mêlée: an American bistro that looks like a French country inn. Oak-plank floors and low, romantic lighting are soothing. *328 W. 46th St. (765-3815) (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Nakagawa—Elegant Japanese in the heart of the theater district. Come feast on some sushi pre- or post-show. *7 W. 44th St. (869-8077). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Palio—Authentic Italian cuisine served in a formal atmosphere. The crowd is occasionally très international. Tourists and natives agree that the breadsticks are unreal. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Italian eatery rooted in the glorious 1950s. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491/3492). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming reliable and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restauran is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and it stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacke and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000) (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

René Pujol—The rustic French food and service ar careful and heartfelt. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Raphael—Chef Jean Michel Bergou-gnou redefines contemporary French country cuisine fo the nineties in a châteaulike setting. The stencile floral beams, the fireplace, and the outdoor rear garden set the tone for an intimate, romantic dinin experience or a business meal. Near MOMA. *33 W 54th St. (582-8993). (E) AE, DC.*

Ruth's Chris Steak House—A steak cooked in butter i

Photograph by Steve Wisbaue

the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sam's—Solid Continental food served up pub-style in the heart of the theater district. *263 W. 45 St. (719-5416). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Samplings—Cheerful family-style dining for hotel guests and local business lunches. 1605 Broadway, at *49th St., in the Crowne Plaza Hotel. (977-4000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room that's open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Siam Inn—One of the first Thai restaurants in the city, this place has been serving Bangkok duck and steak with green curry sauce to out-of-town theatergoers and an uptown local crowd that shows up after the curtain rises for fifteen years. *916 Eighth Ave., nr. 54th St. (489-5237). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Top of the Sixes—A beautiful view and a restaurant to boot. Perched atop the office that houses Universal Pictures's offices. American-Continental food. 666 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St., 39th floor (757-6662). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Trionfo—Good Italian food in a pleasant setting close to Broadway theaters. *224 W. 51st St. (262-6660). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the inevitable fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Bruno Ristorante—Attracting regulars for sixteen years, a Northern Italian kitchen and an Art Deco dining room with two fireplaces that will make anyone feel welcome. *240 E. 58th St. (688-4190). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Caviarteria—Right now! That was the cry from customers of this austere, modernist undersea-egg-monger. So a café was built and now serves the impatient crowd a variety of Russian and American caviar and other adventurous fare (smoked wild boar) *right on the premises. 502 Park Ave., nr. 59th St. (759-7410). (M) AE, MC, V.*

ontrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

awat—The Indian actress and cooking authority Madhur Jaffrey is a consultant here. You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fantino—Where else but in New York can you be served your Northern Italian fare on china by Gianni Versace? Serving in a luxurious dining room, Fantino delivers as an Italian restaurant should. Try the tuna or the lamb. *112 Central Park So., in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel (664-7700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gauguin—White-hot scene. Tahitian theme park: living palm trees, recorded birdsong, and the artist's murals. Tropical Asian cuisine and casks of cleverly named knockout drops. *The Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at Central Park West (319-0404). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Bar Bat—They crowd five deep at the bar, stalking one another; young melting-pot faces with briefcases and the curious come to eat. *311 W. 57th St. (307-7228). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Taxi—Veteran restaurateur Pedro Iso has made a bistro authentic enough to be mistaken for the real thing. *37 E. 60th St. (832-5500). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Train Bleu—A port in the retail storm. A French railroad dining car of old, with a view of the 59th Street Bridge. *Bloomingdale's, sixth floor, 1000 Third Ave., at 59th St. (705-2100). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Veau d'or—A proud tradition in the neighborhood, this bistro-style eatery hasn't changed in years, and almost everyone agrees that that's just fine. *129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Pierro's on the Park—Italian with a twist of art history. This parkside restaurant features art deco furnishings from the thirties: frosted glass, black lacquer, and original lighting. *150 Central Park So. (541-4090). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (265-5959) (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, East Side

Alexis—Provençal food delivered in a cozy dining room. Look up and you'll see what's written in the stars: The ceiling features a painting of the astrological signs. *140 E. 63rd St., in the Barbizon Hotel (838-5700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theaters, within spitting distance of Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

The Boat House Cafe—A glorious oasis in Central Park. This is the kind of Italian found only in America, much of it quite good. There's a new menu for grazers. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Chopin—Very casual spot, often warm and candlelit. Featuring Eastern European fare—lots of roasts, goulash, and stuffed cabbage. With live piano music. *339 E. 75th St. (628-7171). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Metairie—Country French in a rustic farmhouse setting. Blazing fireplace and all . . . mon cheri. And, sans blague, they have cooing doves. *1442 Third Ave., at 82nd St. (988-1800). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare; a people watcher's paradise. *768 Madison Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. *1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850) (M) AE only.*

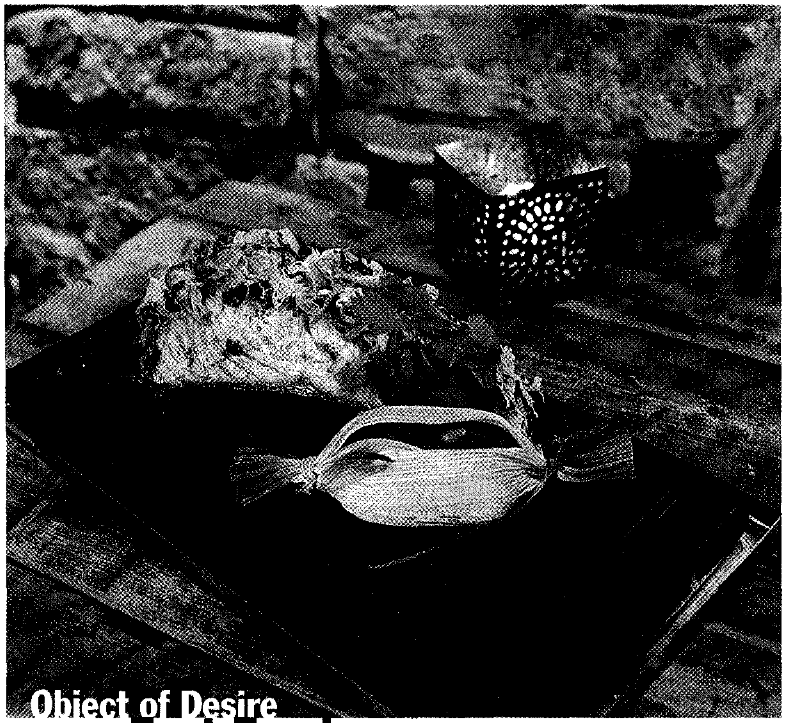
Demarchelier—Feels French and tastes French; on this restaurant-parched turf, that's good enough to draw a crowd. *50 E. 86th St. (249-6300). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Demi—This brownstone turned restaurant is one of the cozier spots along Madison Avenue. Candles and roses abound. And there's a fireplace for chilly winter eves and an outdoor terrace for balmy summer nights. *1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (534-3475) (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ferrier—Neighborhood hot spot. People watching, but be prepared to get what you give at this bistro. *29 E. 65th St. (772-9000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Girasole—Regional Italian food. Elegant, medium-size space with private rooms upstairs. Wood floors with girasoles (sunflowers to you, bub) throughout. A neighborhood haunt for the subdued set. *151 E. 82nd St. (772-6690). (M) AE only.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a



Object of Desire
Fast Food

The oak-planked salmon, one of five salmon permutations that form the backbone of the inventive menu at Christer's (145 West 55th Street), is cooked for only four minutes in a 600-degree convection oven and topped with a vegetable slaw and cilantro.

hotograph by Kenneth Chen.

great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Bistro de Maxim's—It ain't Paris, but . . . This elegant French bistro features a menu that fuses French and Asian flavors. Nouvelle, with lovely murals on the walls. *680 Madison Ave., at 61st St. (980-6988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lusardi's—Vintage Italian . . . good pastas and risottos make this spot a trusted local haunt. People keep coming back because it manages to be cozy and elegant. *1494 Second Ave., at 78th St. (249-2020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mad Hatter—A landmark American pub divided into enough spaces to suit almost any mood. *1485 Second Ave., bet. 77th and 78th Sts. (628-4917). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

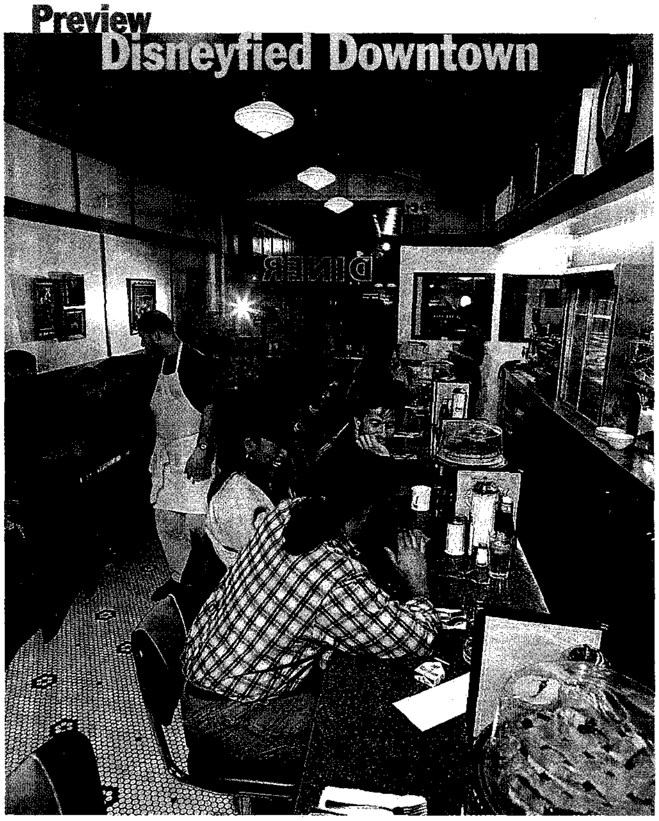
Mo's Caribbean—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. . . . Close enough. This festive spot serves Caribbean fare such as jerk chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. There's American food for your timid country cousin too. Leave with a suntan. *1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moscow on the Hudson—Authentic Russian fare. After that, there's live entertainment with music, dancing, and a live gypsy show. *803 Second Ave., at 93rd St. (534-4866). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very single bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze; but that figures, he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Polo—Clubby atmospherics, dark wood paneling, and contemporary American cuisine. Try the seafood special, whatever it is. Local haute-boutique owners conducting business and pleasure at lunch. Yes, that was Al Pacino ducking out the side door. *840 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (439-4835). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Preview
Disneyfied Downtown

Yet another eatery that appears driven by market-survey dictates has opened, this time on the Lower East Side. The Lucky Dog Diner (167 First Avenue, near 10th Street) is proof that not even the neighborhood greasy spoon is safe from sanitized caricature.

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. *853 Lexington Ave., bet. 64th and 65th Sts. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tony Di Napoli's—Family-style means big, big, big. Be prepared to loosen your belt buckle a notch or two after feasting on some serious Italian. Bring a family that likes to eat. *1606 Second Ave., at 83rd St. (861-8686). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Toraya—The purveyor to the Japanese imperial family for 450 years, this teahouse offers an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian. *584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE only.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Luxembourg—After all these years, the joint still looks smart and sexy and gets a good-looking Upper West Side crowd. The fare's upscale bistro. Perfect before or after the cultural goings-on at Lincoln Center. *200 W. 70th St. (873-7411). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fishin Eddies—Another homey spot from the Vince & Eddie guys, with live-fish tanks. Not all the grilled fish is as spectacular as the impressive cioppino for two. Patio dining. *73 W. 71st St. (874-3474). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Fujiyama Mama—Look up "fine cuisine" in the yuppie handbook, and you'll find this spot listed as No. 1. Good sushi, funky décor, and a D.J. make this Japanese restaurant a local favorite among upper west siders. *467 Columbus Ave., bet. 82nd and 83rd Sts. (769-1144). (M) AE only.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the upper west side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning décor has been described as "Dalí meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday-brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Main Street—American comfort food, and lots of it. Feel at home even in a party of ten. A fireplace and brick walls make this popular, giant space seem cozy. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Picholine—Mediterranean-style French food near Lincoln Center. The fabric-covered walls add to the cozy feel of this charming spot. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (M) AE ,DC, MC, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *2286 Broadway, at 82nd St. (873-6052). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

Santa Fe—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink faux-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. *72 W. 69th St. (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sidewalkers'—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don't come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. *12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red-suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for spectacular views of Lincoln Center, and there's seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat eater. Monday nights are cigar nights. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($)*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Queens

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Water's Edge—East River views, floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. Complimentary ferry leaves from Manhattan Tues.-Sat. 6–11 p.m. *44th Drive a the East River. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC MC, V.*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Pink plastic tablecloths detract from the serviceable chicken and rice and seafood gumbo. Try these accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 Whit Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367) (M) AE, MC, V.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen

in concert

Throat Singers of Tuva…Father and Son

Classical Music

Tuesday, February 14

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts works by Liszt and others. Avery Fischer Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $15–$45.

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Performs with soprano Carol Wilson. Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; call for prices.

Wednesday, February 15

Boston Symphony Orchestra—Seiji Ozawa conducts pieces by Strauss and Dutilleux. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; call for prices.

Bridge Ensemble—Performing contemporary Polish composers. Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. (734-2130) at 7:30; $10.

Guarneri String Quartet—Performing Arriaga, Mendelssohn, and Schumann. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500) at 8; $30.

Thursday, February 16

New York Philharmonic—Danielle Gatti conducts works by Mendelssohn and others. Avery Fischer Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $10–$55.

Boston Symphony Orchestra—See 2/15.

Adam Klein—Performs Britten and others, accompanied by his father, Howard Klein, on piano. Green Auditorium, 40 W. 68th St. (866-2086), at 1; free.

Friday, February 17

ronos Quartet—Performs the world premiere of Tan Dun's *Ghost Opera* and others. Majestic Theater, 651 Fulton St. (718-636-4100), at 8; $10–$30.

ew York Philharmonic—See 2/16; performed at 2.

andel and Haydn Society of Boston—Performs Bach and Handel, led by Christopher Hogwood. Avery Fischer Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$35.

hroat Singers of Tuva—The Huun-Huur-Tu ensemble performs traditional songs of Siberia. Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400), at 8; $16.

Saturday, February 18

ronos Quartet—Concludes its residency at BAM with works by John Adams, Don Byron, a world premiere by Brent Michael Davids, and others. Majestic Theater, 651 Fulton St. (718-636-4100), at 8; $10–$30.

New York Philharmonic—See 2/16.

Grant Johannesen—The pianist performs Bach, Franck, Schubert, and Ravel. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; call for prices.

Adam Klein—Performs Schubert. Theater Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E. 20th St., at 2; $2.

New York Chamber Ensemble—Performs world premiere of complete Schoenberg arrangement of Mahler's Symphony No. 4 and others. Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448), at 8; $20.

Sunday, February 19

Judith Christin—The mezzo-soprano makes her New York recital debut performing Mozart, Schumann, and others. Weill Recital Hall. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $20.

James Galway—The flutist performs sonatas by Bach and Handel. Avery Fischer Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $20–$38.

Monday, February 20

Chamber Music Society—Performs Elliott Carter, Edgar Meyer, and others. Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $23.

Freiburg Baroque Orchestra—Performs Purcell, Zavateri, and others. Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448), at 8; $20.

MSM Contemporary Ensemble—Performs Tan Dun, Yuzuru Sadashige, and Gregg Wramage. Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. (749-3300), at 8; free.

Noonday Concert Series—Toby Twining Music performs. Trinity Church/St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway at Fulton St. (602-0747), at noon; $2.

Tuesday, February 21

New York Philharmonic—See 2/16.

Emerson String Quartet—Members pair off with pianist Joseph Kalichstein to perform Brahms, Mozart, and others. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $22.50.

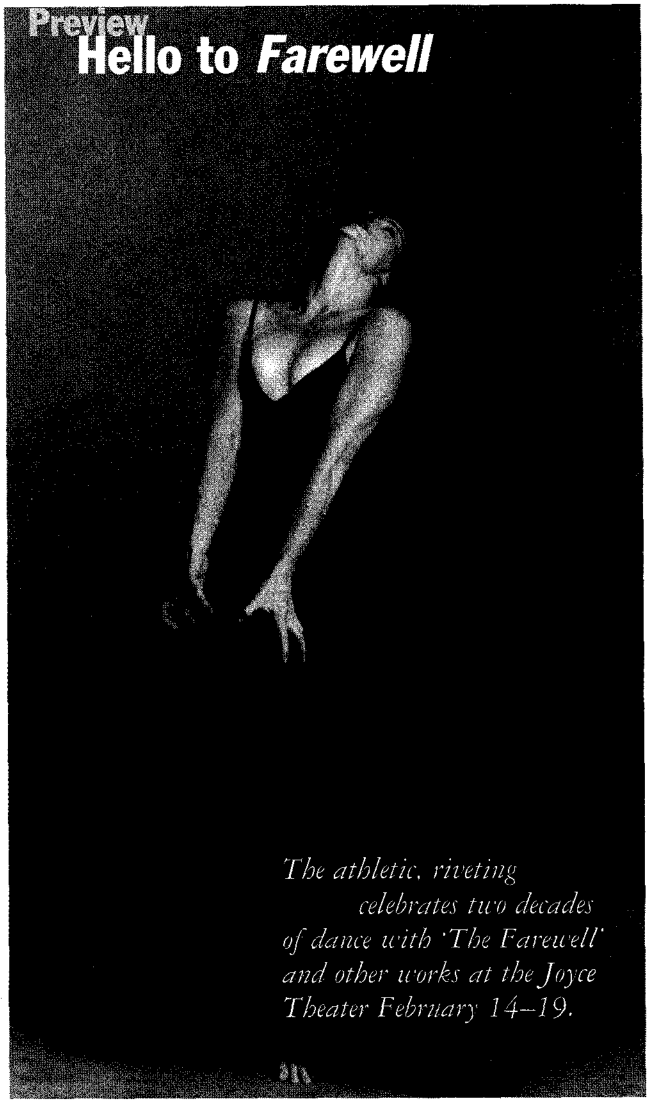
Ralf Gothoni—The Finnish pianist, awarded the title of Gilmore Artist in 1994, performs Zipoli, Liszt, and Schubert. Miller Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. (854-7799), at 8; $15.

Noonday Concert Series—See 2/16; this performance at 1.

Wednesday, February 22

Emerson String Quartet—See 2/21.

Kodo—The Japanese ensemble performs pieces on the *taiko*, a traditional drum. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; call for prices.



Preview

Hello to *Farewell*

The athletic, riveting celebrates two decades of dance with 'The Farewell' and other works at the Joyce Theater February 14–19.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera— 2/14 at 8, 2/18 at 1:30: Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia.* 2/15, 2/18, and 2/20 at 8: Puccini's *Turandot.* 2/16 at 8: Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci.* 2/17 and 2/22 at 8: Verdi's *La Traviata.* 2/21 at 8: Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra.* Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $22–$110.

Opera Orchestra of New York—A concert version of Massenet's *Herodiade.* 2/14 at 8. Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (799-1982); $19–$80.

Dance

Margie Gillis—Performs *The Farewell,* the New York premiere of *The Heaven I Cannot See,* and other works. With Poala Styron and Robert LaFosse. 2/14–2/19 at 8; except 2/15 at 2. Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $28.

New York City Ballet—The repertory season continues through 2/26. No performances Monday. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (870-5570); $12–$60.

Onafhankelijk Toneel—The Dutch company performs *Nobody's Neighbor* 2/15–2/19 at 8. New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (302-6989); $15.

Ground Rules:

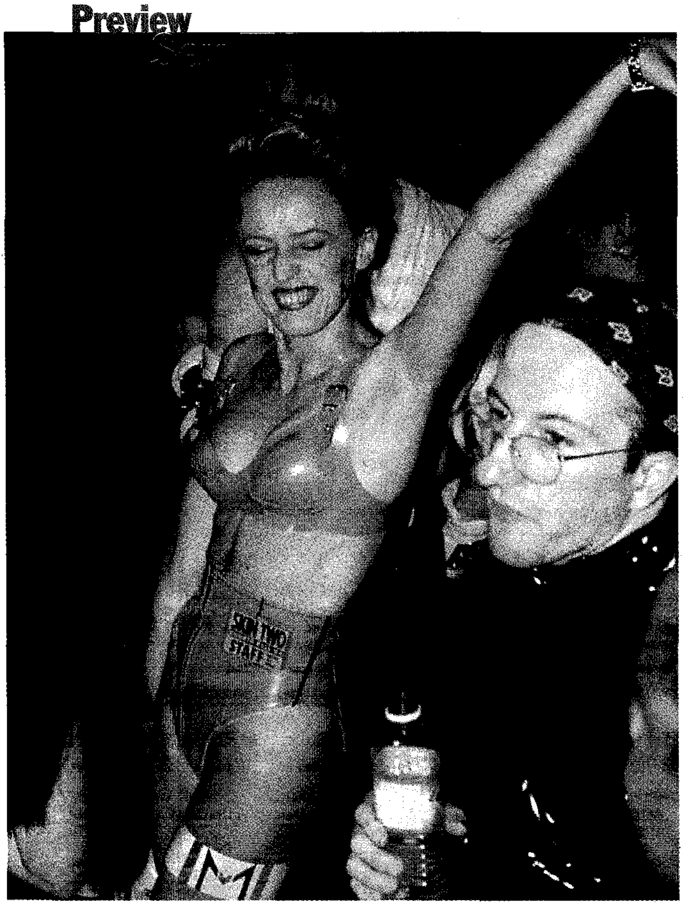
his section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and ublic square/park performances (but only the premediated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it ; held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock conerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

otograph by Annie Leibovitz.

the mix

Robertson Davies…Triple Pier Expo

Preview



HBO's dopey but amusing *Real Sex* series—which weighs in on such almost kinky but ultimately harmless erotic phenomena as the world's biggest party for fetishists (above)—airs a new installment February 18.

John Leonard's TV Notes

Anatomy of Love (Tuesday and Wednesday, 2/14 and 2/15; 8:05 to 10:05 P.M.; TBS) is a four-part mini-series adaptation of anthropologist Helen Fisher's book of the same name, which was subtitled *A Natural History of Mating, Marriage, and Why We Stray.* Fisher herself is our bustling host, as bright-eyed in the African desert or on a busy Tokyo street as she is in the singles bars and bluesy bedrooms of North America. She examines different cultural patterns of courtship behavior, "the chemistry of infatuation," the evolutionary origins of monogamy, and what happens when the urge to long-term pair-bond yields to the built-in "four-year itch" for hanky-panky. Besides the chatterbox case histories of the likes of Paul, Isabelle, Keiichi, Agnes, Motohiro, Ipana, and Gerald, there is some interesting number-crunching. (E.g., only 3 percent of mammalian pair-bond relationships are good for the duration; all the rest of us are a bunch of Anna Kareninas, Madame Bovarys, and Harry "Rabbit" Angstroms.) Happy Valentine's Day!

One Woman, One Vote (*The American Experience,* Wednesday, 2/15; 8:30 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) is another sort of greeting card — a celebration, in interviews, letters, film clips and still photographs, of those remarkable women who brought suffrage for their sex to a belligerent American democracy, from Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and Sojourner Truth all the way to the 19th Amendment to the Constitution. Class and race bias in a mostly white and middle-class women's movement are not ignored. Neither are the liquor companies that poured so much money into the anti-suffrage campaign for fear of temperance and Prohibition. Susan Sarandon narrates. Frances Sternhagen is the exasperated voice of Susan B. Anthony. The pictures of the young Alice Paul astonish almost as much as her harrowing account of having been force-fed in an English prison after she was arrested with the Pankhursts. Wonderful stuff.

Tales From the Crypt (Wednesday 2/15 and other dates; 11 to 11:30 P.M.; HBO) concludes its season with Robert Zemeckis (*Forrest Gump*) directing John Lithgow, Isabella Rossellini, Robert Sacchi, and Sherilyn Fenn in the eightieth episode of the pay-cable series. Besides the usual fun that's made of Alfred Hitchcock, the gimmick this time is a triple-cross-murder plot in which the victim, through the miracle of plastic surgery and Industrial Light and Magic, looks exactly like Humphrey Bogart, and can be seen, by himself and others, only in mirrors and other reflective surfaces, and speaks to us, with some wit, even though he's dead.

Dance in America: Griot New York (*Great Performances,* Monday 2/20; 10 to 11:30 P.M.; Channel 13) unites the singular and manifold talents of the choreographer Garth Fagan, sculptor Martin Puryear, and jazz composer-musician Wynton Marsalis, in a sort of Vulcan mind-meld with the moody city to achieve "that dream of Otherness," which is not at all the victim art that Arlene Croce is so worried about under her bed. Instead, out of sirens and silence and symbolic shapes; out of calypso, waltz, even a polka, and, of course, the blues; barefoot, atavistic, at times lugubrious, at other times, well, let's say Kama Sutrasweet . . . comes such full body movement as otherwise dazzles only at the Garden, in pro basketball, which is postmodernism in its underwear.

Radio Highlights

"Live From the Joseph Papp Public Theater"—The P.I.T.S./WBAI radio project presents American Tales With a Twist. Jeff and Mary Ward, Andrea Lucas, and the Evil Twin Comedy Troupe offer up classic American tales "as you recognize them and as you won't." 2/21 at 2; WBAI, 99.5 FM.

"An Hour With the New York Philharmonic"—2/19 at 1: Tchaikovsky's *Francesca da Rimini* and Bernstein's *West Side Story.* With comments by music director Kurt Masur. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Sunday Night Opera House"—2/19 at 8: Wagner's *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg.* With Bernd Weikl, Ben Heppner, Cheryl Studer, Kurt Moll, and the Bavarian State Opera Chorus and Orchestra. Wolfgang Sawallisch conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"The Poet's Voice"—The Unterberg Poetry Center and National Public Radio have joined forces to bring you archival recordings featuring some of the greatest poets of the twentieth century. The series, which is narrated by actress Blair Brown, is broadcast this week at 10 P.M. on 2/18 on WNYC, 820 AM. The program, which spotlights Robert Lowell, is rebroadcast the next day at 3:30 on WNYC, 93.9 FM.

"Symphony Hall"—2/13: Handel's Concerto Grossc in e and Bizet's Symphony in C. 2/14: Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* and Hanson's Symphony No. 2. 2/15: Beethoven's *The Ruins o Athens* and Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No 3 in d. 2/16: Haydn's Symphony No. 1 in D anc Corigliano's Piano Concerto. 2/17: Corelli's Concerto Grosso in D, Vieuxtemps's Violin Concerto No. 4 in d, and German's *Three Dances fron Henry VIII.* 2/20: Bach's Two Keyboard Concerto in c, Respighi's *Metamorphoseon*, and Picker' *Old and Lost Rivers.* 2/21: Rodrigo's *Fantasia par un gentilhombre* and Delibes's *Coppelia.* 2/22 Haydn's Trumpet Concerto in E-flat and Gade' Symphony No. 1 in c. Each weeknight at 8 WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"New York and Company"—2/13: Brigitte Nacos o terrorism from the Iran hostage crisis to th World Trade Center bombing; Julia Markus o the marriage of Elizabeth Barrett and Rober Browning; Margie Gillis and Pauline Koner o dance. 2/14: Farai Chideya on fighting cultur misinformation about black Americans; Dorse Dunn on the international literary review *Trafik* Cullen Murphy on his essay collection *Just Cur ous.* 2/15: Richard Lederer on Lincoln's humc and literateness; Lyndall Gordon on the life c Charlotte Brontë; Nicholas Negroponte on handling the influx of new technology. 2/16: Phili K. Howard on *The Death of Common Sense*; Pete Carey on his latest novel, *The Unusual Life of Tri tan Smith*; Jean Bach on her documentary film *Great Day in Harlem.* 2/20: Geoffrey Wolff on h latest novel, *The Age of Conflicti* (other guests to b announced). 2/21: Gregory Howard Williams o *Life on the Color Line*; Timothy White on Bria Wilson, the Beach Boys, and "the Southern Cal fornia experience." Every day at noon; WNY 820 AM.

Texaco/Metropolitan Opera Broadcast—2/18 at 1:3 Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia.* Conducted b David Atherton, with Jennifer Larmore, Stanfor Olsen, Thomas Allen, Enzo Dara, and Nicol Ghiaurov. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Praise His Name"—Bill Canaday and the Secr Museum of the Air present the third of four pr

Photograph by Cadaver/HB

grams exploring the roots of gospel music in the United States. The focus will be on spirituals, quartets, and black American preachers. 2/16 at 2; WBAI, 99.5 FM.

Recorded Music

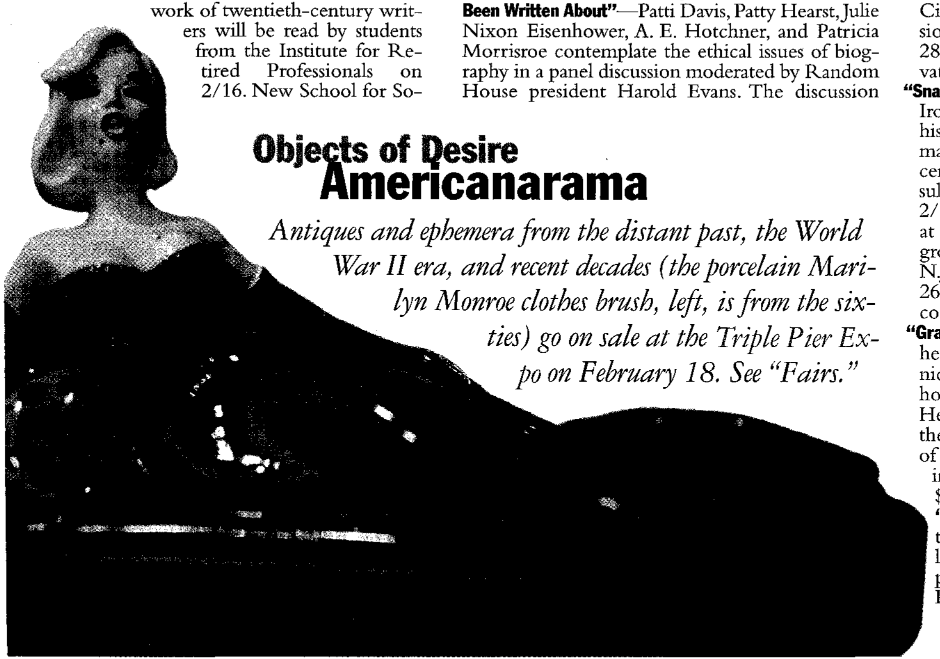
Henry Threadgill *Carry the Day* (Columbia)—Composer–multiwind player Henry Threadgill is a fickle creator, an expert at pulling the rug out. After rendering a lush, intoxicating universe—a jubilant West African chant, say, or a tottering Gypsy caravan—he can't resist rumbling the earth, waxing technicolor with vertigo-inducing key changes, wafting tonal specters, and deliciously inappropriate instrumentation. Two years ago, the brilliant *Too Much Sugar for a Dime* showed the 50-year-old expatriate (he lives in India now) to be one of the freshest composers in jazz. Here his buoyant, ragged alto sax careens like a crazed tour guide, rambling through Casbah, bayou, clouds, and jungle. It all happens with an organic flow and deeply felt bluesiness that make titles like "Between Orchids Lilies Blind Eyes and Cricket" and "Growing a Big Banana" seem somehow descriptive.

João Carlos Martins *J. S. Bach's Complete Well-Tempered Clavier* (Labor)—What is it about Bach specialists that makes such good copy? First there was Glenn Gould, the speed-taking, intensely private Canadian who moaned while he played and retired from performance in his prime. Now there's João Carlos Martins, a 54-year-old Brazilian whose life story may be even weirder. Martins specialized in Bach more than 30 years ago and knocked everybody out with his eccentric, deeply personal approach to the repertoire. Then, in 1970, after injuring his hand in a Central Park soccer game, he retired, moved back to Brazil, and became a bank teller. Soon he made enough to money to begin a new career promoting rock concerts and prizefights, became rich, then, in 1978, returned to piano. Now, in what looks like a major push for this cultist figure, the Labor label is releasing the complete Bach keyboard works—all performed exquisitely by Martins. Martins's technique is flawless, and though he's Gould's equal as a pianist, he's much more romantic, drawing all sorts of passion, color, and dynamics from the piano and from these ancient texts.

The Written Word

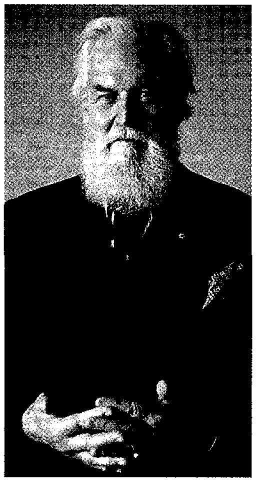
obertson Davies—The author of the *Deptford Trilogy* reads from *The Cunning Man* on 2/20. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $10.

ighth Annual African American Poetry Reading—The work of twentieth-century writers will be read by students from the Institute for Retired Professionals on 2/16. New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12th St., room 510 (274-0343), at 1; free.



Objects of Desire
Americanarama

Antiques and ephemera from the distant past, the World War II era, and recent decades (the porcelain Marilyn Monroe clothes brush, left, is from the sixties) go on sale at the Triple Pier Expo on February 18. See "Fairs."



Reading

Plenty of the best authors got their books done on the side: Balzac was a law clerk, Larkin a librarian, Hardy an architect. But few writers have drawn so richly on their day jobs as 81-year-old Robertson Davies, whose career in the theater can be felt in his splendidly mythic fiction. He reads at the 92nd Street Y on February 20.

Fiction From *The Quarterly*—Diane Williams, Ben Marcus, and Mark Marvel read from their work. Gordon Lish introduces. Kraine Gallery Bar, 85 E. 4th St. (799-1044), at 6:30; free.

"Galway Kinnell and His Ancestors"—More accurately, Kinnell and his influences. He'll read his recent work and that of Smart, Keats, Hafez, Dickinson, Rilke, and others on 2/20. Writers in Performance, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (645-5848), at 7:30; $10.

February at the Poetry Project—2/13 at 8: Philip Lewis, author of *Life of Death*, and Kevin O'Neil, author of *The Pope Is a Pedophile*. 2/17 at 10:30 P.M.: Simon Black, author of *Me and Kev*, and poet Alicia Ostriker. 2/20 at 8: Poet, actor, and video artist Roberts Blossom. 2/22 at 8: Beat poet Ray Bremser and novelist Sharon Mesmer. The Poetry Project is at St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery, Second Ave. and 10th St. (674-0910); $6.

"After Ovid: New *Metamorphoses*"—A collaborative reading by contributors to a forthcoming edition of the Roman poet's myths. Eavan Boland, Alice Fulton, Jorie Graham, Michael Hofmann, Kenneth Koch, James Lasdun, Michael Longley, Derek Mahon, Paul Muldoon, Robert Pinsky, Robin Robertson, and C. K. Williams are among the participants. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), 2/13 at 8; $8.

"The Poet Tree"—Barnard New Women Poets Prize winner Donna Masini reads *That Kind of Danger*, and poet Richard McCann reads *Ghost Letters* on 2/19. There will also be an open mike and a book raffle. Jane's Cafe, 254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-JANE), at 3; $6, plus $3 minimum purchase.

Paula Woods and Felix Liddell— "I Hear a Symphony: African Americans Celebrate Love," on 2/13 at Shakespeare & Co. 2259 Broadway, at 81st St. (580-7800), at 7:30; free.

William Maxwell—The author reads from *All the Days and Nights* on 2/16. Shakespeare & Co., 2259 Broadway, at 81st St. (580-7800), at 7:30; free.

Lectures and Panels

"Biography: Those Who Write Speak With Those Who Have Been Written About"—Patti Davis, Patty Hearst, Julie Nixon Eisenhower, A. E. Hotchner, and Patricia Morrisroe contemplate the ethical issues of biography in a panel discussion moderated by Random House president Harold Evans. The discussion takes place at mad.61, 10 E. 61st St., on 2/16 at 8:30 A.M., and breakfast will be served. Reserve a place by calling 691-8543; $35.

"Lincoln Center Off Stage: Dorothy Delay and Sarah Chang"—Delay, coach of some of the finest violinists in recent memory, talks to Chang, one of her recent students, on 2/21. Stanley H. Kaplan Penthouse, Rose Building, 165 W. 65th St. (721-6500), at 6; $14.

"The Sponsored Life"—Advertising writer Leslie Savan will speak on "hip and ironic advertising," answer audience questions, and sign copies of her new book on 2/15 in Cooper Union's Peter Cooper Suite in the Foundation Building. Third Ave. at 7th St. (353-4195), at 6:30; free.

Mark Morris—The artistic director of the Mark Morris Dance Group discusses his career and point of view on the art form. Dance critic Deborah Jowitt is the evening's moderator. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), 2/13 at 8:15; $16.

Fairs and Festivals

Manhattan Antiques and Collectibles Triple Pier Expo—Hundreds of exhibits featuring furniture, paintings, jewelry, textiles, toys, clothing, and Americana will fill three West Side piers on the weekends of 2/18–19 and 2/25–26. Admission is $10, and the hours are as follows: Saturdays—Pier 90, 9–6; Pier 92, 10–6; Pier 88, 11–6. Sundays—Pier 90, 11–5; Pier 92, 11–6; Pier 88, 11–7. The passenger-ship-terminal piers are located on Twelfth Ave., bet. 48th and 55th Sts. Call 201-384-0010 for further information.

"Historic Photography Fair"—Fifty dealers will exhibit and sell fine vintage photographs, daguerreotypes, ambrotypes, tintypes, stereo cards, *cartes de visite*, and cabinet cards from 2/17-19. Photography books and ephemera will also be on sale. The fair is at 110 W. 19th St., bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. Call 463-0200 for hours and ticket information.

Tours

"George Washington Schlepped Here"—Trace George's steps in the historic area that is now Wall Street. You'll see, among other things, St. Paul's Chapel, City Hall, and the site of the first executive mansion. 2/19 at 2; $10. Meet in front of Federal Hall, 28 Wall Street at Nassau. Call 517-0201 for reservations, which *are* required.

"Snacks-and-Sights Safari: Portuguese Ironbound"—The Ironbound section of New Jersey, which has in its history attracted waves of immigrants from Germany, Ireland, Italy, Eastern Europe, and, most recently, Portuguese people from the Iberian Peninsula, is the subject of Adventure on a Shoestring's 2/18 tour. It will conclude with an optional meal at an excellent local Portuguese restaurant. The group meets at 1 in Manhattan or at 2 in Newark, N.J. For meeting places and reservations, call 265-2663; $5, not including round-trip train fare or the cost of food.

"Gramercy Park"—The architectural and literary heritage of this enclave is the subject of the Municipal Art Society's 2/13 tour. See the neighborhood that Stanford White, Elsie de Wolfe, and O. Henry called home. Historian Francis Morrone is the guide. Meet at 12:30 at the northwest corner of 14th St. and Third Ave. Call 439-1049 for more information on this and other weekday tours; $10.

"Presidential New York"—On 2/20, Big Onion tour guides take the patriotic on a walk through lower Manhattan to visit sites associated with presidents from Washington to Roosevelt to Reagan; the Woolworth Building, Federal Hall,

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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S	T	D	S	■	F	R	E	E	F	O	R	O	N	E	■	C	O	N	G	A
H	A	B	I	T	A	T	■	D	R	Y	U	P	■	S	C	E	N	E	R	Y
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U	*P*	*D*	A	T	*E*	■	*M*	A	R	E	■	■	*I*	*M*	*P*	A	*L*	A	■	■
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New York

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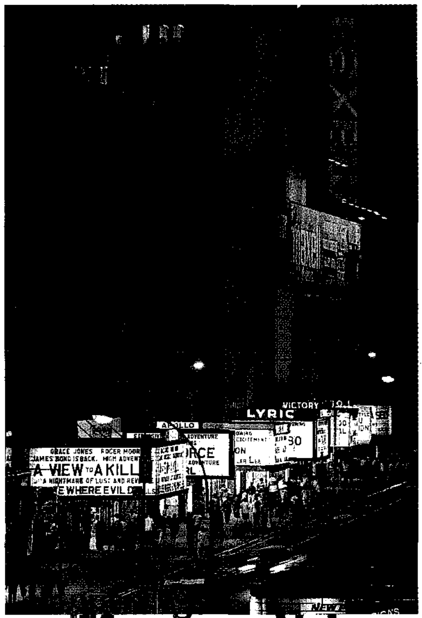

Marquee Value

Its collection of theaters is still the densest anywhere, and among even the seediest are some glorious and genuine historic landmarks. The Municipal Art Society leads a tour of Times Square on February 15. See listings.

the New York Stock Exchange, and Fraunces Tavern are among the stops. Call 439-1090 for meeting place. The tour starts at 1 and costs $9.

"Theaters of Times Square"—See the area's landmark theaters and hear backstage stories about them from your guide, an actress and acting instructor. Meet in front of the Edison Hotel, 228 W. 47th St., on 2/15 at 12:30. Call the Municipal Art Society at 439-1049 for more information; $10.

"Art in Transit"—Works of art and public transportation have long gone hand in hand, at least in New York City. This 2/16 tour explores what could be considered a subterranean art gallery, with works that range from the historic to the whimsical to the abstract. Architectural historian John Kriskiewicz is the guide, and you should meet him at 12:30 under the canopy of the new Long Island Rail Road entrance to Penn Station on the south side of W. 34th St., just west of Seventh Ave. The tour costs $10 (bring along a subway token, too). Call 439-1049 for more information.

"Tour and Tea at the Algonquin Hotel"—The 92nd St. Y sponsors this 2/20 visit to the Algonquin for a look behind the scenes and afternoon tea in the historic Rose Room, haunt of the chipper Mrs. Dorothy Parker. The tour starts at 3 and costs $35 (including tea). Call 996-1100 for meeting place and further information.

"A Writer's Walk Through Greenwich Village"—W. H. Auden claimed he always left his St. Marks Place apartment with mugger's money ($5, in Auden's day, in Auden's mind, was sufficient). But most accounts of writers in New York are impenetrably sweet. People smoked too much, slept on fire escapes, and rose to pound out 3,000 uncorrupted words for Freda Kerchwey or Philip Rahv or Harold Hayes and then, after another round of drinks, put the finishing touches on their first novels. Even Dylan Thomas's collapsing and dying a few feet from the White Horse Tavern has been incorporated into the sweet memoirs. And nowhere figures more prominently in writers' whitewashed stories than Greenwich Village. Sidewalks of New York takes you on a literary walk through the Village on 2/25 at 2. You'll see not only the residences of poets, playwrights, novelists, and journalists but their gathering places and the sites made famous in their work. Meet at the Arch in Washington Square Park, at the bottom of Fifth Ave. Call 662-5300 for more information and 517-0201 for reservations (which *are* required); $10.

Grand Central Terminal—This tour is organized by the Municipal Art Society, which played a crucial role some sixteen years ago in the preservation of Grand Central. Learn about the design and hidden features of one of the nation's most important urban landmarks. Meet at the Chemical Bank Commuter Express on the main concourse on Wednesdays at 12:30. The tour is free, but donations are welcomed. Groups of more than five people should make private arrangements (call 935-3960 to do so).

Benefits

AIDS Resource Center: A Benefit Valentine Auction—The actual wings from *Angels in America*, a dinner for 30 hosted by auctioneer Robert Woolley and Joan Rivers, a pair of house seats for *Sunset Boulevard* with a backstage tour, a week's vacation in Provence, and the work of more than 160 artists (including Louise Bourgeois, Dale Chihuly, Jenny Holzer, Irving Penn, Robert Mapplethorpe) will go on the block at this 2/13 benefit for homeless citizens with AIDS. Bidding starts at 6 at the Puck Building, 293 Lafayette St. (633-2500); tickets are $75 and up.

Festa Di Carnevale—A neapolitan carnival feast with food, wine, music, dance, and a performance of *La Canzone Di Zeza* on 2/26. The Synod House, St. John the Divine, 1047 Amsterdam Ave., at 112th St. (924-0077), at 3; $25. Proceeds go to I Giullari Di Piazza, the traditional Italian folk- music and theater company.

Events

119th Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show—Approximately 2,500 canine champions, representing 148 breeds, compete fo the title of "Best i Show" at Madiso Square Garden o 2/13–14. The breeds i the working, terrier nonsporting, and herdin categories are featured o the first day; sporting hound, and toy breed take a turn the next Madison Square Garden Seventh Avenue at 33r Street (465-6741); $27.5 for reserved seating, $2 for general admission, and $36 for a two-da general-admission pass. The doors open bot days at 8 A.M.

Exhibitions

"Transitory Gardens, Uprooted Lives"—The Munic pal Art Society's Urban Center is the site of th exhibition, in which photographer Margar Morton documents the unusual gardens built b homeless people on the Lower East Side. T gardens consist primarily of found and reusab objects, such as toys and tires; the photograp are culled from the book *Transitory Gardens, U rooted Lives*. The Urban Center is located at 4 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Admission is free, a hours are 11 A.M. to 5 daily (except Thursday a Sunday). For special arrangements, call 93 3960.

"Ladies Mile: Emporia and Entertainments"—Sho ping in the 1880s has been re-created by t Museum of the City of New York. The a bounded by Union and Madison Squares fro Broadway to Sixth Ave. was the center of N York's fashion and social worlds from the la 1860s to the turn of the century. Using obje and images drawn from the museum's own c lection, the exhibition brings back the clothi accessories, and ephemera of the area's depa ment stores, shops, restaurants, and theate Among the articles on display: a shirt belongi to Diamond Jim Brady, a gown worn at Preside Rutherford B. Hayes's inauguration, a little bo suit from Best & Company, and combs, fans, je elry, purses, and silver from Tiffany & Co. T museum is on Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (call 53 1672 for more information). Hours are Wedn day through Saturday, 10 A.M. to 5; Tuesday, A.M. to 2 for preregistered groups only; Sunda to 5; $5 suggested donation.

Photograph by Lindsay Silverman/International St

Kids

Doo-Wop...Dimples

Children's Events

Sea Worthy—Kids Week '95 is an annual week of activities for children at the **Intrepid Sea-Air Space Museum,** a battle-scarred World War II aircraft carrier. Actual artifacts recovered from shipwrecks in the tristate area are displayed in a fact-finding scavenger hunt. Kids can fashion paper airplanes and launch them from a "runway" in a distance contest. 2/20 to 2/24 from 10 to 5. West 46th St. and 12th Ave. (245-2533). $5 for adults, $4 for children.●

Pog Wild—In a marketing bonanza for the still mostly West Coast craze of POGs, FAO Schwarz is holding a **Big Apple Slam New York City Championship** where the best and brightest young flippers can compete for plaques, backpacks, surprise bags, and the chance to be named president of the store for a day. Age categories are 8-year-olds and under, and 9s and up. The first 128 players in each age group to preregister can play. A $5 entry fee is payable *when you register, which entitles you to* 21 POG-brand milk caps, 10 of them limited editions. Proceeds benefit Chances for Children Inc. 2/15 from 5 to 8. 767 Fifth Ave., at 58th St., second floor (644-9410, ext. 4158).●

oing Native (American)—Naturalist Carlton Beil-shows how to start fires without matches the way the Indians do (using a stick and a bow-and-arrow-type tool that, fortunately, few of us have at home). He'll also show children ages 7 to 12 how to make rope and arrowheads. 2/18 at 1. **Clay Pit Ponds State Park Preserve,** 83 Nielson Ave., Staten Island (718-967-1967). Register. ●

oo-Wop—The Procrastinators, a singing group of teenagers with impressive Broadway credits, have put together an engaging evening dubbed **Funky 50s Funhouse** at the Duplex, a small cabaret theater. The show features Elvis songs, bits from *The Mickey Mouse Club,* Alka Seltzer commercials, and other innocence. The audience, sipping cherry cokes, runs the gamut from Gens A to Z, with X noticeably absent. Sundays at 6. 61 Christopher St., at 7th Ave. (255-5438). $6 for children, with a one-drink *minimum* (and one free refill); $12 for adults, with a two-drink minimum.

ncing With Swords—Traditional British folk and sword dancing is performed to live music in a Winter Festival at **Central Park's Dairy.** 2/19 at 1 and 3. Mid-park at 65th St. (860-1370).●

Cue

Kim France
Editor

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Michael Giltz
Movies
Classical Music
Dance

Linda Hall
Books
Radio

Manny Howard
Restaurants & Bars

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Chris Norris
Nightlife
Popular Music

Randall Short
Theater
Cabaret

Mary O'Connor
Editor Emeritus

City Safari—A new exhibit for children at the **Municipal Arts Society,** itself a historic landmark, looks at buildings old and new in the five boroughs. Go through a 1740 Dutch farmhouse that once stood in Brooklyn; then touch the "skin" of a nineties skyscraper. Build a city with jumbo interlocking bricks; play a zoning game. 2/15 through 5/4, 11 to 5 daily except Thursday and Sunday. 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3969).●

Dimples—F.D.R. called himself "her willing slave," and we can be, too, at "Shirley Temple, Child Star," a retrospective of the child star's movies. *Bright Eyes* and *Kid 'n' Hollywood* at 2, *Dimples* and *Pie Covered Wagon* at 4, 2/18. *The Little Colonel* and *Kid's Last Fight* at 2 and *The Littlest Rebel* and *Polly-Tix in Washington* at 4, 2/19. Daily screenings of the latter two films are at 2 on 2/20 through 2/24. Festival continues through 3/5. **The American Museum of the Moving Image,** 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077). Museum admission is $2.50 for children, $5 for adults.

Earth Search—"The Magic School Bus Inside the Earth" follows Scholastic's best-selling book series on a bus journey to destinations that include a miniature mine shaft, where kids can sort and classify rocks, and the center of a simulated volcano where lava (sort of) will flow. Opening day, Ms. Frizzle herself leads the expedition. 2/18 to 2/26. **New York Hall of Science,** Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (699-0005) $2.50 for children, $3.50 for adults.●

Hats Off—A cultural smorgasbord at the **Children's Museum of Manhattan** this long weekend: Celtic sword dancing, 2/18 at 1 and 3, for ages 4 and up; dance and drumming with members of the popular Haitian big band Papa Jube, followed by a music-and-movement workshop, 2/19 at 1, 2, and 3 for ages 3 and up; 2/20 kids over 5 can make tricornes of stovepipe hats to look like Presidents George, Abe, or someone else entirely. Or produce a television show with items about our first and sixteenth presidents—for over-sixes. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). Free with $5 museum admission. Grandparents are admitted free all weekend.●

Happening

Lion Thing

Weekend days, the American Museum of Natural History is clogged with humans desperate for quality cultural interaction *en famille.* But on Friday and Saturday nights, the place is nicely emptied out, and insiders can take advantage of a little known but completely worthwhile package deal. "Dinner Theater," as the evening is billed, includes a Naturemax double feature and a meal in the museum's Garden Cafe. The food is surprisingly great, and a highly acceptable kids' menu is available, too.

Furthermore, the lions, giraffes, and cheetahs that roam the IMAX screen in *Africa: The Serengeti* are actually more compelling than their counterparts in the biggest-grossing animated film of all time. True, there's heavy carnage. But my 5-year-old companion—who hid his face in terror during several *Lion King* scenes—watched with unblinking fascination as countless wildebeests bit the dust on the big IMAX screen. (It helped that baby animals often got a much-needed meal as a result.) *Yellowstone,* a bit cornier from an adult perspective, reenacts vignettes from the park's history with dizzying scenery projected on the four-story-high screen. *The package (which includes admission to the museum, a three-course dinner, gratuities, and tax) is $21 for adults and $13 for children under 11. Dinner is available from 5 to 7:30; Naturemax showtimes are at 6 and 7:30. (The movies are also shown hourly on the half-hour throughout the day.) Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5350).*

BARBARA ENSOR

African Addition—Learn the legend of King Shamba Bolongong, make a traditional Mankala game board, and count those beans as you play the age-old game. **South Street Seaport Children's Center,** 165 John St., nr. Front St. (748-8600). $2 for children, $5 for adults.●

Bird Brain—Sesame Street Live presents "Where's the Birdie," a Muppet mystery in which the yellow, 8-foot-tall Big Bird, beloved by preschoolers nationwide, vanishes from sight and learns a thing or two about friendship. 2/16 at 10:30, 2/17 at 10:30 and 7, 2/18 and 2/19, 2/20 at 10:30 and 2, and other performances through 2/26. **The Paramount,** Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (465-6741). $11.50–$15.50.

Beastly—An extravagant, $6 million Disney production of *Beauty and the Beast* on ice, with the moral that true beauty lies within. 2/17–2/26; call 632-4000 for complete schedule information. **Radio City Music Hall,** 1260 Sixth Ave. Tickets are $17.50–$35.

Hot-Blooded—Carlota Santana Spanish Dance Company presents traditional flamenco dances from southern Spain accompanied by Flamenco guitar, singing, and castanets. 2/18 at 2. For ages 4 and up. **Henry Street Settlement,** Abrons Art Center, 466 Grand St. (598-0400). $3.50 for children, $5 for adults.●

Harlem Globetrotters—Showmanship meets basketball skills par excellence in the Globetrotters' "Salute to the Family Tour," with a farewell tribute to Lou Dunbar. Feb. 19 at 1. **Nassau Veteran Memorial Coliseum,** 1255 Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale (516-794-9303). Tickets $11 to $28.●

Performances—Reservations are recommended for the following family shows around town: *Attention Earthlings,* a multimedia science-fiction adventure presented by **The Puppet Company** at the Metropolis Cafe, Sundays at 1 and 3 through April 27, 31 Union Square West (741-1646), $7.50; Lou del Bianco's sings and tells about *When I Was a Kid,* 2/19 at 2. Lincoln Square Synagogue, 208 Amsterdam Ave., at 69th St. (877-6115), $7; *Alfred the Dragon and the Wizards of Central Park,* presented by **New Media Repertory Co.** Saturdays at 3 through May, which invites children in the audience to get up onstage, 512 East 80th St. (734-5195), $6 for children, $7 for adults; *How the World Got Wisdom: A Celebration of African Folklore,* a story-theater version of four African folktales incorporating songs, dances, and drumming, presented by **On Stage Productions** weekends at 3 through 3/12 (additional 11 A.M. performances on 2/22 and 2/23), the Emily Dickinson Theatre, at P.S. 75, 735 West End Ave. (666-1716), $6 for children, $8 for adults; *La Bohème,* a tragic love story, presented as an Opera-in-Brief at the **Amato Opera Theater** 2/18 at 11 and 2:30, 319 Bowery, nr. East Second St. (228-8200), $10; *Rubbish! She Cried,* **The Paper Bag Players'** trash-strewn musical about recycling, performed weekends at 2 through 2/26, Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448), $15.

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

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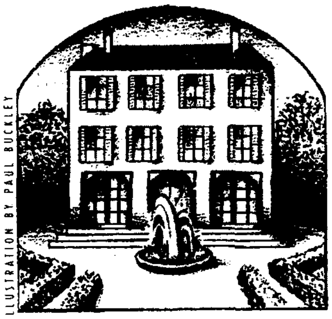
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I Am A Long Blond-Haired—Blue-eyed man, 170 lbs, 6', 44 and very good to look at - living in Vermont in a large house with my two young sons. For work, I own and operate a year-round wilderness program for teenagers having various degrees of difficulty in their lives. I am world traveled, highly educated, live mostly in blue jeans. I am spiritually awake, mostly vegetarian and a child at heart. I seek a woman to make our house a home, help with the business some, be my lover, best friend, partner and wife. You are under 35, no children, physically fit, beautiful inside and out, have an open mind, a good heart, know what honesty and integrity mean, are willing to meet with me in Vermont to discuss this further. I am not looking for a long-distance love affair. No drugs, alcohol, etc. If you are willing to change your life somewhat, so am I. I remain in Vermont. Please send letter, photo and phone to: December's Child, POB 345, Waitsfield, VT 05673.

If You're Looking For Someone—Who is successful, handsome and sensitive, who enjoys the finer things in life - your search is over. I'm 39, tall and athletic. I enjoy the beach, boating, fine dining, music, sports and antiquing. If you enjoy these things too, and if you're affectionate, passionate, possess inner and outer beauty, and have a love for life, let's get together. Photo/note. 5534 ✉ ☎

Tenured University Professor—Seeks bright career lady. I am Jewish, affluent, athletic, and come from a distinguished NJ family of authors. Would love to meet an MD, JD, PhD, MBA or similar type, 30-39, who seeks marriage with future children. Also love flying planes, composing music, NYC treasures. 5588 ✉ ☎

Perfect European Woman—Pretty professor, 43, classy, seeks classy, successful man to share my Riviera home. 5479 ✉

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Irish Beauty—Serious, sensual, worldly, hard-working professional seeks a highly successful soul mate, 30-40, with similar qualities. 5507 ✉ ☎

There She Goes—Just walking down the street; turning her head and looking for someone to meet. I'm Jewish, 39 and a CEO - and a great catch. She's 28-39, it's a perfect match. Now, eventually we meet - first by sending a note, phone number and photo. And we're together nearly every single day... 5555 ✉

Male, 18 Hands, Coming 10—Top conformation, presence, initiative. Hacking quietly cross-country in search of artful female handling. 5473 ✉

Attractive, Affectionate—Divorced woman, enthusiastic and playful. Interests range from hand-holding to computers and the arts. Intelligent, sense of humor. Successful career as a psychoanalyst. Pleased with my life and seeking to share it with man, 50-63. 5496 ✉

18K Highlights—I'm 32, blue eyes, fun and cute. I look Irish but am negotiable. I like theater, travel, volunteer work and good food. I'm an animal and people lover but a non-pushover, a Safari person with a desk job. I want a handsome, adventurous guy, at least 5'8" if not wealthy, and much funnier than Paul Schaeffer. I'm a pessimist and good at doing the books - so you shouldn't be. No three-piece suits or detail types, thanks. 5587 ✉ ☎

Educated/Sophisticated/Exotic—Fun-loving Asian female seeks partner for life, love, tennis. Be Filipino/white, Christian, 35-45, fit, youthful, accomplished, caring, nonsmoking. Recent photo/bio. 5542 ✉ ☎

Sweet, Beautiful, Charismatic—Single Jewish female with charm, seeks Jewish male, 38-45, who has good heart, style, is successful, happy, loves good conversation and great desserts. 5602 ✉ ☎

Westchester MD—40, Catholic, white, recent widower, Ivy educated, who enjoys outdoors, fishing, boating, exotic travel... seeks attractive, slim, intelligent nonsmoking woman, 24-36, who is comfortable with herself and life. Note/photo. 5501✉

Caring, Romantic Physician—Jewish male, 39, considered handsome and down-to-earth, warm, sensitive, with appreciation for golden retrievers, most sports, fitness and the arts. Enjoys music, hiking, rollerblading and fine wine. Seeks marriage-minded female, 28-36, who is fit, kind, positive and has a passion for life - with integrity, intellect and sense of humor. 5584 ✉ ☎

Starting Over—Gay male, 49, 6'. Life has been fun...I know it can happen again. Have a sense of humor and be secure with yourself. Note/phone number. 5528 ✉

Tall, Classy Beauty—31, professional, sexy, Jewish, single parent, seeks male counterpart. Photo please. 5569 ✉ ☎

Professional Recruiter—Has one more job to fill! This good-looking, thin, in-shape, 34-year-old, single Jewish male, in NJ, is ready for a long-term interview process. Candidate must be a pretty, thin, single Jewish female who loves the beach, laughter, movies, sports, REM and exercise. Resumes and phone calls gladly accepted. No agencies, please. 5475 ✉ ☎

I Am Mid 30s, Petite—With dark hair, green eyes - unclassically pretty, strong-willed, loves to laugh, IQ 95th percentile. You are possibly tall, attractive and well-fit, strong-minded, playful, intelligent, secure with yourself and your professional life. Photo/note, please. 5529 ✉ ☎

I'm The Catch Of '95—This may be your lucky day. Fun-loving widower, 5'11", 155 lbs, looking for sophisticated lady, well-dressed, who has an outgoing personality, likes to laugh, sensual, with great looks and figure, upbeat, likes fine dining and theater, and happy with herself, someone who would like to travel the world, age 40-50s. Note, picture and phone a must. 5514 ✉

Good Listener—29-year-old, 5'8", dark-haired, handsome Jewish MD, who is compassionate, upbeat, charming and enjoys sports, music and romantic walks...seeks a slim, long-haired, 5'-5'6", 23-28-year-old Jewish female, nonsmoker, who is educated, refined, beautiful and vivacious, to begin a magical relationship. Note/phone/photo. 5561 ✉

Lipstick Lesbian Flame—45, the eternal type, seeks match who sensitively and successfully focuses her own light. No moths, please. 5516 ✉

Single White Male—Exciting, creative, kind, humorous, dangerous, bearded, nonsmoking British author/journalist of international reputation, believes that beauty comes first from the inside...likes jazz, theater, comedy clubs, wine, and slim, tall, younger American women. If you are under 36, over 5'7", cultured, intelligent - an affectionate, sensual female - and enjoy tea, then I am waiting. A detailed letter with phone, fax, E-mail(?), please. 5489✉

Romantic Partnership—Sought by intelligent, attractive attorney, 44, 6', 190 lbs, emotionally available and looking for loving, forever relationship filled with laughter and romance with warm, sensitive, intelligent and attractive woman, 35 plus. Note/photo/phone. 5585 ✉

Are You Afraid—Of taking a chance? I was too but I've taken the first step... Now it's your turn. If you're searching for a tall, slim, good-looking, divorced 35-year-old male, with a smile as big as his heart, and you're a 30-40-year-old, affectionate, independent female who possesses inner as well as outer beauty, then it's time you take that chance. If you also share my passion for music, possess a great sense of humor, and would enjoy the companionship of a caring, supportive and tender-hearted guy and his 2-year-old (non-custodial) daughter, then it's obvious fate has brought us together. Queens/Nassau a plus. Nonsmoker a must. Photo/note, please. 5536 ✉

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Any Jewish Jackie O's Out There?—Handsome Jewish MD, 6', 35-year-old, witty, worldly Renaissance kinda guy seeks sophisticated, classy, refined, pretty Jewish female, 30 years old or less, who is used to being treated like a lady. Killer sense of humor a plus. Photo a must. 5533 ✉

Classy Lady—Elegant, energetic, intelligent - seeks healthy, attractive, 50-something, nonsmoking man to share my life. Optimistic outlook a must. Note and photo please. 5506 ✉

Playful, Pretty, Professional—Divorced Jewish female, late 30s, physically fit, seeks energetic, attractive, successful man, 40-48, for fun and romance. 5480 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Blue-Eyed Psychologist—34, 5'10", Jewish. Seeks kind, pretty, literate woman, 24-35. 5486 ✉ ☎

First Timer—In need to believe in love again. Late 30s, never married, handsome male. Successful filmmaker who spends too much time working, looking for attractive, sexy woman who is fed up waiting for fate to take her hand. Let's get together. Photo/note, please. 5503 ✉

Let's Do Lunch—Bright, professional, fun gal seeks like guy. 5576 ✉

From Putting Up Skyscrapers—To kissing scraped knees. Professional/mom. Slender, stylish and very pretty (truly). Can fix broken toilets, throw elegant dinner parties, forget to fill the pinata and survive hours of Super Mario (daughter, 10). Seeking that special chemistry and mutual values for a deep, loving and lasting friendship/marriage. 5502 ✉

Teri Hatcher Look-Alike Sought—By handsome, young Italian television broadcast executive. If you look like Lois Lane in "Lois and Clark", and are 25-32 years old, you could get a "steal" of a man. Photo a must. 5525 ✉

UK-Import, Early 50s—Petite, attractive. Looking for personable, literate man. Letter, photo, please. 5609 ✉

Most Caring, Sincere—Professional Jewish male desires to meet female, to 38, with traditional values and inner beauty, for marriage and family. Photo appreciated. 5327 ✉ .

Greek-American Man Sought—25-40, to share life with 24-year-old, beautiful, talented, intelligent businesswoman. Write to: POB 1822, Fort Lee, NJ 07024

Well-Known, Gifted, Unpretentious—Male designer, healthy, fit, 50s, who listens sensitively to subtle nuances, sharing thoughts, feeling, dreams, goals openly - responding supportively with care, tenderness, a touch of levity, ironic humor. Looking for bright, intuitive, reflective, self-respecting, fit, 38-48 female, equal partner. Nonsmoker. 5519 ✉

Handsome, Blue-Eyed Attorney—Fun-loving and fit, 42 (looks 32), seeks petite Jewish professional who's outgoing, energetic and sincere. You're comfortable with a champagne flute in one hand and a beer mug in the other. Sense of humor a must. Nice note with photo, please. 5535 ✉

If You Like 'Em Dumb Or Blond—Don't answer this ad! Petite, attractive, single white female, 29, TV exec, looking for single male, 27-39. I love Central Park, CD 101.9, margaritas, the Angelika, visiting far-off places...and coming back home to NY. Photo appreciated. 5430 ✉

Nantucket Woman At Heart—Lost in Westchester - loving, pretty, single white female, 35, seeks single white male, financially secure, ruggedly handsome, humor, who wants to share the best life has to offer. Note/photo. 5511 ✉

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At It's Just Lunch, we want to get to know you the way your friends do. So you feel comfortable telling us what you're looking for. Then we find someone to fit your description, do all the "asking out" and make arrangements for you to meet. All you do is show up!

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212.644.0022

Male, 53—Tall, attractive, bright and witty (isn't everybody?). Seeks sincere, down-to-earth woman with sense of humor, for dating and/or relationship. Smokers okay (oops). Phone/note/photo appreciated. 5599 ✉ ☎

Second Childhood - Come Play—Very pretty, fun, smart blond, blue eyes, seeks funny, self-aware, creative, successful, adorable man, 40s, to make me laugh and be best friends. Note/photo. 5538 ✉ ☎

Smart, Attractive, Shy Professional—Woman, 29, 5'3", Jewish, who enjoys fine music, good food, dogs, and spontaneous adventures, seeks an intelligent, funny man of integrity (over 27) with whom I can listen to the Pastoral Symphony. Note/photo, please. 5497 ✉

Single Male—26, handsome, caring, sensitive businessman seeks female for relationship. Note/photo. 5563 ✉

Classy, Well-Groomed Gentleman—Enjoys tennis, dancing, vintage' cars, travel. Seeks affectionate woman, 35-45, to share serious relationship. If you're looking for a loving, attractive man to share life's pleasures, I'm your guy. You won't be disappointed. Photo. 5485 ✉

Satisfaction Guaranteed—Woman with it all! Beautiful outside and in, successful, of sound mind, physically fit, sophisticated and worldly mom; seeks Jewish man of substance and style, 39-55, who pre-'90s would never read the personals - to share *his heart as well as the good life with me.* Recent photo a must. 5590 ✉

Are You An Asian-American Woman?—Let's start as friends, share the arts, and develop a future together. I'm an attractive, financially and emotionally secure white male, mid 30s. Please be intelligent, slender and a nonsmoker. Photo/phone. 5468 ✉

Alone Now:—After 26 good years, Jewish widow, mid 50s, is seeking a mature man to share a loving, cultural, affectionate and civically active life. I live in Manhattan, *have a university position, financial* security, great friends, but lack someone to share life and new adventures. Note please. 5488 ✉ ☎

Jewish Bombshell—Seeks her Italian-Stallion Valentine, 50-something. Phone/photo. 5482 ✉

Green-Eyed, Sensuous Brunette—Seeks mature, generous gent to make her American dream come true. 5558 ✉

Not Just Fantasy!—Handsome, slim Jewish, FL physician, 37, 5'10" - loves travel, romance, wine. Seeks successful, bright, stunning woman, prefer 20s, for lifelong romance. Note/photo. 5453 ✉ ☎

Mature Male—Looking for mature Filipino lady. I love Filipino cuisine, I love NY... Can we enjoy together? 5491 ✉ ☎

European Lady, Pretty—*Slim, athletic,* Jewish, bright, classy, warm, successful professional, 55, seeks that special man, 50-65, who is intelligent, educated, nonsmoker, emotionally/financially secure, to share life with. Note/phone, please. 5578 ✉

Successful Attorney—50, divorced, with many interests, seeks professional woman, 40-50, for serious relationship. 5589 ✉ ☎

CT/NY Commuter—Beautiful, successful, thin, athletic, energetic blond, early 30s. Loves to ski and sail. Looking for a man, 32-44, with intelligence, charm, *wit and great looks, who is tall, fit,* successful, self-aware, fun and ready for a relationship. Photo/note, please. 5517 ✉

Beautiful Blond—Slim, literate, fun, seeks extremely intelligent, well-educated man, 45-60. 5509 ✉ ☎

Meet Me In Provence!—First let's meet in NYC. Beautiful, slender, spirited, green-eyed, Jewish blond female, well-educated professional, 41, cultured and savvy, loves active sports, city and country life, arts, and foreign travel. Seeks a special man, 38-52, who is athletic, energetic, compassionate, financially secure, with a posi*tive attitude...who may also want to cycle* with me in Provence! Nonsmoker. 5573 ✉

Smashing At Tennis—Up to par with golf, one step ahead of dancing. I'm tall, stunning, red hair, blue eyes, fun NJ widow, Jewish. You are mid 50s-60s, tall, athletic, attractive, sense of humor. Note/photo. 5483 ✉

Sweet, Petite... Let's Meet!—Attractive, slim brunette professional, warm, upbeat, with interests in theater/movies, cooking, nature, travel...seeks sincere, fun-loving male, mid 40s-mid 50s, to share lasting relationship. 5470 ✉ ☎

Just Available—A handsome man of achievement, passion and capability - but crazy as a loon. English, 43, 5'11", 175, long, wavy brown/brown. Established in arts, eclectic, independent, social graces, witty and worldly. You? A handsome, dark-haired woman with happy disposition, wanting steady date for some of life's more public/private moments. 5504 ✉ ☎

Pretty And Athletic—Selective, south Connecticut dentist, 5'1", trim, early 30s, seeks attractive, fun, fit, kind find - for friendship first and foremost. 5522 ✉ ☎

Warm, Loving, Sophisticated—Honey-blond, 5'3" Jewish female, interested in sharing theater, restaurants, skiing (Utah or Colorado), winter walks on the beach, tennis or golf, with successful male nonsmoker over 40. Youthful spirit required. Must be widower or divorced and have good relationship with family. School-age children okay. Note/phone please. 5505✉

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Strictly Personals
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$25 in advance, $30 at the door. Cash Bar.
Mail check or money order by Feb 10th to:
New York Magazine Party, 2 Park Ave., NY, NY 10016.
Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door.

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Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
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New York, New York 10163-4600

Classy Professional Wasp—Seeks man in medicine for old-fashioned relationship, early 50s-60s. 5572 ✉

Single Jewish Male—Mid 30s, *intelligent, successful Wall Street* professional with sense of humor, seeks same. Note/photo, please. 5575 ✉

Handsome, Mature Rogue—Busy, 60ish exec, Jewish, divorced Brooklyn gentleman, seeking a warm, witty, trim, attractive and sensually youthful female (who likes an older man), for romantic adventure. Frank note/photo. 5478 ✉

Very Handsome, Accomplished—Fit, 38-year-old DDS seeks soul mate - MD, DDS, MBA plus. Photo. 5601 ✉

Great Guy—42/smart/successful/creative/sensitive/caring, seeks pretty European woman. Photo. POB 843, NY 10163

European Woman—New to NYC, successful, adventurous, with warmth, beauty and brains (PhD), seeks culturally literate, witty, tall man (32-48) to explore NYC and more. 5607 ✉

Female, Jewish Executive—DKNY woman, 35, attractive, petite, sensitive, caring, honest and down-to-earth, seeks a Jewish male who is marriage-minded and living in central or northern NJ. Please be kind, intelligent, educated, *stable, considerate, warm and athletic,* have strong values and a great sense of humor. PS - Be good-looking through and through. Photo/letter. 5515 ✉

Traviata And You—Attractive, green-eyed MD, (212), Jewish, music lover, art collector. Seeks highly educated male counterpart, 39-49, for nights at the opera and ever after. Nonsmoker. Substantial note, phone, photo. 5571 ✉

Attorney—67 (looks 57), handsome, intelligent, very successful, 5'10", slim, physically in good shape, with warmth and sense of humor, good conversationalist - seeking that rare woman who is extremely attractive, slim, nonsmoker, medium height, about 50, outgoing, with sense of humor, well-educated and successful, who is free to share the joys of oceans, fireplaces, concerts, good conversation and whatever else is mutually desired. You must send a clear, current photo with your note and phone number. 5541 ✉

Valentine Surprise—You have just been awarded one mid 30s, 5'11", attractive soul mate. This professional brunette, has an A plus personality combined with a curiosity for travel, fine dining and the arts. This female seeks a Jewish professional for friendship or more. Recent photo/phone. 5596 ✉

Attractive, Loving Asian Lady—Late 20s, tall, nice figure, intelligent, sweet, pretty. Seeking caring, well-educated, *classy, successful gent, attractive, over 6',* to spoil and guide her. Photo/note. 5579 ✉

Kind, Handsome, Creative—Trim, 6' Christian professional, youthful 44, loves water, outdoors, travel, NYC, the arts, music, entertaining, cooking, fine wines and dining. Seeks easygoing, dark-haired, pretty woman, 30-40, for laughter, love, possible family. Note/photo. 5547 ✉ ☎

Slender, Pretty And Bright—47-year-old, Jewish, Rockland County professional seeks intelligent, attractive, honest and emotionally connected man. If this is your profile, and monogamy is what you're seeking, send note/photo. 5521 ✉ ☎

Love Me Tender, Love Me Wild—Great at cookin', very good-lookin' Jewish female, 34, creative, fit, spirited and sexy - in search of my one and only: a handsome, Jewish, soulful, lovin' kind of man, with humor and intelligence, eclectic interests and desire for passionate lifelong adventure. Note/photo/phone. 5508 ✉

Corporate President—Tall, athletic, late 40s, with a sincere, caring nature, seeks a slim, attractive actress/dancer/model type, 23-37, with a warm, loving heart. I enjoy good food, travel and being in love. Please reply if marriage or family-minded is important. Recent photo. 5484 ✉ ☎

Witty And Charming—Can appear sensitive. This mid-30s, never-married man is ready for the wife, kids, house and dog. Professional, educated, athletic (5'10"), good-looking and basically normal (basically). Looking to make one lady very happy for the rest of her life. She should be attractive, never married, Catholic, slim to petite, and basically normal, too. Photo a must - sorry, but I am willing to exchange. Extremely sincere - please respond. (Live LI, work NYC.) 5494 ✉

Diving, Dancing, Dinner—Are three of my favorite things. So are: the Knicks, theater, Italy, Maine, NPR, biking, wandering the streets of NYC. I seek a soul mate to laugh with, who is honest, smart, communicative, over 5'9", and adorable. I'm 32, pretty, very fit with green eyes and long legs. Note/photo please. 5510 ✉

Slender, Stunning—40-something Jewish woman, Ivy League grad, with sensational sense of humor and a terrific career. I'm 5'9" with long auburn hair and a dazzling smile (with dimples). You should be a 40-50-something mensch, funny, strong, intelligent, kind and fit. Photo and phone, please. 5543 ✉ ☎

Valentine's Day Dream—A wife wanting several kids. Businessman/professor, adventurous, divorced (no kids), 5'11", 45, seeks financially secure, child-free nonsmoker. Prefer Dolly Parton-type figure. Photo a must. 5605 ✉

Lovely But Lonely—Perhaps you're a man seeking lasting companionship and friendship with a caring, warm, professional Jewish woman, 42? Photo. 5580 ✉

Girl Next-Door—29, 5'7", pretty, family-oriented, sports fan, Christian, nonsmoker, great sense of humor, working in NYC, living on LI, hoping to meet a handsome, affectionate, funny and successful man for a relationship - not a fling. Note/photo, please. 5594 ✉

Like Winning The Lottery—Glamorous, successful, blond attorney, 25, 5'6", slim, Ivy League, modelish beauty with class and traditional Jewish values, loves music, dancing, dining, travel, sports, humor, spontaneity and intellectual conversation. Seeks mature, tall, good-looking, Jewish, successful professional, 27-33, nonsmoker, kind, sincere with similar interests. Photo/note/phone. 5564 ✉ ☎

Successful—This 5'11", 185 lbs, 35, rugged, good-looking guy has it all except you. He has a great sense of humor, honest, knows how to listen, definitely ready for a committed relationship leading to marriage and children. Loves Caribbean vacations, long-lost weekends upstate, hanging out on a deserted beach watching the sun set in your eyes. Works out regularly. If I've aroused your curiosity, please be 27-36, 5'6"-5'9", sultry brunette, nonsmoker, drug and disease free. Note/photo please. 5493 ✉

Looking For Romance In '95—Fit, fun and cultured male, early 40s, 5'7". Would like to meet an attractive, shapely, full-figured, warm, affectionate, classy, nonsmoking lady of similar age, to share romance in the spring, happiness in the summer and cozy winter nights. Note/photo. 5548 ✉

And The Winner Is—Pretty, 28, Jewish, with great figure and huge heart. My prize is Jewish male, 6' plus, with great looks, sense of humor, secure emotionally and financially, 29-37, with heart to match mine. Phone/photo a must. 5518 ✉

Highly Successful—49, 5'7", intelligent, athletic, affluent, multifaceted, very caring, in search of truly pretty lady, any nationality, 30s-40s, who is bright, fit and sincere. Note/photo/phone. 5500 ✉

Handsome And Athletic Jewish Man—35, 6', 220 lbs, with black hair and beard. Into body building, aerobics. Family oriented, old-fashioned values. Seeks pretty woman, 26-35, athletic, thin and shapely, with long hair, who likes cooking, movies, beach, sports; football. Note/photo. 5603 ✉

Just Returned—From working overseas, looking for a man who enjoys life and doing things; who's definitely not a couch potato. Single, blue-eyed blond, Christian female, 41, 5'7", loves dancing, movies, swimming, tennis, travel. Seeks adventurous guy, 38-48, 5'8" plus, to share outdoor activities and city life. Friendship first... Then, who knows? 5577 ✉

Male, 30, Successful—Funny and good-looking, seeks sincere, bright and attractive female. Note. 5492 ✉

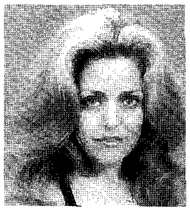
Bi Jewish Man—Early 40s, tall, handsome, classical musician/academic, seeks bi or straight Jewish woman, early 30s, for monogamy and family. Make a life decision with me. Letter/photo. 5124 ✉

Gay Man—48, tall, sensitive, sensual Jewish professional - seeks man, 35-50, of quality and humor. 5481 ✉

Tall Man Seeks Ideal Lady—With a difference. You're at least 5'10", 39-51, a nonsmoker, intelligent and attractive, humorous, literate, Christian, honest, delighted by simple pleasures, athletic, a "morning person", passionate and fed up with phonies, takers and "the scene." You're not an emotional cripple. You control events; events do not control you. Parties, dancing, fashion, constant travel and eating out are not at the center of your universe. You are self-confident, self-sufficient and financially secure and independent; a business exec, professional, artist or successful entrepreneur. I'm 6'5", a young 61, all of the above and more. Note/photo. 5552 ✉

Creative, Classy, Very Attractive—woman, 40, 5'8", seeks warm, interesting man of integrity, for fun, love, commitment. 5604 ✉

Are You A Full-Figured Woman?—If so, then this cute, warm male, 39, would love to hear from you. 5565 ✉



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Handsome Judge—49, 5'9", slim, athletic (tennis, biking and rollerblading), interested in the arts (skilled musician), seeks beautiful, slim Jewish woman, 33-45, with similar interests, for serious relationship. Note/photo/phone. 5464 ✉

Be My Special Lady—Attractive, successful, 6'4", 35 years, blondish, blue eyes, often witty and sometimes silly, romantic, kind and very bright, with diverse interests. I am looking for a beautiful lady with similar qualities, in her 20s-30s, who is unafraid of commitment, and who is ready to share in life's many joys. Phone/photo, please. 5539 ✉

Fiery Scarlett O'Hara—5'4", 108, green-eyed, healthy, beautiful, successful. Love my work, bicycling, penthouse garden, travel, birdwatching (really!). Seeks tall, dark, handsome, single male, 33-42. An equal who pursues his dreams, comfortable in his own skin. Passionate, healthy, honest. Doesn't wear Aramis. I don't go to bars or pick up men on the street, so if you're out there send recent photo/note. 5550 ✉

Gay Wife Wanted—Good-looking, successful, 100-percent closeted, 34, gay, white Jewish male seeks feminine, closeted wife. Please be pretty, sweet, mentally very fit. Marriage and family. Religion not important. Photo preferred and will be returned if requested. Age 25-32. 5556 ✉☎

Jewish, Nonreligious Male—42, self-employed, 5'4", physically fit, enjoys the beach, movies and having fun. Seeks petite, slender female for serious relationship. Photo/note. 5562 ✉

Let's Rock—Attorney, 41, 6', runs, sings, plays the blues - guitarist, seeks tall woman for constant erudite conversation and varied activities. Photo. 5490 ✉ ☎

Brilliant And Witty (Just About)—Single Jewish woman - discerning, pretty, slender, fit, well-educated, professional, fun, just turned 36 - likes hiking and movies, Seeks single, Jewish, handsome, nice guy to 38, with integrity and dry wit, for connubial bliss. Phone/photo. 5606 ✉

Continued on page 117

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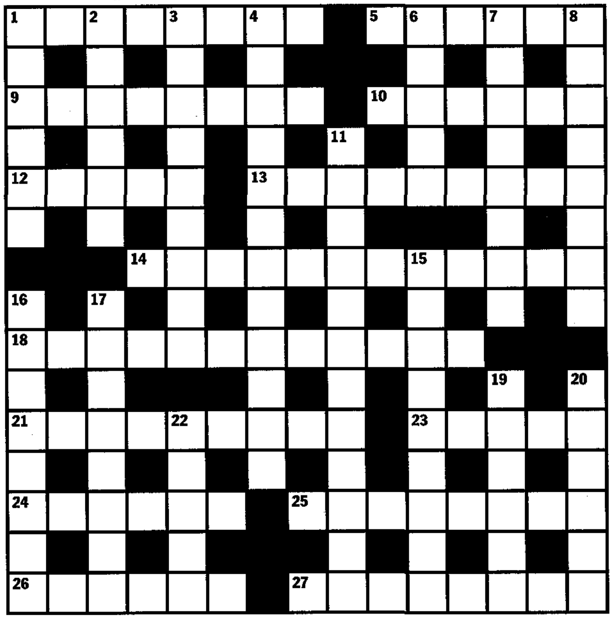
'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS

1 In Germany I am found among material for making imitations for what is not original. (8)
5 Objects of government policy are thus held by university people. (6)
9 Time for a calm sea? (8)
10 Punishment for flowers. (6)
12 It is for other people to start turning on a successor. (5)
13 105 feet becoming successful in producing a result. (9)
14 Place which provides grazing area for hot parts of cow. (12)
18 Talk of the matchmaker sounding like rain? (6-6)
21 Something to eat, it is mashed up with a chop. (9)
23 She's a mixed up, non-U writer. (5)
24 Net in having seen me shouting abuse. (6)
25 Not again forming a relationship. (8)
26 That colour no youth returns. (6)
27 Flower as a festive decoration. (8)



DOWN

1 Quickly put the others into the river. (6)
2 Married after a woman is produced for inspection. (6)
3 Possibly let ruined for a short period. (9)
4 Obscure profundities. (6, 6)
6 Room to be included in what *tickles the fancy.* (5)
7 Bends over in what sounds like punishment for schoolboys. (8)
8 Puss mysteriously dies—in fact hangs. (8)
11 Premeditated although appearing in a forest abroad. (12)
15 It is a matter of economics to liberate the old-fashioned east. (4, 5)
16 Loss of sensation starting with an expensive sound. (8)
17 Possibly not amiss although it is a tragic thing. (8)
19 A quiet offensiveness is something to take one's stand on. (6)
20 Flag to stop something? (6)
22 Is put into something to drink in church. (5)

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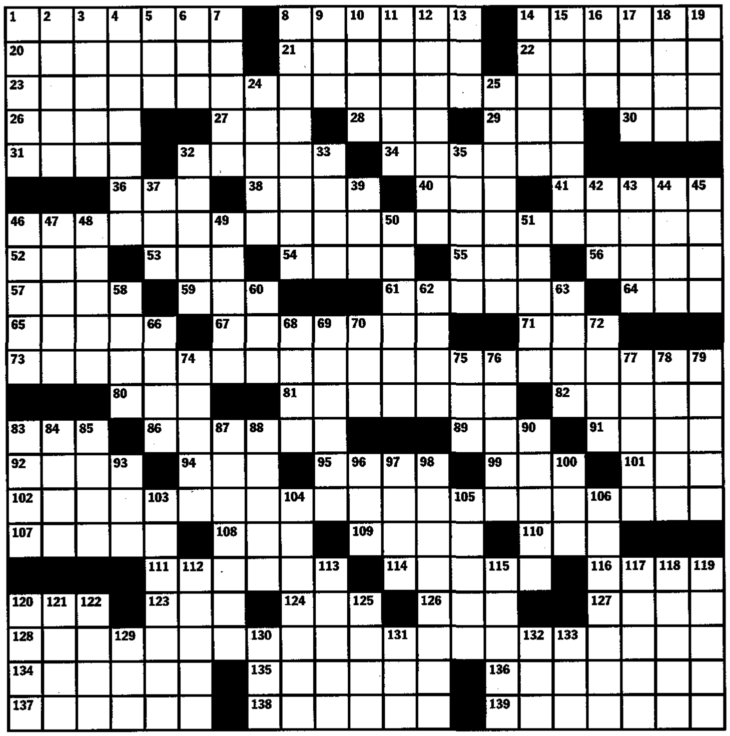
'Love Among the Birds': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Most impartial
8 London's —— Garden
14 Smallest amounts
20 Loss of memory
21 *Soapbox speaker*
22 Mama Cass's surname
23 Start of his proposal
26 Throw with force
27 Dubliner's land: abbr.
28 Biceps location
29 Ewe's mate
30 Spectate
31 Phoner's code
32 Le ——, port of France
34 Outdoorsman's delight
36 Wedding words
38 "Today —— man"
40 Silent greeting
41 Wall indentation
46 More of his proposal
52 First year of the XVIth Century
53 Deborah's "King and I" co-star
54 Panache
55 Cigar dropping
56 Opposed
57 Ages and ages
59 Groom the grass
61 River formations
64 Peg for Palmer
65 Himalayan hikes
67 Not as quiet
71 Shlep
73 More of his proposal
80 Rocky hill
81 When pekoe is brewed
82 Use an atomizer
83 "The Raven" author
86 Novelist John Dos ——
89 Rock singer Benatar
91 Japanese rice wine
92 Basie's "——Clock Jump"
94 Sgt., e.g.
95 Caesar's bird
99 Ursula Andress movie, 1965
101 Corp. honcho
102 "We can ——" (end of his proposal)
107 Elizabethan earl
108 Carioca's city
109 The elder Dumas
110 Name, in Nîmes
111 —— gown (graduation attire)
114 Capital of Belorussia
116 *Attention*-seeking whisper
120 Unaccounted-for GI
123 Batsman's stat.
124 June honoree
126 Sworn promise
127 —— time (never)
128 Her answer: "Let ——"
134 Nearly snows
135 Warming apparatus
136 Main film
137 Acts as waiter
138 Sonneteers
139 Racetrack tout

DOWN

1 Earl Hines's nickname
2 Toujours this
3 Adapt to rigors
4 *Demand restoration*
5 That, to Carmen
6 Religious violation
7 Actress Shire
8 Insurance protection
9 Iron in the raw
10 —— voom!
11 Never-ending: poetic
12 Conquerors of 1066
13 Take a crack at
14 Operetta composer Franz
15 One's suitable environment
16 Beer's kin
17 Drinks through a straw
18 Enameled metalware
19 Eye sore
24 Hall-of-Famer Monte
25 Least refined
32 Humbug
33 Oscar winner Jannings
35 Of sound quality
37 Calendar square
39 Lawyers' org.
42 Cider-song gal
43 Lincoln coin
44 Have no love for
45 Nobelist Wiesel
46 "—— man with seven wives"
47 Decorate
48 Containing buried explosives
49 One of the Masseys
50 Having creditors
51 "We —— overcome"
58 "Saturday Night Live" segment
60 Wooed successfully
62 "Able was I —— saw Elba"
63 Takes to court
66 "Whoa!"
68 Involved with, colloquially
69 Playground sight
70 Feminine ending for Juan
72 Missing links
74 Ulysses or Lee
75 Little devil
76 Dogwalker's need
77 Premeal prayer
78 Los Angeles hoopster
79 Keep an —— (watch)
83 Bishop of Rome
84 Burden
85 Adult elvers
87 Before Sagittarius
88 Bulgarian capital
90 Express gratitude
93 Cheer for Manolete
96 Bigwig
97 Agenda unit
98 Kennedy in-laws
100 WW II arena
103 Emit, as perspiration
104 Caressed
105 "Don —— *our gay apparel . . .*"
106 Collisions
112 Bottomless chasm
113 —— Lama
115 Gulliver's creator
117 Sashay
118 Annoy other sleepers
119 Babel structure
120 Rolling stone's lack
121 Capri is one
122 Imitator
125 Dashes' partners
129 Gun the motor
130 Start of a sentry's query
131 Fido's doc
132 Kauai keepsake
133 Once across the pool



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 104.

Continued from page 115

Brains And Beauty—Bright, bubbly blond, 34, who enjoys tennis, skiing and the outdoors, seeks a handsome, athletic, down-to-earth Jewish man for a happily-ever-after ending. 5545 ✉

Your Heart Will Race—When you meet this good-looking, well-built Connecticut video producer, 46, who enjoys running, lifting weights and driving race cars. You're 28-38, athletic, bright, beautiful, funny (with a bit of tomboy still in you), and ready for a sweet, regular guy with a premium outlook. Photo/note, please. 5531 ✉

Brown-Eyed, Buxom Beauty—30, highly intelligent, charming and sexy, seeks same in sincere male, 25-35. If you love laughter, conversation, Broadway and are well-built physically and emotionally, send current photo/note/phone - and let's get together. 5520 ✉

Simple And Direct—47, honest, sensitive, handsome, slightly shy, good listener, with a nice sense of humor. Seeks warm, attractive, intelligent, nonsmoking woman. Note/photo/phone. 5593 ✉

Arts Lover—Handsome, Jewish, (212) professional, 42, 5'11", slightly scholarly, good heart and sense of humor. Loves languages, literature, art, music. Seeks compatible female, 30-42, to make life whole. Photo please. 5513 ✉

Athletic Male DDS—Seeks humorous, slim, 30s, soul mate for friendship, love, marriage, family. Photo/note. 5549 ✉

Tall, Lovely Brunette—34, Jewish (nonreligious), good-natured and sane, lover of the arts, travel and some sports, seeks secure, professional, tall, smart and funny man to enjoy life with. Photo/note. 5463 ✉ ☎

A Contradiction In Terms—I'm a creative PR writer part time, but practical. A secretary 9 to 5, but bright, with a healthy inheritance. Spiritual but blond, slim and spontaneous. If you're equal to all this and between 48-56, great love will be yours (after you send note/phone/photo). 5498 ✉

Wall Street By Day—Fun-loving, laid-back guy by night. Handsome, athletic, financial professional, 30 - loves skiing, hiking, tennis and live bands. Seeks sexy, athletic lady under 36, to share fun time and possible relationship. Note/photo. 5495 ✉

Sincere, Warmhearted—Jewish, 35, petite, blue eyes, seeks huggable man to share life. I value friendship, integrity and growth. Photo of heart required. 5450 ✉ ☎

Free Spirit—Naturally pretty, traditional values, blond, baby blues, slim, elegant, caring professional. Passion for skiing, the arts, home cook, tennis, sail (Giants season tickets). Wishes to meet intelligent widower or divorced gentleman, 50-65, with good self-image, for extraordinary friendship and love 'til the end of time. Live NYC, have car, will travel. 5546 ✉ ☎

Very Attractive—Single, white Jewish female, 30s, looking to meet attractive, successful man to laugh with, play with and enjoy life with. Photo please. 5472 ✉ ☎

Slim, Sensual Man—Well-traveled, PhD, 40s, seeks smart, slim, funny woman, 30s. Photo/phone. 5570 ✉ ☎

Christian Male—Good-looking, slim, mid 40s, professional, unencumbered, many interests, seeks female for permanent relationship and family. 5595 ✉ ☎

Winter Rendezvous—Very pretty, sexy, sophisticated Jewish female - rock 'n' roll enthusiast, avid theater- and film-goer, seeking 30-40-year-old, handsome, secure Jewish male professional, 5'9"-6'1", for friendship, romance and lasting relationship. Photo a must. Note and phone. 5532 ✉ ☎

Warm, Attractive, Smart—Sophisticated lady with great sense of humor, widowed, late 40s, seeks a wonderful male friend, preferably tall and in the early-mid 50s, for the opera, Tanglewood and other pleasures of life. Note and, if possible, photo. 5167 ✉

Join Me For A Walk Through Soho—A set at the Vanguard, a night at the ballet, hiking in the Southwest. Or let's stay in with some good wine and each other. 5'4" female, early 30s, looking to share soul and sense of humor. Note. 5581 ✉

Love And Marriage—Very pretty, natural blond, blue-eyed, 5'8", 120, Jewish, bright, warm and witty Manhattanite seeks one man (36 up) for ever-after. 5540 ✉ ☎

Petite, Slim, Young 42—Nonsmoker, nonreligious, non-model, non-CEO, seeks non-Wall Street guy to share concerts, movies, travel, humor, hugs. 5586 ✉

Handsome, Single Jewish Male—34-year-old, 6', with dark features. Northern Bergen County resident who is a successful business executive in NYC. I am sensitive, caring, affectionate, plus I possess a great sense of humor. I am ready for a commitment with a beautiful, single Jewish female, 25-34, who is ready for the real thing. Photo/phone/bio. 5524 ✉

British-Caribbean Lady—(5'6", 30) is a workaholic. Would rather be addicted to theater, travel and romantic dinners. Let's have tea to strike up a wonderful friendship and discover our mutual interests. Note/photo please. 5554 ✉

Wanted: One Wonderful Man—45-59 (clean-shaven), for one terrific woman, 43, slim, beautiful. We are both great-looking, stylish, successful, loving, and enjoy a first class life. We are easygoing, sincere, Jewish and value family, friends and home. We know "Life is best when shared". We are ready to share again. RSVP ASAP. Photo essential. 5597 ✉

Handsome And Sensual—Out-of-town yuppie man - comes to Manhattan frequently. Seeks warm, cuddly type woman who is passionate, friendly, attractive, fairly slim and adventurous. Note/photo, please. 5557 ✉ ☎

Missing Baseball?—There are other ways to enjoy yourself. Redheaded, pretty, funny, 40s, health-care professional seeks man who likes to laugh, 45 plus. Picture please. 5467 ✉

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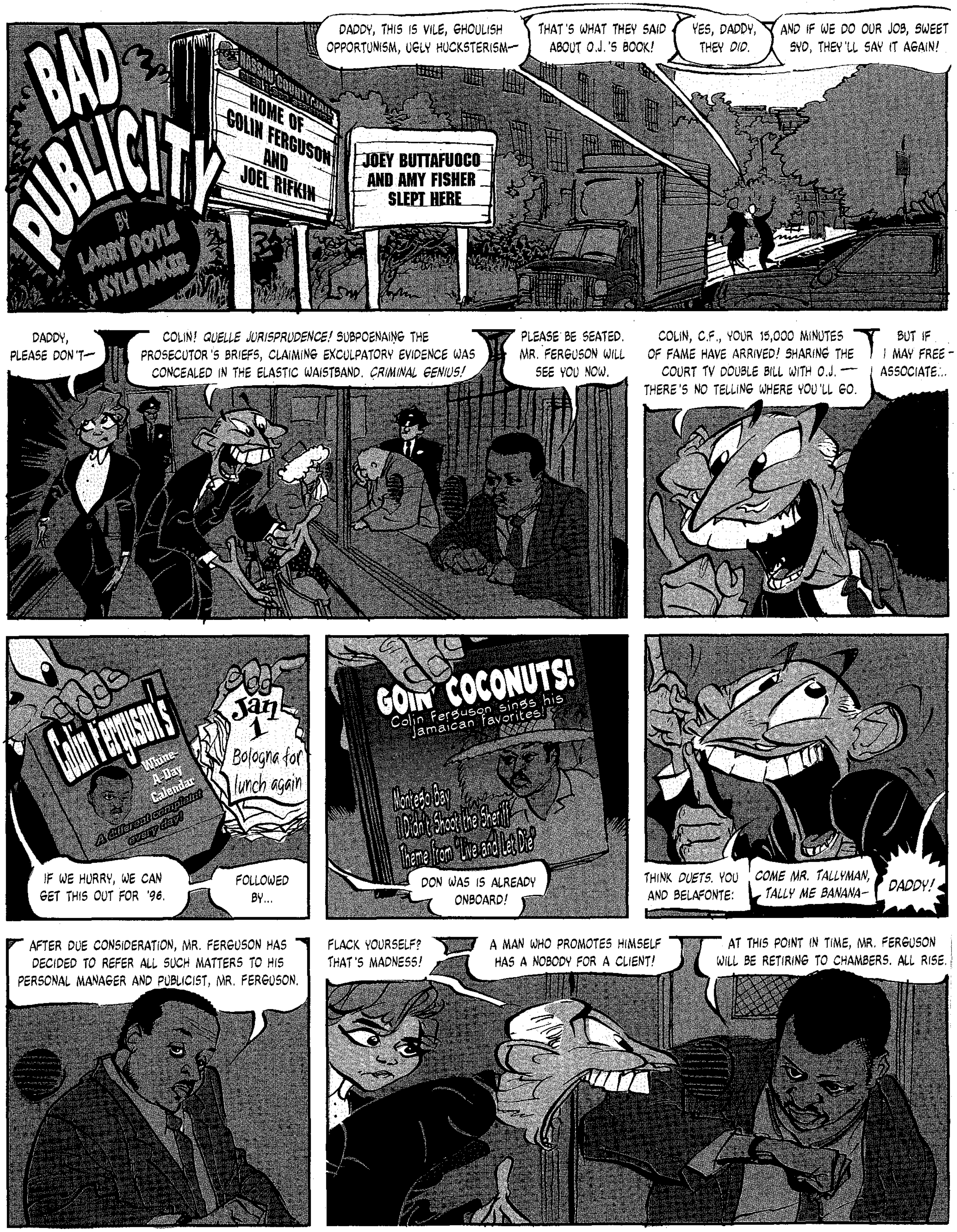
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A different complaint every day!
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I Didn't Shoot the Sheriff
Theme from "Live and Let Die"
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THINK *DUETS.* YOU AND BELAFONTE:
COME MR. TALLYMAN, TALLY ME BANANA—
DADDY!
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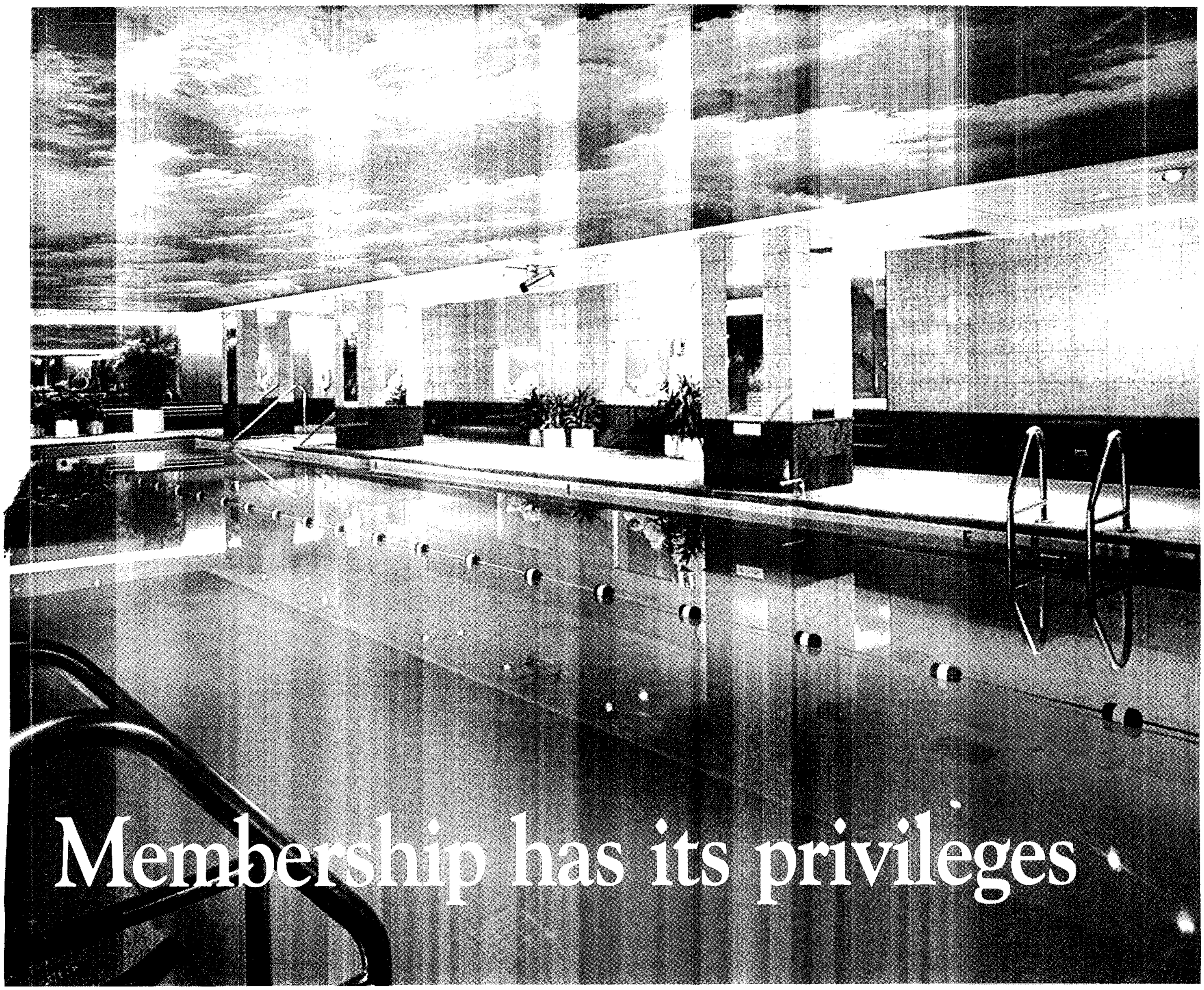

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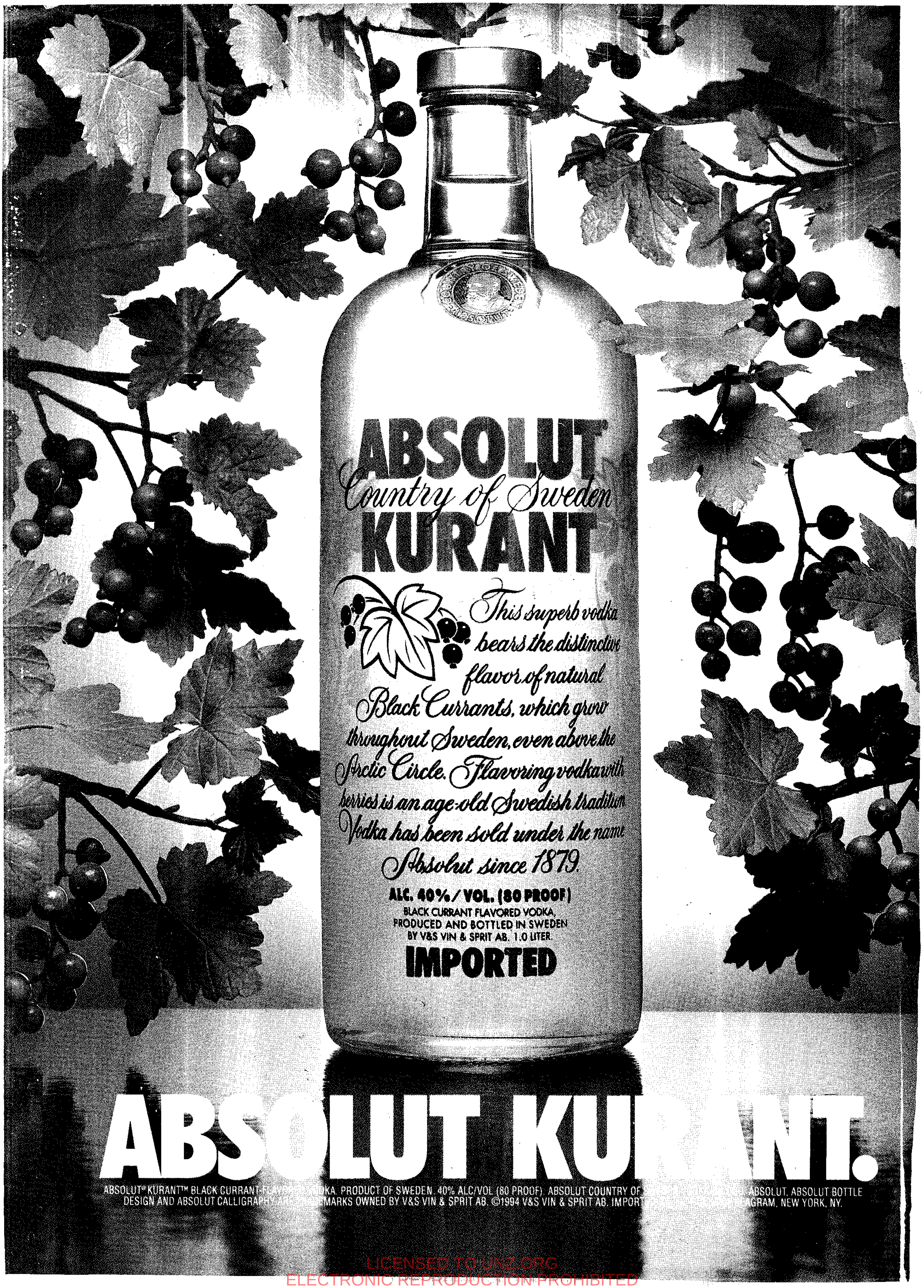
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